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The Forum

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GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

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The Forum

JULY 1922

ART AND THE NATIONAL IDEAL

By RICHARD F. BACH

OUR national ideal in art, as we find it in the majority of minds, is largely predicated upon two points of view. The first I find in a quotation from Kenyon Cox: "It is much easier to find a new way of being bad than to master the old way of being good and the new bad thing is, at any rate, sure to be noticed."* The other is in the tale of Father O'Neil, making all speed for the Dublin train. Turning the corner he met the Bishop. It developed they both were bound for the 12:48. Arrived, breathless, at the station, they saw the train just leaving the shed. Said O'Neil, "And I had the greatest faith in that watch." The Bishop's reply was icy: "But, O'Neil, what is faith without good works?"

Each of these attitudes has its adherents, far too many; those who follow the efficient principle of sitting back in blind faith while someone else makes the mistakes, and those who rush into new experiments without mental equipment or the grace which comes from experience. Both are illustrated in any group of three or four discussing art of any kind, and both will be found among practitioners as well as among the usually better informed laymen.

*Kenyon Cox—The Classic Spirit, p. 3.

Yet I am a confirmed optimist in the matter of our progress in art—art of all kinds, from churches to comic cartoons, from millinery to music—with but three exceptions, apartment house mantels, parlor stoves, and brass beds, and of these one is being eliminated as unnecessary, another superseded by steam heat and the third so disguised as to protect itself from public wrath.

If only there were some multiplication table of art appreciation to be learned by rote, some foolproof method, some royal road. The road so often trod by past styles and countries is easier for each that follows up to its own time only; but in turn each has a longer journey to make and beyond are still other reaches of unexplored territory through which a new way must be broken.

And this cannot be done by faith or by beating a drum. It can be done by good works, by conviction, by an understanding of cultural values. Thus far we have had too much of the policy of Lord Melbourne, Queen Victoria's first prime minister; in facing a difficult situation he was apt to say: "Can't you let it alone?" To be sure, the individual cannot be inoculated with the germ of art appreciation; nor can he grow one, as a crab does a new claw. He *can* "let it alone." But he can also cherish certain convictions and act on them, he can read and study and develop an interest in art as important as his present interest in natural history, in the theatre or in politics.

In fact I have wondered if on such a topic as this a political spell-binder's speech might not be the best type of attack. Thus one might shout: Art for everybody; art is made of common ordinary stuff; art is not highbrow, not highfalutin; museums are pleasure resorts; artists are people. Imagine a cart-tail orator in the October campaign of this very year hoarsely promising his constituents and proclaiming on banners in his torchlight parade: Rembrandts for all—no paydays at the Museum; Timothy O'Brien for Mayor.

Far fetched? Impossible? If art ever reaches its right-

ful place in our polity such campaign slogans may make city chamberlains out of ward heelers. It all depends on what constitutes civic consciousness. Professional politicians are in the business of pandering to "what the public wants"—or seems to want—or might be made to think it wants. If there is an appreciable art feeling in the masses the graft mongers who hanker for swivel chairs in city halls would soon smell it out, make it a campaign issue, and we should have public galleries as large as the old Roman baths. Graft from art—a queer notion; it *has* been done, though not yet through municipal channels.

But there is more to the subject than that. Art is not local, not political. The state of affairs suggested is ludicrous, but not inconceivable, for politics has its finger on the public pulse, sensing every fluctuation. While milk shortage or coal prices command public notice, Tammany or its cage mates will not worry about "art and the people." But some future Tammany will, for future generations of Americans will think of art as of other indispensable things they have and do.

This is only a narrow and weak-kneed conception of the function of art in the community. Yet it offers us an opening here because it is a possible condition with which, in other forms, we are already familiar. It presupposes a popular willingness to consider art a factor in daily life, to speak of it as one speaks of automobiles and movies and scores of other human interests which are helpless without art. It presupposes an ability to discuss art as a breeder of the contentment which makes for progress, as the garment of life in all its walks, as the background against which developing youth sees its national and civic ideals grow or crumble.

This is a mighty claim for art. Yet this has been its function always—and especially in styles now called great has this been true. The attitude may be different in each style of art, because the conditions of living, of climate, of government, of ethics naturally differ. But all great styles

of art have been but spokes in some wheel of state: as the wheel revolved art kept its place, bore its share of responsibility and garnered its portion of public approval and understanding. But perhaps it is not so easy now. Ours is a new way of living, a way without exact precedent, a way still developing its own guiding principles. Perhaps such youthful aspiration cannot be expected to have a distinct type of art. But we have, you say: Look at our Fifth Avenue, our gowns at any formal function, our National Academy exhibitions of paintings, our sculpture in rich men's gardens, our City of Washington. And I respond: Look at our First Avenue, our frocks at a 14th Street theatre, our pictures in the comic supplement, our tenement house wall paper, our town of Horseheads, New York.

In all of these is art and in them all the sternest reason for unshakable optimism. Our difficulty with art is our difficulty with many other things that make for an easy mind: in the cities we are impatient and quick, but not so sure as we might be; in the country we are hide-bound, too sure of what has been and must therefore be good. Again, by illogical antithesis, we bear our burdens of too little art as we do our other burdens of too much taxation, with a certain dunder-headed endurance. We grumble as we pay the quarterly installment of the income tax or contribute to the candy shop's wealth in the form of a surcharge on food called ice cream soda. Also we grumble at overdecorated cups and saucers, loud-colored cravats, plays with courtesan heroines, blotchy colors and amorphous figures in modernist pictures, ear-destroying "popular" music and the landlord's lighting fixtures. But we pay for them; we buy and use them. We need a thing and go after it as though the having of it were the only road to salvation and then have neither the knowledge nor the backbone to refuse it because it is ugly.

Take, for instance, the success of a score of Broadway plays in which lascivious innuendo has been paraded as acting, take the success of a hundred swashbuckling business

men in five-reel films and of a whole regiment of alleged cowboys and strong men of the serial pictures. These get public attention as do the arguments of husbands and wives in the so-called "funny page." Meanwhile a consummate piece of artistry like Sentimental Tommy 'flickers to a dismal end. And, not to prolong the agony of self-examination, follow the trend of the music that sells; no more expressive word than jazz could have been invented. It suggests all the delicate shading of a buzz-saw and is truly befitting the covers in which it is bound. It tingles with the rhythm of bare brown feet dancing on a straw mat in the jungle; that much it has, and that is a hopeful sign for our youth, but as music, the rain of tinware Mark Twain describes in his *Connecticut Yankee* is a symphony compared with it.

Why do these things succeed? They are popular, they are of the moment, they require no thought. True, but these are palliations, not reasons. The circle of influence of the individual is very small, its radius is in proportion to his knowledge, his heredity, his experience and his personal observation and reflection, all powerfully affected and usually reduced by the physical conditions under which he lives and works. The degree to which the gifts of heredity, the knowledge gained from books, and the ability to observe and draw independent conclusions can become atrophied makes one suspect the operation of some invidious law of compensation, an insatiable compensation which demands everything in return for a mere livelihood. Thus poor art of all kinds must be superficial, must be noisy, must to a certain extent be lacking in true value or significance to reach the majority of people. In just this condition lies our greatest hope, for it promises material out of which to make American art, it promises fertile soil in which to plant the seeds of that new growth which shall be ours, as truly as Notre Dame belongs to France or the Pyramids to Egypt. I shall hope to show that beginnings have been made and great blows struck in favor of this Americanism

in art. It takes a vast number of art-conscious people to turn out a single genius. So let us count our geniuses. When we have one to a million of population we shall find taste a common virtue of the mass of our people.

For art is not only the painter's, or composer's, or designer's job—not only a matter of performance. It is also a matter of appreciation—in fact, primarily that, for appreciation implies culture and a certain spontaneity of judgment. It is only through taste in the mass that we will subdue snare drums and cowbells in our music, crimson or blue-green in our hangings and the insistent charms of carved mail-order furniture.

Henry James, in his book *The American Scene*, writes: "It takes an endless amount of history to make even a little tradition, and an endless amount of tradition to make even a little taste, and an endless amount of taste, by the same token, to make even a little tranquility." And there is the whole difficulty in one word—tranquility. Must we wait for those centuries to pass, as other types of national art have done before us? Advancing time shows that more recent styles have had shorter lives than those of ancient history, also that conditions may develop—as indeed they have in this, our own, time—seeming to demand a style which is a sort of precipitate resulting from a mixture of all styles the world has known. What conclusion can we draw from these premises? Surely our present circumstances do not promise a manner of our own of shorter life than any that have preceded; or is our style to be nothing more than the "battle of styles" indefinitely continued? I believe there is more hope than that; I believe we are within sight of better things, for in some directions at least—barring our temporary discomforts of war and reconstruction—some signs of the looked-for tranquility may be discerned. What is more, living in the moment, our judgment of our own epoch is bound to have the defect of incomplete data to begin with, while other centuries pass before us in their works, each

leaving its impress, thus establishing a perspective which permits comparison, or certainly accurate evaluation.

So perhaps we are not fairly judged when we are told American art is backward, that we have written our ideals so large in other works, but have developed no individuality in art. Our problem was entirely new from every angle. Consider the conditions: Colonists in a new hard country three thousand miles by caravel from the old; a new and harder religion, the harder because self-imposed; the labor of satisfying the elemental needs of food, shelter, safety; the gradual building up toward self-expression in making their environment more attractive; and with the growth of towns and the increase of commerce and wealth, the development of a style of art, using new materials and limited talents in proclaiming the art heritage of Europe, but without models to copy other than those in memory in books. On top of that the era of mechanical invention, worked out primarily in two directions of interest to stylistic growth: quantity production and easy communication in print and transport, with their boundless benefits and insidious evils. Add to this our new form of government or our new way of working out of an old system and you have ingredients for a comedy of the gods.

In such rapid growth a perfect symmetry of mind is not to be expected. In matters of art, especially as affects public appreciation, we are much like the adolescent boy who outgrows one suit after another, the decorative properties of the suits under such conditions may almost be considered negligible.

But we have come to a halting place; the war made us take stock. Discrepancies were found in our books and now we are making all speed to realize on certain qualities of mind which we unquestionably possess, but for which we have relied upon Europe. These are the qualities that produce *design* of all kinds, but chiefly the kinds that have to do with home furnishings and clothing. There is our obstacle. A machine may be invented to weave cloth for

your coat, to sew your coat together, to make accessories for it—if you will, even to button up your coat—but no machine will ever *design* your coat. That is a task for skill of mind and hand combined, requiring training, practice, knowledge—and taste. What is there in our national experience to aid in the design of coats or cuff links or carpets? You say, the demand is answered as soon as it arises. Yes, in mechanics, but not in art. That takes longer; the failure of a mechanism is traceable and it has dangerous results that all can see, but the failure of design leaves no such mark. In the modern commercial world, to be sure, design has come to mean more, for there it has a dollar value, but who complains of a badly designed building, for instance? Who, in fact, is able to say whether it is bad?

In our form of life where, then, does the remedy lie? It should be plain to see: training of taste for the mass, training of taste and skill for those who choose design as a life work. Schools and colleges will yet be called upon to provide as part of a general education a certain training in understanding of values in art. Special schools will yet be called into existence to train experts and technicians in design as applied to the arts of use. And here I may say that such experts will be persons who are thoroughly convinced that a design on paper is a means to an end, not the main objective of a designer's life.

The greater the judgment of art in the mass of the people, the higher will be its cultural standard. Those who then choose as a life work the selling of things in the make-up of which design plays a prominent part will start from a higher level, as will also those whose vocation is to be the designing of such things.

Perhaps we may yet have in America a national school of art, where the fine, decorative and industrial arts—the arts of design by whatever name—will flourish under an aegis at once adequate and becoming; a school to enter which will be the ultimate achievement, a school which will admit a

limited number per year and accept only grade A material chosen from the ranks of practical designers engaged in profession or trade as well as from the throngs which are annually disgorged by alleged schools of art throughout the country.

But most important is the training of taste in the mass of the people; only the general schools can do it. And the instruction given must be carefully gauged; it may not accumulate like hash in the army kitchen, according to the commissary sergeant. There will be needed something of the history of art, something of the abstract but easily traceable principles of design, and something of the making or production aspect as well. Something of each of these is needed by every unwashed urchin, every high school flapper, every world-conquering college grad. Upon such a trial the gods will always smile.

But why so much art education? We can't afford objects of art, for paintings we have no room. No, but you must afford hats and doorknobs, books and handbags. You must live in houses. Are all these not art? Is there any defensible difference in artistic value between a painting and a piece of furniture? Why is St. Thomas' Church a work of fine art to be regarded with awe, while the finest piece of silk damask our factories can turn out remains just a piece of goods, an object of industrial art? The characteristic of design is present in all, some simply lend themselves more readily to production by more complicated tools. There is no fireproof wall between the arts so-called fine and those called industrial.

This is one false principle which the suggested educational measures would certainly do to death. For we are living in a different age, we use new tools, our products must serve new purposes. Shall the work of a giant pottery in Trenton using modern mechanical equipment be judged by the purely hand-work methods of the ancient attic potter? Only by the finished piece may the artist be judged, and this holds true for the piece of concerted production

turned out by the factory, as well as for the piece of individual production made single-handed by the craftsman.

But until educational advantages are available, the individual is still left to his own devices. He can read, he can study, he can keep everlastingly at the task of fixing art values in his mind. He can make museum visits a part of his weekly round of duties. Above all, he can try at least to persuade himself that art, good design, is a logical thing to expect in every item of his environment, that art is not a matter of bated breath and rubber heels, but of life and the enjoyment of it. Out of such effort a national ideal is bound to grow, for producing artists must come out of the appreciating mass.

Who knows, we may yet see art represented in the Cabinet. And there let us draw breath. Do we want art in the cabinet? Yes, we do—but do not want a Secretary of Art. We want art in the cabinet to the extent of maintaining the beauty of the land, preserving landmarks and historic records, developing Washington as the finest capital in the world, admitting objects of art duty free. A Secretary of Education or welfare would have easily conceivable duties. But a Secretary of Art—what would such an official do?

All of these are but random considerations, feints in the general direction of a national ideal in art. This ideal to be worth while must be human, that is, it must have real values. It must have, above all, the attribute of easy strength; that means mastery. A vaudeville strong-man will strain with much effect at a five-hundred-pound weight, while Sandow lifts a horse with no untoward show of effort. So Michelangelo carved and Titian painted, so Boulle made cabinets and Chippendale designed chairs, Negroli shaped armor and Palissy made plates; so Chopin wrote and Liszt played. These were masters because values in art to them were raw materials to be shaped and their control of them was absolute.

A national ideal in art is based upon such performance because these outstanding lights are but individuals put forth by a relatively high taste in the mass of the people. The ideal does depend not only on the large number of producing artists of high calibre, but chiefly upon the understanding of art by Smith, Jones, Brown or, better yet, by Mrs. Ditto in each case.

Nor does that ideal count among its glories the virtuosity that makes animated cartoons, the finger exercises of many foreign pianists, the meaningless runs of coloratura singing; these are to a standard in art as is newspaper baseball dialect to a standard in literature. In all of these there may be technique, or, what is cleverer yet, the controlled perversion of it, but there is no beauty, for beauty means melody, harmony, satisfaction, truth and significance.

But while the "truths of the world are old, the mind craves constantly new presentations of them." So our ideal in art is not fixed; however inexorable as a standard, it changes color with the time. Art, like the life it mirrors, is always in flux. It does not fall in with that "quest of finality" which is the bane of most human thought, for finality implies an absolute standard that does not move with the world.

And our problem is new, for we want a democratic ideal in art, while all great styles of the past have been controlled, maintained or inspired by an autocratic form of government or society. So originality seems to be at a premium and the results are seen in every gift shop, those havens of "indigenous" art sprung full-blown from the brow of Jove—Jove in a cotton smock whose art is always a problem even to himself and whose New York address is Sheridan Square.

Yet there is hope even in these sufferers from hyperesthesia; we have *them* at least. Given enough of them and they will either improve their output or devour one another. The trouble is that while these unclaimed ribbon clerks flood the world with near-art, the real art of fabrics and furniture turned out by machine is not recognized.

It is in the factories that the national ideal is being hammered into shape, not in eerie studios with top lights. Not only by painters but chiefly by foundry men, woodworkers, loom operatives and the designers whose conceptions they work out. In these is a real value, for it is the value of demand from the mass, the mass that *must* have the ordinary object of machine production because it is easily had and for little money. The mass must have rugs and shirts, player pianos and beaded bags. In the design of such as these is a national ideal to be found and they in turn, if well designed, will contribute most toward it. Out of design and the understanding of it in such commodities will grow a conviction like that of old Venice in the seventeenth century. When her lacemakers had been lured to France with promise of better living, the Venetian Senate pronounced it a crime against the Republic for a lacemaker to leave its confines for the practice of his craft; the following decree was promulgated: "If any artist or handicraftsman practices his art in any foreign land, to the detriment of the Republic, orders to return will be sent him. If he disobeys them, his nearest of kin will be put into prison in order that through interest in their welfare his obedience may be compelled. If he comes back his past offense will be condoned, and employment will be found for him in Venice; but, if, notwithstanding the imprisonment of his nearest of kin, he obstinately declines to discontinue living abroad, an emissary will be commissioned to kill him, and his next of kin will be liberated only on his death." While such a decree might be ludicrous now, the spirit behind it was that which gave Venice a national ideal in art.

GOD HEARD A SONG

By GRACE ALLEN

God heard a song; and leaning, smiled,
And granted deathless youth
To Poetry, the singing child
Of Beauty and of Truth.

THE VOCIFEROUS DEAD

By ROBERT WITHINGTON

NOUS mourrons tous, disait cette femme dont l'Ecriture loue la prudence au second livre des Rois. Et nous allons sans cesse au tombeau. . . ."

Death is constantly before our minds; few subjects are so often sung by the poets or discussed by the philosophers. Vaguely are we aware that some day we shall die; the busiest and the most idle, the criminal and the philosopher cannot escape the end of this existence we call "life,"

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.

How or where the end will come to us, we know not. Our friends depart, one after another, and we go our way as if we were to live forever. Men die about us; we feel their loss, but we cannot realize that the time shall come when we shall be here no longer. We know that the world existed before we came, but we have never seen it (and find difficulty in imagining it) without us. Yet, "if you die tomorrow, your dearest friend will feel a hearty pang of sorrow, and go about his business as usual." Which of us realizes, as he leaves the grave-side of a friend, that some day others will carry him to God's-acre, and come away, leaving him under the ground? The familiar old epitaph:

. . . As thou art now, so once was I,
As I am now, thou soon shalt be. . . .

is overwhelming, when we stop to think—to give it a personal application. We are in the grip of the temporal, and cannot escape.

"For thee a house was built ere thou wert born—the tomb; mouldy earth was meant for thee, still in thy mother's

womb," sang the old Saxon. "Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?" Is not the gravedigger "the servant whom we forget that we possess"? Well, well, we must all go to him sometime. . . . Every cradle means a coffin.

"L'Anatomiste qui étudie le corps humain est toujours saisi d'étonnement et d'admiration lorsqu'il voit la minutie des détails qui le composent. . . . Dans la destinée des individus la Providence apporte la même prodigieuse recherche. Elle amène de loin—de très loin—les agents qui lui sont nécessaire. D'un mot, d'un regard, d'un geste, elle fait sortir un drame poignant ou une joie divine qui produisent à leur tour une foule de sentiments, et qui ont des conséquences incalculables."

Pierre de Coulevain emphasizes these "agents of Providence"—a look, a word, a gesture—in all of her books. We may not call them by the name she gives them, but we cannot deny their effectiveness. Mrs. Keays tells us how the census-taker is called upon to note the results of a girl's gay laugh. To what seeming accident do we owe our own existence?

Like the anatomist, we are struck with the delicacy of the human body—its wonderful mechanism, and the intricate details which make up the whole. It is hard to believe that we, with our sensitive physical and mental equipment, must ever become inert matter—that imperious Cæsar can ever be reduced to stopping up a hole. It is terrible to think that those we love turn to dust, and there's an end of them. "I knew him," said Hamlet, holding poor Yorick's skull, "a fellow of infinite jest. He hath borne me on his back a thousand times. Here hung those lips that I have kissed, I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now?" Where, indeed! What thoughts of the past were resurrected at the opening of Camille's grave! "C'était terrible à voir, c'est horrible à raconter. . . ." We are moved to think of the disintegration, the chemical changes which are going on all the time under the green sod of the

cemetery, so peaceful above the ground, flecked with shadows, under the trees. We do not care to imagine what we know is there. . . .

And we preach the doctrine of a future life. We say that our intricate organism is too important to end by furnishing food for worms. Yet we recognize the decay. "Thou fool," says St. Paul, "that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die. . . . There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. . . . And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

We are forced to recognize the existence of a universe which lies beyond the grasp of the human intellect. We know that there are physical laws to which man must submit; that there are natural phenomena which we cannot control—or can control only within limits. Much pain accompanies our birth, and much trouble our rearing; there is so much sorrow, suffering, and sin here in this world, that we like to think there is another, and a better, where our efforts will be rewarded. There is a Supreme Being, who has made what no man could make, and who has put us here, as we put our children in school, to train us for a broader life, of which, as yet, we know nothing. And we say, "When we die, we shall find a refuge in Him."

"Blessed are they who did not see, but being blind, believed."

We are supreme egoists; we believe that the universe was created for us, and that we are God's chief care. It is, perhaps, against such as these that the French satirist levelled the bitter shafts of his irony: "God created man in His own image, and man returned the compliment." There are those who will not argue the matter: if we are not here for God's benefit, for whose, then? Certainly not for our own! Can one be sure?

"Far better 't is,

To bless the sun than reason why it shones."

Whether or not Heaven—or our idea of it—be founded on our conceit, belligerent agnosticism is un-

pardonable. If one's religion brings him comfort or inspiration, why attack it? "Does it strengthen a man in his own creed," asks Thackeray, "to hear his neighbor's belief abused?" After all, no one *knows* anything about the future life, and—despite the investigations of the psychical researchers—no one is likely to know, on earth; and the religious man (as much an "agnostic," in the true sense of the word, as anyone) is as good an authority as the "free-thinker"—who is not the least bigoted philosopher. It sometimes seems as if the name he has chosen suggested that anyone was free to think as he, the *libre penseur*, pleased! Faith may be absurd—but on the other hand lack of it is no more convincing; and one must admit that the human intellect is not infinite. Can one born blind comprehend sight?

To turn trust into doubt, to throw ridicule on religious subjects and forms, to laugh at faith, all show a small mind. What is man, that he is capable of judging his fellow? Who are we, that we can criticize the faith of our neighbor? "I have known men of lax faith pure and just in their lives, as I have met very loud-professing Christians loose in their morality, and hard and unjust in their dealings." Who cannot echo Thackeray?

Prayer may seem absurd to you and me; we may liken him who prays to one talking through a telephone when there is no one at the other end of the line. But—even were this the true state of affairs—if such a monologue brought happiness, and peace, and help, and inspiration, why rob the faithful of them? Why seek to argue with a believer? "The delusion is better than the truth sometimes, and fine dreams than dismal waking." Even if you were sure you were right (which you are not) does it do you any good to destroy faith? And may it not work much harm to your neighbor? When you see children at play, do you bring their castles in the air tumbling about their ears?

Must we choose between imbecile happiness and divine discontent? Or undertake an unending search after the unknowable? Voltaire's Brahman did not seek to destroy the happiness of the aged woman. It is not for me to say that there are no harps and haloes awaiting us in a golden-paved Heaven. I know nothing about it, but shall find out, all in good time. We are here, waiting to set out on the voyage of discovery we must each make, in his turn—which so many have made before us. "Those we love can but walk down to the pier with us; the voyage we must make alone"—sailing out into the sunset, toward the evening star, when the clear call comes. "I don't pity anybody who leaves the world," says Thackeray again, "I pity those remaining."

It does not make any difference what each of us may think about the life beyond the grave. Were one to maintain that there were none—that Death was a dreamless sleep—there is a life after death just the same—an immortality from which none of us may escape. This is no new thought, but we need to be reminded of it from time to time.

Our grief at the death of our friends is purely selfish. If we believe that there is a better world, and that they have gone there, we should rejoice, rather than lament; we should be happy that our loved ones have left this "vale of tears," and await our turn to go with what patience we may summon. If the common lot is to be extinction, our grief is more easily explained; but it really makes little difference whether we rejoin our friends in Heaven, or obtain a relief from our sorrow in oblivion. It is the end of our sorrow that we look forward to, and in either case, we find peace in the grave. The root of our grief for our dead is in selfishness; our tears are for ourselves.

"If we still love those we lose, can we altogether lose those we love?" And Thackeray answers his own question: "Those who are gone, you have. Those who departed loving you, love you still; and you love them always."

They are not really gone, those dear hearts and true; they are only gone into the next room; and you will presently get up and follow them, and yonder door will close upon *you*, and you will be no more seen." But we live after death in those who survive us.

To recognize the existence of this immortality, we must remember that a man cannot exist alone: that personality is not an essence which can be bottled up, or confined. Each one of us is inextricably bound with other men, and this bond—the union of man with man—makes Society. "Nor can I go on," writes Goldsmith, "without a reflection on those accidental meetings, which, though they happen every day, seldom excite our surprise but upon some extraordinary occasion. To what a fortuitous concurrence do we not owe every pleasure and convenience of our lives? How many seeming accidents must unite before we can be clothed or fed?" The solidarity of the race is as old as the world: "For I, a man, with men are linked."

Just as each room has its place in the plan of a house, each house in the plan of a town, each town on the map of a county, each county on the map of a State, and each nation on the map of the world, so each human being, no matter how obscure, has his well-defined place in the scheme of life. Not all of us appear on the world-map, so to speak, and some of us may feel that we are pretty unimportant; but there's many a small room the loss of which would be severely felt in a house, though its disappearance would not alter the map of the town. To quote Thackeray once more: "Well, well, we can't all be roaring lions in this world. . . ." "Because an eagle houses on a mountain, or soars to the sun, don't you be angry with a sparrow that perches on a garret window, or twitters on a twig." We may feel useless; but, as Stevenson points out, as long as a man has a friend, he is indispensable.

Every one of us exerts an influence on his fellows, no matter how obscure he may be; and often he does this without his own will—without his own knowledge.

The great motive-power of the world is the influence of one man upon his neighbor; and this influence transcends the personality it springs from. Once exerted—and its exertion is often unconscious and involuntary—it grows like the Genie released from the jar by the Arabian fisherman, until one is amazed that so great a force could have been imprisoned in so small a vessel.

We influence—our personalities “flow in” upon—everyone we meet; we become a part of the environment of those who surround us. Our slightest action may be fraught with great consequences, though we know it not. “Ah! light words of those whom we love and honour,” exclaims the author of “Tom Brown’s School-Days,” “what a power ye are, and how carelessly wielded by those who can use you!” “Indeed,” adds a writer in a recent magazine, “so far as I have traced the effect of my work, it has been the chance word, the unstudied act, the unconscious ideal, that have been the most effective for good or ill.”

All of us have the power of changing the whole current of the lives with which we are brought into contact, even if that contact lasts but half an hour. “Il est vrai qu’il y a des incidents d’une minute qui font plus qu’une cour d’une année,” says Dumas *fils*. Thus even while we are changing other lives, we are changed by others—the process is going on constantly, while those concerned sometimes do not realize it. “Some poet has observed that if any man would write down what has really happened to him in this mortal life, he would be sure to make a good book, though he never met with a single adventure from his birth to his burial.” We can all trace in our own lives the chain of events which has led to a given situation, and it is surprising how important are the results from causes so small that at the time we hardly realized them, and may not have noticed them at all.

And our influence is often felt by those of whom we have never heard. A chance remark of yours or mine may be repeated—may even be distorted!—and bear undreamed-of results. As we influence others, we become a part of them.

and our life is bound up with theirs, even though we drift apart, and they forget our names; even though we may never have known them, or they us. And our friends, having known us, are never what they would have been—for better or worse—if they had not crossed our path. This is overpowering, when one stops to think about it.

And having influenced people long since forgotten—even people we have never seen—our life is merged with other lines. We are not dead if we leave our friends and go into a foreign land; even if they forget us, our life in them—and through them in others—goes on. And so it is when we die; we pass from sight, but our life goes on. Yorick is not dead, though Hamlet addresses his skull; Shakespeare is not dead, because he lives in us.

“What boots it whether it be Westminster or a little country spire which covers your ashes, or if in a few days, sooner or later, the world forgets you?” Ay, in a few years, at most, your name will be forgotten; but your deeds and your thoughts, translated into actions, cannot die. Our great-grandfathers are dead, but without them our great-grandchildren could not exist. And the future generations will not even know the names of their ancestors! You have eight great-grandparents: do you know their names?—the names of half of them? Our words and our acts are our mental children, so to speak; and they father a long line that insures our immortality.

Our individuality cannot be confined. A *name* is nothing, but influence is all-important—the personality expressed by acts, not the letters that form a proper noun. How often we see names and fulsome eulogies carved on gravestones, or painted on glass, which mean nothing to us!

He who is not forgotten is not dead!

And what is life to him who lies obscure?

Says Renan, “The true men of progress are those who take for their point of departure a profound respect for the past.” History chronicles a few names—and the acts of the common people, the obscure individuals,

which have given us our present. "When kings fall out, peasants fall in."

"But what are Kings when regiment is gone,
But perfect shadows in a sunshine day?"

Emperors cannot withstand the multitude. "De plus en plus," writes Payot, "l'histoire se débarrassera des noms propres pour s'en tenir aux grands faits sociaux, toujours fort hypothétiques dans leurs causes et leurs effets."

And the People, who have made the past, hand it over to us. The Past lives in us—the heirs of the ages, standing "in the foremost files of Time." And we shall live in the Future, forever. One can no more ignore the past than one can overlook the sunrise; even if not noticed, it is there—has made us what we are—and even as we speak, we are joining it in turn. It is our guide for the future, and the voices of those who have lived speak to us from their graves; and the acts of those who were mute have given us the starting-point of our course, as we, in our turn, shall give the next generation its post—the mark where it shall begin its race.

A GRAVE IN FRANCE

By GEO. L. C. MOORE

A grave in France, upon a wind-swept hill
Once rent by shrapnel! Now the grace
Of all-restoring nature clothes the place
With living green, luxuriant o'er the chill
Spent ashes of the dead. Joyously shrill,
The lark, a soaring song, floats in the space
Of sunlit heaven, and there is scarce a trace
Of war's wild tumult in a scene so still.

A grave in France! But darker, sadder far,
The grave in hearts that gave, and, giving, broke
In silence, sorrowing without surcease.
And yet they know, grief-stricken as they are,
That what was sown with tears 'mid battle smoke,
Should spring in flowers of freedom and of peace.

LITERARY AMERICAN DIPLOMATS

By ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD

IN his "American Diplomacy," Carl Russell Fish, professor of history at the University of Wisconsin, says: "When a President wished to gain applause in the first half of the nineteenth century he appointed an author, like James Fenimore Cooper or Washington Irving, who was expected to repay the nation by writing a book." We have, indeed, always had a diplomatic corps that has somehow been given to the tasks of the author. David Francis, Whitlock, Gerard, R. B. Child, R. U. Johnson, Egan, Reinsch, Van Dyke, A. D. White—and John Quincy Adams—have all returned, at one time or another, with manuscripts in their brief cases. No one of them, however, did lay claim or would lay claim to being a linguist.

In his diverting novel entitled "The American Ambassador," Mr. Lawrence Byrne has given the conventionally accepted, though rather harsh picture of an envoy plenipotentiary from this country. For reasons known only to Washington, Senator John T. Colbourne has been appointed Ambassador. He casts about for a secretary. A promising young man is introduced to him by a friend. The Senator says: "I am going to put through a deal about as important as anything the U. S. A. has ever done. Of course I don't speak anything but American. I'll have to rely on you to talk to those fellows for me. You speak French?" When told that the eventual secretary "knows it backwards," the Senator, now shedding lustre on Kansas, remarks: "Well, I prefer everything straightforward." This is fiction, but it is taken from life. We are a monolingual people. And our State Department does not require that our foreign representatives command any language but English.

With Europe it is the reverse. The members of the diplomatic and consular corps sent here almost invariably control English, and possibly still another language apart from their own. But it is rare that they write books based on their experience in this country. Bryce and Jusserand are the two outstanding exceptions. And it is quite difficult to overestimate the value of the works written by them. To read, for example, M. Jusserand from "English Essays from a French Pen" to "Great Men and Great Days" is to gain a sound knowledge of the English and American people, their traditions and literatures. But what Russian or German, Spaniard or Italian ever represented his country at Washington and was thereby inspired to write a book of permanent value?

The situation is thrown into relief through the appointment of John Dyneley Prince as Minister to Denmark. When Dr. Prince went to Copenhagen, no one expected him to lead a retired life. Such a course would have been in unique opposition to his habits while professor of Semitic languages at New York University and professor of Slavonic languages at Columbia University for the past twenty years. During this time he has gained for himself the enviable reputation of being the most diligent and versatile linguist, as opposed to philologist, known to the New World.

At the same time, it was hardly to be expected that Dr. Prince would be as linguistically aggressive in his new post as he has been. Hardly had he arrived when he delivered a public lecture in Danish with a Swedish accent, two languages that lie quite out of his field. His Northern auditors were surprised; they felt he was the herald of a new era.

Moreover, he attended recently a Copenhagen performance of a play given in Russian and was referred to as the sole non-Russian present who could follow the acting intelligently. He has also lectured on artificial languages and has derided Ido, Volapuk and Esperanto. He advised the

Danes to spend their leisure hours studying French, German and English. And he did this in the presence of Otto Jespersen to whom an artificial language makes a strong, and it would seem, scientific appeal.

The Danes will do well to anticipate further surprises of this kind from the present official representative of the United States. Some years ago, by way of corroboration, the maid in the Prince household, who had been engaged partly because of the many sidedness of her own tongue, suddenly informed Mrs. Prince that she was leaving. Asked why she intended making the change, she replied: "I refuse to work for anyone whose table conversation I do not understand." The Princes had taken to speaking Arabic at dinner.

Now, as the initiated know, Dr. Prince is not a *ministere de carriere*. He is a Columbia professor of languages on leave of absence and stationed for the time being in Copenhagen, one of the most cosmopolitan cities in the world. Nor is it interfering with the affairs of the State Department to say that the length of his sojourn in the Danish capital will not be determined by the number of years the Republican Party may remain in power. He will remain just as long as it may take him to do some literary work in which he is interested and until he is able to say with the conscience of a scholar, *Jo, Jagalar Svenska, Jeg taler Dansk* and *Jeg snakker Norsk*. These things attended to, he will return to the professor's task with the control of three more languages to his credit and in all probability the manuscript of a book in his letter case.

But there is an interesting fact to be noted in connection with his appointment. Is he in a position, with all his ability as a linguist, to be original at Copenhagen? By a curious coincidence he has had a redoubtable rival in the North in the person of a scholar and diplomat to whom we have never done literary justice, Henry Wheaton (1785-1848), *chargè-d'affaires* at Copenhagen from 1827 to 1835.

We have long lived under the impression that the Ameri-

can pioneer in his study of Scandinavian literature was Longfellow. According to Danish scholars who have investigated the matter, this is inaccurate. Wheaton preceded Longfellow. Indeed it was his articles, reviews, and translations from the Scandinavian that attracted, it seems, Longfellow's attention to the literary treasures of the North.

But Wheaton's record, as given in the conventional manuals, shows only that he was a renowned authority on international law and related subjects. The *Brittanica* even fails to mention the fact that he wrote an elaborate history of the Danes.

To quote "American Diplomacy" again, Professor Fish says: "The only really great American who was greatly interested in diplomacy was Henry Wheaton, who spent this period in various German posts. Performing perfectly the difficult, but not very important, tasks allotted him, he devoted his leisure to the cognate study of international law. He was recalled in 1845 and the fruit of his preparation was never gathered by the nation."

Wheaton was, to be sure, Minister to Prussia from 1835 to 1845. Otherwise Professor Fish's statement is misleading. Wheaton's vocation was international law, which can be dissociated from diplomacy only with difficulty, if the individual in question be a professional diplomat, while "he devoted his leisure" to the study of Scandinavian literatures and languages, ancient and modern.

That he did not familiarize himself with German while in Berlin, is unthinkable. As to French, he wrote "*Histoire du Progrès du Droit des Gens en Europe*" (1841), a book that has been translated into English and edited a number of times. Whether he knew the Scandinavian languages before going to Copenhagen is a point not easily settled. If he did not, he revealed uncommon ability to learn them once he had arrived. For what he published is indisputable evidence of a marked appreciation of works that have given trained specialists a great deal to think about over a long period of time.

His first work seems to have been his study of the "Edda," published in January, 1829. His "History of the Northmen" appeared at Philadelphia in 1831 and enjoyed the singular distinction of having been reviewed by Washington Irving. It was the sole instance in which Irving manifested the slightest interest in the North. Wheaton also published rather pretentious studies on the early Scandinavian historians, beginning with Saxo Grammaticus, on Northern folk songs, Swedish history, and reviews of some quite recondite books then being written by such scholars as Rask, Rafn, and Geijer.

He was recalled from Germany in 1845 by James K. Polk—a place had to be made for a man of another political stripe—and immediately appointed professor of international law at Harvard. But he died before taking up his new work.

In evaluating Wheaton as a linguist, we dare not overlook the odds against which he fought. He had not the slightest encouragement from the Danes. Until the appointment of Otto Jespersen at the University of Copenhagen, in 1893, English was not taught at the university, which means that it was not taught in the schools of Denmark. When, for example, Jens Peter Jacobsen, whose "Marie Grubbe" and "Nils Lyhne" are now accessible to Americans in translations, set out to translate Darwin, the happiest Danish equivalent he could devise for "natural selection" was *kvalitetsvalg*, which merely means "quality selection" and is therefore quite inadequate. Today, a Danish grade pupil could do better. All of this worked to the disadvantage of Wheaton and will work to the advantage of Prince.

In the careers of Wheaton and Prince there is an invaluable object lesson. They prove once more that America is either truly "the land of unlimited possibilities," or of marked exceptions. Notorious for our indifference to the languages of foreign peoples, we have sent one representative and now we send another to Copenhagen neither of whom needed, or needs, to feel embarrassed in any diplomatic

circle however polyglot or linguistically ambitious it may be or may have been. Indeed John Dyneley Prince's equal in the matter of languages has never been sent to Washington. We go to extremes, sometimes in a highly agreeable fashion.

Of course, no one means to contend that we have never had foreign diplomats and ministers who could not speak any language but English. In the very introduction to his "Land of the Lamas" (1891). William W. Rockhill, who served this country as its foreign representative in China, Greece, Turkey and Russia, tells with some show of pride that he "was led to learn Chinese as a means of gaining further information about the country," and that he "studied Tibetan with a friendly lama for four years." He could also read French, Italian and German. But on this basis, it could also be said that Benjamin Franklin was proficient in French—after living for a while in Paris.

As to the consular service, it is again rare that our consular representatives in Europe make any pretense at being able to enter into more than mere *causeries* with the natives of the city in which they chance to be stationed. On the other hand, the fifty-eight foreign Consuls in New York City all speak a voluble, if not wholly unaccented, English.

This is no negligible issue. As a nation we have been penalized before, and on many occasions, for the contempt in which we hold modern languages and the study of them. We should change our attitude toward them, particularly since they, as much as any other feature of contemporary life, have been shaken up by the world war. Countries that did not even exist as countries in 1914 are now vigorous and eager to communicate. And each one is asserting that its language is one of the most melodious, logical and venerable tongues of the earth. And each one of these new or revised nations is sending out its consular and diplomatic representatives, and looks to us to reciprocate.

Moreover, there is an inherent and rather disturbing

contradiction in the records of our envoys as linguists and their records as authors. They may not speak; but they will write. Indeed the honored order of procedure seems to be to cross the Atlantic, submit the credentials, rent an embassy, assign the attaches their tasks, and then start on the book, either long postponed or just inspired by the new surroundings and the new duties. Would it not be more in keeping with the initial purpose of the foreign service if our representatives made greater effort to appreciate the viewpoints of foreign peoples by conversing with them in their own language instead of attempting to interpret them to us in our language?

REQUEST

By VICTOR STARBUCK

Give me a little hunger,
A little bread and meat;
Sometimes a breath of bitterness,
Sometimes a taste of sweet:
Enough of work, enough of play;
A pipe to smoke at dusk of day
To make the day complete.

Give me a little anger;
A salt of grief and wrong:
To walk sometimes in lonely ways,
Sometimes among the throng:
A bluebird's wing, a cricket's call,
A hand to touch at evenfall
To make the days a song.

THE BRITISH TRADE UNIONS

By J. ELLIS BARKER

TOWARDS the middle of the last century England was by far the wealthiest country in the world. Its wealth was derived principally from the manufacturing industries which were the foremost in the world. At that time England produced two-thirds of the world's coal, two-thirds of the world's iron and steel and two-thirds of the world's cotton goods, and possessed two-thirds of the world's shipping. England was the world's manufacturer, merchant, banker, shipper and engineer. Its industrial supremacy was unchallenged and seemed unchallengeable. Both the United States and Germany were almost exclusively agricultural countries. The great free trader Cobden proudly proclaimed "England is, and always will remain, the workshop of the world."

England is no longer the world's workshop. Before the war not only the United States but Germany as well had gone far ahead of England in industries which England used to monopolize. What is the cause of that extraordinary decline? The most usual explanation is that England's area and resources are too small, that the vast natural wealth of the United States was bound to give them the industrial primacy. That argument does not suffice to explain England's industrial stagnation. While English industries have stood still those of densely populated Germany and Belgium have rapidly expanded. Besides, the British Empire is four or five times as large as the United States and its resources and opportunities are probably in no way inferior to those of the Republic. Great Britain, though small in area and comparatively poor in mineral resources, has great natural facilities for manufacturing. It is the only

country in the world where vast coal fields and large deposits of iron ore and limestone occur closely together on the seashore. It need scarcely be explained that the possibility of manufacturing within sight of excellent ports is a priceless advantage.

The principal cause of England's industrial stagnation is to be found in the fatal influence of the trade unions. In no country in the world has trade unionism been more highly developed than in Great Britain. The open shop is practically non-existent. The politicians have been unwise enough to place the trade unions above the ordinary law. These organizations cannot be sued for the mischief they have done. Intimidation is freely resorted to under the name of "peaceful picketing." Restriction of output has become universal, and trade union domination has resulted in the stagnation of industries, in the destruction of initiative, efficiency and progress. In the past the British industries were the most efficient in the world. Now they are lamentably inefficient as comparison with the United States will show. The only census of production taken in the United Kingdom relates to the year 1907. The American census of production nearest in date was taken in 1909. The data given in the two documents may be summarized in two lines, as follows:

	<i>Number of Workers</i>	<i>Value of Products</i>
United States, private manufacturing industries only, in 1909	6,615,046	£4,134,421,000
United Kingdom, industries of all kinds, including the production of public utilities such as gas and waterworks, etc., in 1907	6,019,746	£1,617,340,000

The figures given are fairly comparable. The value of production is given in both censuses at wholesale prices. British and American wholesale prices, but not retail prices, are very much alike. Hence British and American goods compete freely everywhere. In 1907-1909 production per worker was approximately two-and-a-half times as great in the United States as in the United Kingdom. Since then

output per worker has increased in the United States but has declined in England. At present one American worker produces about as much as three British workers. It is, therefore, only natural that the wages and the standard of living are far higher in the United States than in England, that America has gone far ahead of Great Britain not only in the volume but also in the cheapness of its manufactures. Industrially speaking the United Kingdom has not 48,000,000 inhabitants but only 16,000,000. If it were not for trade union restrictions, England, by Americanizing her industries, could treble her output and with her output her national income and her national wealth.

The great advance in the methods of production during the last two decades has been deliberately nullified by the British trade unions. Restriction of production has become gospel truth to the organized workers who, in many cases, refuse to employ improved machinery, or, if they consent to use it, deliberately produce no more than they did with the inefficient machinery which it replaced. The consequence is that the purchase of improved machines causes a heavy loss to the employers. Thus the scrapping of labor-wasting machinery and its replacement by up-to-date apparatus is discouraged. The late Mr. F. W. Taylor, the eminent American efficiency engineer, wrote to me a short time before the war:

"I know of case after case in England where they use exactly the same machines as in this country, but at far less horse-power and at far less speed than they should be run, and in a manner so as to turn out nothing like half the work that is being turned out in this country; and this is due, not to the lack of proper machinery, but to the almost unalterable determination of every workman in England to turn out as little work as possible each day in return for the money which he receives. This with the English workman is almost a religion. . . .

"To illustrate the restriction of output, we had in our works a locomotive and car-wheel tyre rolling machine, which was brought from Tangye Brothers in England, and all the apparatus connected with this machine came from England. We had a splendid set of English workmen—that is, they were fine fellows, and were very skilled workers and personally not lazy or shiftless—to run this machine, and yet after working at it for three or four years they refused to turn out more than fifteen tyres

per day. We called their attention over and over again to the fact that at this rate of production we were making no profit whatever; that it was absolutely necessary to increase the production of this machine. All of our persuasion and all of our talk was of no avail whatever and we were finally obliged to discharge the whole lot of them, to get every man outside the works, and ourselves to train in an entirely new and green set of American workmen who had never seen a machine of this sort. Within three months after training them in, we had increased the output from fifteen to twenty-five tyres a day, and this output went on, right on the same machine, increasing until, three or four years later, we had an output of 150 tyres a day."

It stands to reason that the industries of Great Britain are bound to stagnate and to decline if the workers deliberately go slow in the manner described by Mr. Taylor. Unfortunately, that policy is not restricted to the engineering industry, but is universal. Some years ago the United States Tariff Board published a report on cotton manufactures in which it was stated that whereas the United States had over 200,000 automatic looms the United Kingdom had only about 10,000. The difference between the automatic loom and the ordinary power loom is this: that a weaver can tend from 20 to 30 automatic looms, but only from 4 to 8 non-automatic looms. The automatic loom was invented in England, but it is practically unused in the country of its invention, not because the manufacturers refuse to introduce it, but because the workers object to it, fearing that it would displace labor.

As the United Kingdom has practically no waterfalls and no oil the manufacturing industries of the country have to rely practically exclusively on coal as a source of power. Although miners' wages are considerably higher in the United States than in the United Kingdom, coal is much more expensive in low-wage England than in high-wage America, because the American miner produces about five times as much coal per day as the British miner. Mining methods and mining machinery have been vastly improved during the last few decades. In consequence of that improvement, output per miner per day has greatly increased in the United States and elsewhere, but in the

United Kingdom output per man per day has declined from 1.33 tons in 1880 to 0.80 tons of recent years. The startling difference between coal production per worker per day in Great Britain and the United Kingdom cannot be entirely attributed to the fact that the United States exploit thick seams lying near the surface while England is working on thin seams lying at a great depth. In recently opened and perfectly equipped mines in South Yorkshire which work thick seams, output per man per day is smaller than in the poorest American mines. British employers complain bitterly about the unwillingness of miners to produce more than a minimum of coal and that the trade unions prevent the introduction of the best labor-saving machinery. The huge waste caused by this short-sighted policy may be seen by the fact that the United Kingdom produces half the quantity of coal produced by the United States with double the number of miners.

The trade unions have damaged many British industries, among them the iron and steel and engineering industries, and they have enabled not only the United States, but Germany as well, to go rapidly ahead of the United Kingdom. Previous to the war the production of iron was almost stagnant in Great Britain, while it rapidly increased in Germany, as the following figures show:

PRODUCTION OF IRON

	<i>In Germany</i>	<i>In United Kingdom</i>
1890	4,658,000 tons	8,033,000 tons
1913	19,292,000 tons	10,260,000 tons

Between 1890 and 1913 English iron production increased by 20 per cent., while German iron production increased by more than 300 per cent. In 1890 England produced almost twice as much iron as Germany, while in 1913 Germany produced almost twice as much iron as the United Kingdom. In steel the position had changed no less strikingly to England's disadvantage. Commenting upon the rapid expansion of the formerly insignificant German iron and steel industry, and upon the utter stagnation of the English iron and steel trade, which used to

dominate the world, an authoritative German technical handbook, "Gemeinfassliche Darstellung des Eisenhüttenwesens," Dusseldorf, 1912, stated:

"No land on earth is as favourably situated for iron production as is England. Extensive deposits of coal and iron, easy and cheap purchase of foreign raw materials, a favourable geographical position for selling its manufactures, reinforced by the great economic power of the State, made at one time the island kingdom industrially omnipotent throughout the world. Now complaints about constantly increasing foreign competition become from day to day more urgent. These are particularly loud with regard to the growing power of the German iron industry. The German trade unions, with their Socialist ideas, are opposed to progress. If their aspirations should succeed, the German iron industry would be ruined. An attempt on the part of the German trade unions to increase the earnings of the skilled workers by limiting the number of apprentices, the imitation of the policy which has been followed by the British trade unions, would produce a scarcity of skilled workers in Germany as it has in England. The British iron industry should be to us Germans a warning example. The English trade unions, with their short-sighted championship of labour, with their notorious policy of 'ca'canny' (the limitation of output), and with their hostility to technical improvements, have seriously shaken the powerful position of the British iron trade."

The British Empire, as previously stated, is four or five times as large as the United States. Yet the vast over-sea possessions of the United Kingdom have only half the railway mileage of the United States. The British iron and steel industries might enjoy decades of unheard-of prosperity by supplying the Empire with an adequate railway outfit which is bitterly needed. However, the attitude of the British trade unions makes a great expansion of production impossible. Unless the trade unions abandon their policy, the railways of the British Empire will be built by the Dominions themselves and by the United States and Germany.

One of the highest authorities on British labor questions is Lord Askwith, who was Comptroller-General of the Commercial Labor and Statistical Department and Chairman of the Fair Wages Advisory Committee. He is a great friend of labor. He wrote in his book "Industrial Prob-

lems and Disputes," in which he laid down the experience of a lifetime spent in settling labor disputes:

"It would be useless to calculate how much talent and how many rising hopes have been dashed down in the atmosphere of insistence on time-work with its watchword 'Keep your time by the slowest,' or in the absolute command of foremen or colleagues that the number of rivets, the tale of bricks, the lasting of boots, the cuts of clothes, or output of articles of every kind must be kept within or below the rule of the shop.

"A discharged soldier, who returned to work for a motor-car firm at Birmingham, found that in turning cylinders he could do a job in forty-three minutes, and he maintained this speed for three weeks. The man was warned that the official time was seventy minutes. The warning being ignored, on November 4th last the union stopped the shop until the man was moved to other work. The same kind of intervention seems to take place on most engineering work on which piece rates are paid.

"In the collieries the restriction is exercised indirectly. If a miner exceeds a certain output per day, varying from 4 to 7 tons, he finds himself delayed by the 'shunt' men, who cut down his supply of tubs and props. In South Wales and Lanarkshire the output laid down is a fixed number of tubs per day, called a 'stint', and if this were regularly exceeded the pit would be stopped to enforce it. The same applies to the docks. Recently a ship discharging grain in bulk in Birkenhead was stopped because the union considered that 150 tons a day was an excessive rate, though the rate was laid down both in the ship's charter party and the sale contract. The result is that the elevators are now running at 23 per cent. below full speed. In Cardiff and elsewhere carters are not now allowed to load more than one tier on team wagons. On November 10th last a team-lorry was stopped in Bute Street, Cardiff, by the union delegate, and the carter made to unload eight bags which were in a second tier. At Immingham a motor-lorry was stopped because it had a full 6-ton load. The driver asked the delegate what the limit was, and he said, 'I don't know; but you have got too much on there, anyhow.'

"The restriction is of special moment when we find it applied to house building. At Huddersfield, during the building of an extension, four men were stopped by their union for three days because they laid 480 bricks in a day of eight hours. A slater was warned at the same place because he fixed a gutter—a plumber's job—in order that he might get on with his own work. Instances might be multiplied indefinitely."

The mischief done by the British trade unions is by no means restricted to economic matters, but extends to politics as well. Modern socialism arose on the continent of Europe. Its originators were revolutionaries belonging to the middle classes. They aimed at the overthrow of society

When they discovered that their unaided strength did not suffice to achieve their aim, they turned towards the labor organizations, striving to make them subservient to their policy. Many of the French and German revolutionaries fled to England and attached themselves to the powerful trade unions. Thus the trade unions fell gradually under the domination of revolutionaries and adopted a revolutionary policy. They aimed less at improving the conditions of the workers than at destroying the hated capitalists, a policy which naturally was most harmful to the workers themselves. By restricting production and by incessant strikes they naturally restricted consumption as well and caused widespread poverty and unemployment. Wishing to impoverish the capitalists, they used their political influence by insisting upon state regulation, harmful to industry, and higher and ever higher taxes placed upon the rich, the proceeds of which were to be spent with the utmost lavishness on doubtful social experiments. Thus both the national capital and the national productive power were simultaneously reduced.

The extremists had acquired the control of the great labor organizations, and the leaders fell more and more under the influence of those who advocated a policy of violence, destruction and revolution. The rise of Bolshevism in Russia was greeted with delight by many of the leading agitators who became frank advocates of the Moscow policy. The great labor daily, the *Daily Herald*, preached unceasingly a revolution on Russian lines. When, during the war between Russia and Poland, the Bolshevik armies were approaching Warsaw, and when the Western Powers contemplated taking measures for preventing Poland and all Europe from being overwhelmed by the Bolshevik flood, the leading trade unionists called a conference and created a Council of Action which threatened the British government with revolt and revolution, should it come to Poland's aid, and which made preparations for taking over the British government. The creation of that council was,

in the words of the Right Hon. J. H. Thomas, the head of the powerful railway unions, "a challenge to the whole constitution of the country." Another labor leader, Mr. Bromley, stated at the time: "For purposes of peace and war, the fifteen of us have practically taken over the government of the country." Had the Bolsheviks succeeded in taking Warsaw and had France and England tried to intervene, an attempt at overthrowing the British government would undoubtedly have been made by the Council of Action and by the socialist and labor organizations represented in that council.

The British trade unions have inflicted great and almost irremediable harm not only upon the United Kingdom and upon the British Empire, but upon the workers themselves. Prosperity is impossible without high production, for prosperity means nothing except high consumption. The organized British workers have been made to demand higher and ever higher wages in respect of a totally insufficient, stagnant and lately shrinking output. It is true that the British workers are better off at present than they were twenty, thirty or forty years ago, but that improvement has been brought about not owing to the trade unions, but in spite of them. It has been brought about by the increase of production consequent upon the introduction of improved machinery. If the trade unions had had their way, national production would be lower now than it was in the past and the working man's standard of living would be correspondingly lower. At present the United Kingdom suffers from unprecedented unemployment, although the world is starving for goods. Immediately after the armistice an agitation for vastly increased wages and greatly reduced hours of labor began, and the prices of British goods were doubled and quadrupled. Naturally the impoverished nations could not buy British goods at the huge prices demanded. Foreign nations had been impoverished by the war and by the tremendous fall in the prices of foodstuffs and of raw materials, while the British people

had been impoverished by confiscatory taxation. There is ample work in the United Kingdom for all who are willing to work at reasonable rates. A million new houses are needed and half the existing houses are in shocking disrepair. However, the owners of house property cannot afford to build and repair freely at the high rates demanded by labor in respect of an utterly insufficient output. Nearly half a million women are drawing unemployment pay. Yet servants are almost unobtainable. Trade union domination has brought about widespread ruin in the United Kingdom, and unless the trade unions change their policy they may succeed in destroying the greatness of the Kingdom and of the Empire.

THE RESTFUL RIDE

By AGNES WYNNE

I love to ride in the evening
Toward a sunset gleaming gold,
For it gives a rapturous feeling
Such beauty to behold.

I watch the twilight draw
A gray shade o'er the scene
Like a shadow that often steals
O'er happiness that has been.

Sometimes the shadow is dark,
And happiness seems of the past,
But memory, like sunrise,
Will not allow shadows to last.

Thus the span of life is divided—
Black nights, gold-gleaming days,
Happy hours that flit and go
And life's sorrows that come always.

A NOTE ON THE GENIUS OF AUGUSTE RODIN

By ARTHUR SYMONS

I

IN Rodin's finest creations he has indicated the vain struggles, the vain desires, the insatiable longings, the murderous divisions, of the ephemerides man and woman. In his astonishing drawings from the nude we see women carried to a farther point of simplicity than even in Degas: woman, the animal; woman, in a strange sense, the idol. Not even the Japanese have simplified drawing to this illuminating scrawl of four lines, enclosing the whole mystery of the flesh. Here a woman faces you, her legs thrown above her head; here she faces you with her legs thrust out before her, the soles of her feet seen close and gigantic. She squats like a toad, she stands rigid, she lies abandoned. The face is just indicated, a face like the face of a savage idol; and her body has rarely any of that elegance, seductiveness, and shivering delicacy of life, which we find in the marble. It is a machine in movement, a monstrous, devastating machine, working mechanically, and possessed by the one rage of the animal. Often two bodies interlace each other, flesh crushing upon flesh in all the exasperation of a futile possession; and the energy of the embrace is indicated in the great hand that lies like a weight upon the shoulders. It is overpowering, and it has the beauty of all supreme energy.

But always, as Rodin said to me, there is ecstasy. Often it is a perverse ecstasy; at times, as in the *Iris*, as in the *Muse* who swoops like an eagle, as in the radiant figure with the sun in his hair who flings open the gates of the mountains in the monument of General Savmiento, it is pure joy; often, as in the *Hugo*, the *Duvis de Chavannes*, it is the ecstasy of creative thought. But always there is

ecstasy. On the contrary, in the paintings of Watts, which Rodin disliked, there is no ecstasy. Yet a figure of Satan, for instance, indicates the malevolent pride of the intellect, in the poise and gesture of a body only partly alive and but slightly touched with beauty. An artist may paint great pictures by painting, as Degas did, Desboutsins sitting at a café-table in Paris, drinking absinthe; but to Watts that would not be a great picture. Sargent, whom Rodin admired, pours the crude light of the studio roof upon all in a man that would most escape that interrogation, crying to him roughly to speak out, stripping off some of his shyest and most honest disguises, and giving us, as the truth, whatever remains over after the soul has been frightened out of sight. Manet, who was an intimate friend of Rodin's, is not more tender, but he is more complete in his capture, giving us life, as well as the moment, and the whole sensitive intelligence of the flesh, which to him is the whole of life. All those will have things in their own way, will snatch the energy or the beauty they desire, like a thing possessed wilfully. Carrière, who had, so he assured me, a passionate admiration for Rodin, as he gives the rhythm of his mother and child almost evades the limits of the frame, so that the rhythm seems a wave of the sea arrested in its motion and as if still in movement. In Carrière, as in Rodin, there are no specimens, but growing things; the flower scarcely plucked, still alive from the root, a part not yet cut off from universal nature. And that is why Rodin leaves the foundations of his form unshaped in the marble, why he gives the animate being some foothold on the earth.

I met Auguste Rodin in Paris, 182 rue de l'Université, in May, 1892. The last time I saw him was at a dinner given in Old Burlington Street in 1907.

He spoke to me of Stéphane Mallarmé's conversation and his way of writing—full of foreshortening—"many people don't understand foreshortening." Certainly Mallarmé, whom I met later, of whom I have written elsewhere,

used in his later work this artistic heresy. Imagine his poem written down, at least composed. With this most writers would be content, but with Mallarmé the work has only begun. He works over it, word by word, changing a word here, for its color, which is not precisely the color required; a word there, for the break it makes in the music. A new image occurs to him, rare, subtler, than the one he has used; the image is transferred. By the time the poem has reached, as it seems to him, a flawless unity, the steps of the progress have been only too effectually effaced: and while the poet, who has seen the unity from the beginning, still sees the relation of point to point, the reader, who comes to it only in its final stage, finds himself in a not unnatural bewilderment. Pursue this manner of writing to its ultimate development; start with an enigma, and then withdraw the key of the enigma; and you arrive, easily, at the frozen impentrability of those latest sonnets in which the absence of all punctuation is scarcely a recognizable hindrance.

Rodin told me that the inspiration for *La Porte de l'Enfer* came to him in 1875. When I saw it, it covered the entire space of one vast wall; there was the great door, and on either side of the door climbed up and down tormented creatures, crawled and coiled: all one headlong flight and falling, in which all the agonies of a place of torment, which is Baudelaire's rather than Dante's, swarm in actual movement. *Femmes damnées* lean upward and downward out of hollow caves and mountainous crags, they cling to the edge of the world, off which their feet slip, they embrace blindly over a precipice, they roll together into bottomless pits of descent. And all this sorrowful flesh is consumed with desire, with the hurrying fever of those who have only a short time in which to enjoy the fruits of desire. Their mouths open towards one another in an endless longing, all their muscles strain violently towards the embrace. They live only with a life of desire, and that

obsession has carried them beyond the wholesome beauty of nature, into the violence of a perversity which is at times almost insane.

Pater divines in Michelangelo not only the wonderful strangeness of his genius, but also a lovely strangeness in his sweetness—*ex forti dulcedo*. Assuredly, a certain strangeness is an element in all these works of art; there is no excellent beauty which has no strangeness in the proportion. Poetry, like so many of the other arts, conforms the shows of things to the desire of the soul. There is no passion in Michelangelo's sonnets to Vittoria Colonna; the only images he uses are fire and frost, once the phoenix, fire which consumes rock; for this complaining spirit, that was houseless, introduces thoughts of death and love into his verses. As for Rodin, when he praises life it is like a priest who praises God: Rodin is drunk with the divinity of life as Spinoza was drunk with divinity. He is one with Balzac and with Shakespeare in his creation of life out of chaos, in the ardor and in the fire with which he embraces the unbodied spirit of man. When he spoke to me, something of that equable and intense flame that possessed him seemed to pass into my veins. Ask him a question and he answers like one who has meditated so intensely that the answer springs from his lips. Once when he showed me his mysterious little statue—the man kneeling so strangely in adoration before the woman in whose face there is the Sphinx and the Child—he said to me: "Tell me what this means: what is your impression of it?" "Le mystère de l'Amour," I said. He then spoke of his adoration of Donatello and of Baudelaire, while he was showing me his *Orpheus and Eurydice*—whose sorrow is infinite, a sorrow beyond the grave's sorrow—in the hollow of the cavern, hell's smoke rising around them, Cerberus indicated; it is sublime, dramatic, posed and poised there in the midst of his white world of living clay.

Between the Greeks and Donatello there had been great sculpture; but the art, as an organized individual thing,

awoke only in Donatello. So, when Rodin travelled in Italy, he learned many of his secrets from the great Florentine; aware, certainly, that with Donatello awakens and dies a whole art of his own, that after him ancient sculpture is over and modern sculpture has begun.

Rodin told me of the strange fascination that seized on him when for the first time in his life he saw surge before his vision Donatello's painted terra-cotta bust of Niccolò da Uzzano, in which he saw a kind of hungry and lean realism which brings a new quality, almost but not too eager to burst through the bounds of form: the head, with the blood on its cheeks, the living eyeballs under the brows, which seems to turn visibly on its crinkled neck, as if literally about to utter words, has a terrifying beauty, perhaps too deceptively human to be more than an exciting and bewildering thing. He told me of his surprise when he saw the Magdalen, a representation of an aged sinner, which is really a kind of *Vielle Heaulmière*, done very literally after nature, which excels all that has been done in the typically Spanish art of wood-carving. I saw Alonso Cano's pictures of Vizigoths Kings, in the Prado at Madrid. It is a panel representing souls burning in red flames; four men and two children, with others seen shadowily, lifting their hands, not without hope, out of the burning. It gives, without criticism, all the cruelty of religion.

Rodin's conceptions are colored like those of painting—only the conceptions; he never used raw colors in any of his statues, such as some of the later sculptors used by way of decoration. In all his work there is a cunning adjustment of shadows. *He never measures his proportions*—a procedure which at times results in a certain hardness; there is always his wonderful modelling, which shows the veritable blood in the veins—an effect which no other sculptor gets. Always, even in his bronzes, there is the awakening of life, where the unbounded spirit seems to revel in the absoluteness of its freedom. And as in Michelangelo's frescoes in the Sistine, Rodin's vivid and eternal world—in which we

ourselves seem to move—shows us meditative and joyous beings, joyous even in hell, where their torment's rapture broods in limbs and eyes with the same energy as the rapture of God in creation.

All Rodin's secret, I must repeat, for he often told me of it, consists in exaggeration. That is how he gets such living effects, without any of the hardness of other sculptors—certainly not in the sense of Merimée's phrase: "All art is exaggeration *à propos*. So, in his masterpiece *Le Porte de l'Enfer*, Greek lyric art becomes a great epic, or rather an immense drama, in which stone becomes music, becomes song. In this passionate and elemental creation, his Hell—as he himself assured me—is Baudelaire's, rather than Dante's; for his figures are literally *Femmes Damnées*; they swarm, they fall, they fly, they escape, they writhe, they lean upward out of hollow caverns, they cling to the world's edge, they roll together into the bottomless abyss.

Take, for instance, two figures that I saw in his studio. One, a woman, rigid as an idol, stands in all the peace of indifference; the other, a man tortured with desire, every muscle strained to exasperation, writhes in the ineffectual energy of a force which can but feed upon itself. She is there, before him, close to him, infinitely apart, and he could crush, but never seize her. In the exquisite rendering of the Temptation of Saint Anthony the saint lies prostrate, crouched against the cross, which his lips kiss feverishly, as he closes his pained eyes; the shoulders seem to move in a shuddering revolt from the burden which they bear unwillingly: he grovels in the dust like a toad, in his horror of her life and beauty which have cast themselves away upon him. And the woman lies back luxuriously, stretching her naked limbs across his back, and twisting her delicate arms behind her head, in a supple movement of perfectly happy abandonment, breathing the air; she has the innocence of the flesh, the ignorance of the spirit, and she does not even know what it is to tempt. She is without perversity; the flesh, not the devil; and so, perhaps, the more perilous.

I give here my first impression of Rodin's Ugolino I saw in Maudon in 1904, which I recognized to be Ugolino in the Tower of Famine, before I give my final impression after seeing it in the Rodin Musée in 1921. For, as I looked, the man's likeness seemed to go out of it, and the likeness of a beast came into the hands, clutching the ground like paws, and into the neck lengthened and swollen into a beast's neck, and into the feline eyes, and into the mouth drawn open in groan or growl which surges upward through the body. It is to represent Nebuchadnezzar eating grass, and the idea came into the figure, caught in passing, and developed in a series of conscious and significant changes. The Ugolino as I saw it in Paris is, in conception and in execution, magnificent. Rodin reveals, as Dante revealed in his *Inferno*, the weird and haggard beauty, the tenacious hold on life of Ugolino, in the utter despair in his eyes, in his last agony, his whole body convulsed by his unimaginable tortures. He lives, he hates to die, to have to die—this hideous sensation more than ever abnormal—for the violence of animal life vibrates in every limb. His throat is convulsed, like a snake's; the mouth that famishes gapes wide open; the nerves of the face writhe. The dry mouth feels the pangs of an unutterable thirst. His back is one mass of convulsed muscles that stand out, showing the lean ribs. It required all Rodin's genius to express for all time the intense agony of a living death. The death-sweat is upon him; it drips from his tangled hair. The profile is beautiful—it has the beauty of the horror of death. He is sublime, as sublime as when Dante created him.

Among the Creators of the Sublime are Aeschylus, Dante, Shakespeare, Blake and Rodin. One has only to read the wonderful third canto of the *Inferno* to find that it attains both tragedy and sublimity. Always Dante gives one a sense of Infinity. There is nothing delusive in the consummate and unsurpassable scene where Francesca da Rimini and Paolo Malatesta are seen by Dante floating on

the flames of hell, eternal lovers; there is nothing delusive in the tragic and horrible scene of the Ugolino and his sons.

The motto of d'Annunzio's *Francesca da Rimini* might well be the line of Dante:

"Noi che fingemmo il mondo de sanguigno"

and the play is more than a tragedy of two lovers; it is a study of an age of blood. Dante, in his *Inferno*, leaves out all but the bare facts of love and death; the Italian dramatist gives us two people of flesh and blood, luxurious people, who love beautiful things. When the moment is reached which must in a play be the great moment, when the dramatist seems to come into actual competition with Dante, d'Annunzio is admirably brief.

And it is for Dante—as it was afterwards for Rodin—after his arraignment of the cruelty of things, to see clearly before him in vision the approach of the hour when all these miseries that he has sung, and mountains more of them, shall weigh down the ultimate scale of the balances of the wrath of God.

THE TREES

By BERNARD BENSON

There is that harmony in trees
That I would fain possess:
The silken-soft caress
Of lyric lightness in the breeze—
Upholding homes: embowered rooms
Among the blooms, where nestlings cry.
The truthful trunk that cones the sky
Thick-hung with boughs across,
Close-pressed by ministering moss.
The fullness in the flavored fruit;
The firmness of the grounded root,
Still purposeful to hold desire
When autumn comes with lift of fire.
And I would have the heart of these:
That brotherhood that is in trees
To Heaven hold in sun and rain,
Nor live a thrall to Winter's chain.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH FOURTH

By VICTOR ROSEWATER

THE year 1926 will bring to us the 150th birthday of the immortal Declaration, the document penned by Thomas Jefferson and made effective by an imposing array of autographs, topped by that of John Hancock in letters "big enough for King George to read without spectacles." All these signatory exercises took place in the City of Philadelphia, in the Declaration Chamber in Independence Hall which has been lately restored to original condition and is to be maintained perpetually as a sacred shrine for liberty-loving patriots.

It is well to know that the extraordinary character of our national holiday has been recognized from the outset. Under the spell of the still resounding tones of the Liberty Bell, it has been celebrated in Philadelphia with almost continuous regularity from the very first. The first birthday party, July Fourth, 1777, indicated, according to all accounts, the kind of exuberance and jubilation that was to be manifested at each recurrence of the occasion. "The vessels in the harbor," so we are told, "displayed all their bunting, manned their yards and fired salutes. Congress still in session in Philadelphia gave a dinner to civil and military notables at the City Tavern, the ironical feature of which was that Rahl's captured Hessian band furnished the music and a corps of deserters from the British Army, now in the service of Georgia, fired *feux de joie*." After the banquet the members of Congress reviewed an artillery battalion, the Maryland Light Horse and a North Carolina brigade, and at night the bells were rung, the houses were illuminated and fire-works displayed upon the common. Lights, however, were ordered out at 11:00 o'clock and unusual pre-

cautions taken to guard against fire and prevent riots. "Some windows," declares the chronicle, "were still broken by the mob in houses tenanted by obnoxious persons and there was disorder enough to give the Quakers a pretext for lodging complaints."

The celebration of the early Fourths in Philadelphia, the Cradle of the Declaration, were of a military character reminiscent of the Revolution and focused about its veterans who were always the conspicuous participants. In 1780, the fourth Fourth, the feature was the parade of Col. Nicola's invalid regiment and the artillery regiment, who marched to the State House and in the presence of Congress and the Executive Council of the State, performed various evolutions amid firing of guns and ringing of bells.

For variation, in 1781, the Fourth was celebrated "in rather sober fashion," Congress, the State officials and the French Minister attended the graduation ceremonies at the College, after which "a cold collation" was served in the State House.

In 1782, the observance of the day took the form of ringing of bells, firing of salutes, and other demonstrations, and an official visit on the part of M. de Luzerne (the French diplomatic agent) to Congress to present his congratulations.

The celebration in 1784 seems to have initiated another feature that has long persisted. The drawing card was to be a balloon ascension by an aeronaut from Baltimore who proposed to ascend from an enclosure in a field near the City. The announcements give the price of admission at "\$2.00 for the first place and 10 shillings for the second," the enterprise being financed by subscription from citizens generally. To stimulate the public curiosity and thus aid in procuring subscriptions, a letter was published written by Benjamin Franklin stating that he had seen in France the balloon in which Professor Charles and the Robert Brothers had ascended. The historian tells us that the Baltimore aeronaut, Carnes by name, failed to appear on the Fourth, but on the 17th undertook to redeem his promise of an

ascent, not from the field previously selected but from the prison yard. The balloon, or aerostat, is described as made of silk, 35 feet in diameter, and inflated with air heated by a furnace weighing 150 pounds. When the balloon had reached the height of 10 or 12 feet, it struck against the wall that enclosed the yard and the aeronaut was thrown out. Thus lightened, the balloon shot up with great rapidity and at the novel sight a mighty shout rose from the multitude, assembled in an adjoining space, now Washington Square. "When the balloon had traveled southward until it seemed no larger than a barrel," so the story continues, "it was seen to be in a blaze having caught fire from the furnace and in a few seconds was consumed. As the great majority of the spectators supposed the aeronaut to be still in the balloon, not having heard of the accident at the jail yard, they went home under the impression that they had witnessed a fearful catastrophe, and it was not until the next day that the truth became generally known."

The most pretentiously celebrated of the earlier *Fourths* was that of 1788, which combined commemoration of the Nation's independence with jubilation over the adoption of the new Federal Constitution. On June 21st New Hampshire had formally ratified the instrument, being the ninth State, the one needed to make it effective, and the patriotic citizens of Philadelphia immediately planned a demonstration for the new Union on the Fourth of July by which time Virginia had joined in as the tenth State. Through extracts from the official report of the chairman of the committee on arrangements, some interesting details may be gathered.

"The rising sun was saluted with a full peal from Christ Church steeple and a discharge of cannon from the ship 'Rising Sun,' commanded by Phillip Brown, anchored off Market Street and superbly decorated with flags of various nations. * * * The several parts which were to compose the grand procession began to assemble at 8:00 o'clock in the morning at the inter-section of South and Third streets. Nine gentlemen distinguished by white plumes in

their hats and furnished with speaking trumpets were superintendents of the procession."

"The different companies of military, trades and professions, had previously met at different places in the city of their own appointment where they were separately formed by their officers and conductors and marched in order, with their respective flags, devices and machines, to the place of general rendezvous."

The procession was headed by "twelve axemen dressed in white frocks with black girdles round their waists and ornamented caps" followed by the "First City Troop of Light Dragoons," after which came "Independence," personated "by John Nixon, Esq., on horseback, bearing the staff and cap of Liberty, under the cap a silk flag with the words 'Fourth of July 1776' in large gold letters." The numerous allegorical representations included "The French Alliance," "Definitive Treaty of Peace," "New Era," "Conventions of States," "The Constitution," "The Ten States That have Ratified," "The New Roof" (of the Federal Structure), "The Federal Ship 'Union'." There were tradesmen of all crafts in the line which extended for about a mile and a half, and during the procession the pressmen were at work and struck off many copies of the ode composed for the occasion by F. Hopkinson, Esq.

"As soon as the rear of the line had arrived (at Union Green), James Wilson, Esq., addressed the people from the Federal Edifice in an eloquent oration."

"After the oration the company went to dinner. No spirit nor wines of any kind were introduced. American porter, beer and cider were the only liquors. With these were drunk the following toasts announced by the trumpet and answered by a discharge of artillery, a round of ten to each toast, and these were in like manner answered by a discharge from the ship 'Rising Sun' at her moorings."

The success of the celebration is confirmed by information that there were 5,000 marchers and about 17,000 people congregated on Union Green, while the weather was re-

markedly favorable for the season, "cloudy without rain."

One would naturally expect the 50-year jubilee of the signing of the Declaration to constitute an especially gala event, and perusal of newspaper files of the day fully sustain this conclusion. The story of the Fiftieth Fourth, (which by the way was not printed by the enterprising newspapers of the day until the 6th), describes its celebration "in all the modes which inclination or duty prescribed, various in kind but all replete with the enthusiasm which the recollections of the occasion never failed to inspire." The parade was "numerous and splendid", the troops of cavalry attached themselves to the regiments and several companies of riflemen and others from the vicinity joined in the march and assisted in the usual salutes which were reverberating over the city throughout the whole day. "Most of the companies dined separately after the parade and interchanged civilities." Orations were delivered and the Declaration read before the Society of the Cincinnati (at the Hall of Independence), the Peace Society and numerous other associations which were succeeded by convivial gatherings and appropriate ceremonies. The citizens for the most part abandoned their customary vocations and spent the day in the amusements and recreations open to them. "Various entertainments were held by members of the different political parties and," it is added, "the excesses and licentiousness were not beyond what must naturally be expected from such uncontrolled rejoicing."

The nature of the more formal entertainments is reflected in the account of the Pennsylvania Society of the Cincinnati, which, after transacting their business at the State House, adjourned to Head's Hotel "where, being honored with the company of several respectable guests, they partook of an excellent dinner to which the following toasts, accompanied by appropriate music and interspersed with songs were given and the day passed with cordial festivities." Among the toasts listed are "The 50th Anniversary of the National Independence—whose grateful celebration attests the un-

rivalled prosperity of a free and happy people," "Our Sister Republics of the Southern Continent," "The Patriotic and Gallant Greeks," "General Lafayette."

No reference to the Fiftieth Fourth should omit to mention that on that day two of the most notable figures in our struggle for independence died—both of them former Presidents—Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration, and John Adams, statesman and diplomat. Just a few days previously this unsigned communication had appeared in a Philadelphia paper:

"A brilliant opportunity presents itself to the various military and convivial parties which will assemble on the Fourth of July to evince by a spontaneous movement their grateful remembrance of the service to his country and to civilized man by the author of the Declaration of Independence. When this interesting document, rich in profound and durable principles of liberty, shall be read can not a subscription be at once opened in order to swell the fund now collecting in the State?

"It is recommended, earnestly recommended, that this project may be adopted and pursued; and that the 50th anniversary may be signalized by a display of generous feelings equally honorable to us and acceptable to Thomas Jefferson.

"All sums, however small, thus obtained can be transmitted to Edward Burd, Esq., at the corner of 9th and Chestnut Streets, to be finally appropriated, agreeably to the resolution of the late town meeting 'either in purchasing an annuity for the illustrious benefactor of his country or in such other way as may be deemed most expedient to ensure his personal and permanent relief."

The death of Mr. Jefferson put an end to the proposal although it is of record that a total of nearly \$2,500.00 so collected was turned over to his heirs. Incidentally it may be noted that the announcement of the death which occurred on the Fourth was not made in Philadelphia until the newspaper issue of the 8th, which also carried an unconfirmed

report of the death of John Adams, verified only later. In a reprint from a Baltimore paper, we find, furthermore, what seems to be a boast that only one "Signer" now survives, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

It should be recalled, too, that an official celebration of the Fiftieth Fourth was held at the National Capital in Washington, for we have references to it in published letters of both Jefferson and Adams expressing regret at their inability to attend.

During the Civil War, the Fourths were once more inspired by a revived patriotism and reflect a more martial fervor. We are told that Independence Day 1861 "was celebrated with more than usual spirit," the feature of the day being an imposing parade of local military organizations.

Again in 1863 rumors of the nearby great battle of Gettysburg were rife and "their contradictory and uncertain character aroused excitement and alarm to a pitch never before seen" and "this Fourth of July passed in gloomy uncertainty."

The Fourth of July 1866 set the limit for the Civil War record of the State of Pennsylvania by the return of the flags which had been carried by Pennsylvania troops on all battlefields. It was a veritable flag jubilee. A great military parade, headed by Major General Winfield Scott Hancock and his staff, escorted the restored flags to Independence Square where their formal reception by the Governor took place with most impressive ceremonies.

Anticipation of the One Hundredth Fourth was early manifested. It was decided to signalize the year 1876 by holding a Centennial Exhibition of the world's progress in Philadelphia and already on the Fourth of July 1874 ground was broken as the beginning of the vast series of its building operations. On the same day the corner-stone of the new Public Buildings on Penn Square was set and a year later, 1875, another enthusiastic Fourth of July celebration was held in the Fairmount Park grounds, where fully 200,000

people congregated to witness the unveiling of the Statue of Columbus and to watch in the evening the balloons and fire-works. Finally on the Fourth of July, 1876, the Day of Days, celebrated noisily throughout the length and breadth of the land, the enthusiasm of the people of the Birth-place of the Declaration was unbounded.

Already on the 1st of July a congress of authors had met in Independence Hall where the centennial anniversary of Richard Henry Lee's resolution of Independence had been celebrated in the square by music, anthems and addresses. On Monday, the 3rd, there had been a parade of the G. A. R. and at night a torch-light procession of representatives of trades and industries, social and political clubs, and foreign visitors. It was estimated that 300,000 people lined Chestnut and Broad streets, and when the State House Bell struck twelve and the new century of Independence had begun, the whole town seemed to have broken out in one mighty shout. The Centennial festivities continued the next day, chiefly in Independence Square, under a broiling sun. There Thomas W. Ferry, President of the United States Senate, in the place of President Grant who could not be present, presided over a throng which over-crowded the space. The oration was delivered by William M. Evarts of New York. The Centennial Hymn had been composed by Oliver Wendell Holmes. An original poem was read by Bayard Taylor. Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil was a distinguished guest. An imposing military parade made up of volunteers from all parts of the Union moved through the streets. The Humboldt monument and the Catholic fountain were dedicated, and after a display of fire-works in Fairmont Park, "the people were thoroughly exhausted with their three days of almost unparalleled rejoicing."

With these successive celebrations in review, what of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Fourth? How will the 1926 Independence Day anniversary be suitably commemorated? The answer is given by the plans now under way for a celebration of the Sesqui-Centennial anniversary of

the signing of the Declaration of Independence by holding in Philadelphia "an exhibition of the progress of the United States in art, science, and industry, in trade and commerce, and in the development of the products of the air, the soil, the mine, the forest and the seas; to which exhibition the people of all other nations shall be invited to contribute evidences of their own progress to the end that better international understanding and more intimate commercial relationships may hasten the coming of universal peace." The site for this exhibition has been fixed, significantly in Fairmount Park embracing the same grounds upon which the Centennial Exhibition was located. Though the details are still to be worked out, the general purpose is to illustrate particularly the achievements for the betterment of mankind during the years that have elapsed since 1776 and by this example to stimulate further activity and make manifest the manifold blessings of peace. That there is so much to be shown that the exhibition will have to be selective is self-evident. That the celebration will breathe the spirit of the occasion and kindle anew the fire of patriotism bringing fuller appreciation of the debt due to the founders may also be confidently predicted. The Sesqui-Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1926 will interpret the meaning of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Fourth to the contemporaneous generation.

AROUND THE BEND

By EDITH BOYDEN HOLWAY

'Tis true, at times we cannot comprehend
Just why, the peak we're struggling to attain,
Seems always distant and our efforts vain.
Our tired feet slip oft, as we ascend.
And yet, perchance, 'tis just around the bend,
The goal which we are striving hard to gain.
Then let us waver not, our course is plain,
'Tis ever forward, and—the promised end.

AS FRANCE SEES AMERICA

By MAURICE DE WENDEL

THE United States, today a country of one hundred and ten million people, was for five hundred years a colony practically deserted. Its unceasing development has become more and more rapid, and has acquired in the last fifty years fabulous proportions.

For a long time, the United States has continued to progress, amply reaping the fruit of its endeavors. A long period of peace and prosperity has hastened and consecrated its development—finally the war has concentrated in its hands a large part of the wealth of the world. These privileged conditions have justified a daring spirit in commerce favored by admirable natural resources and immense outlets. The constant enrichment of its inhabitants displays itself in a constant changing in the aspects of life. The general wealth of the country strikes one on disembarking—it is a country which enjoys a general comfort and a facility of life of which the French have scarcely an idea.

All work entails enormous expense, and is at the same time tremendous in its dimensions and complete, and generally carefully carried out in detail.

One building represents millions of dollars; the factories are immense and largely equipped on a most expensive scale; municipalities spend large sums on parks, gardens, and public buildings; the large cities extend indefinitely with millions of houses, the luxury and comfort of which indicate the wealth of their inhabitants.

It is apparent that no idea of economy enters into their construction. One finds in the shops everything in abundance—the most luxurious articles for which one pays amazing prices; the public is generally well dressed, and it is scarcely possible to establish social distinctions by the cloth-

ing worn. A certain standardized comfort displays itself in the hotels and residences which corresponds to an active life of widely varied occupations. Everyone seems to have money and to spend it lavishly. Prosperity is not only apparent—it is real. America cultivates immense tracts of land and its agricultural products are infinitely varied. Industry there benefits not only from mineral strata of all kinds, but also from natural gas, petroleum and from the largest oil production of the world. One is able to freely squander basic substances of all sorts. National industry is largely provided for at home. Finally, the war has accumulated in the United States the gold of the world and immense perspectives open up for the future development of the country.

Exceptionally favorable circumstances in time and in space are partly responsible for this state of things. But so, also, are the American men of sufficient stamina to put them to account. The spirit of initiative should be placed among the foremost of the qualities which the Americans have evidenced and which have encouraged their development. Legislative shackles do not constitute a network which separate thought from execution; that sort of jealousy which constitutes hatred of success is not precisely part of the mentality of the New World; on the contrary, a man who has succeeded is generally admired and commands a certain consideration. Audacious enterprises prosper; chances being greater in a new country, success brings success. Pressed to succeed, the American realizes his responsibility much sooner than we do. An experience, from time to time dearly bought, replaces studies frequently uselessly prolonged, the gropings and hesitations to which circumstances nearly submit us.

Boldness of execution is not the only thing that renders realization more attainable—conditions of credit are also very different in America. Risky operations of certain establishments cause at times severe setbacks, but on the whole the custom of extended credit has rendered great

service and a long period of unceasing development justifies a confidence that otherwise might be considered imprudent.

An immense field offers itself to those interested in agriculture; greed has not tried to ruin it; the pioneers of the development of the United States have on the contrary received almost as a gift unsuspected privileges; but the result has far surpassed all hope.

Let us take for example the immense territorial concessions accorded to the first railway companies; are not these an indication of what might be done in French colonies without overburdening the budget of heavy charges on public finance? One should not think, however, that there are no obstacles to success in the United States nor that it is not exposed to the same disadvantages as other countries. The new world is today experiencing heavy fiscal taxes, and politics play an important role; excessive taxes on large incomes, exaggerated protective tariffs, and immigration restriction are the symptoms—and they are not all.

The future will show the reaction of these measures on the princely foundations with which the United States has endowed universities, hospitals, institutions of all kinds; on its commerce and exportation, and finally on its very development which has depended up to the present on the increase of population by a continual influx of immigrants. Formed of the most heterogeneous elements the population of the United States however astonishes the stranger by the homogeneousness of life into which it has been softened. It seems that as soon as he disembarks at New York, the immigrant adopts uniform conceptions, considers himself the equal of his neighbor, and seeks his same social level. There are degrees of luxury, but classes are not marked by as profound differences in mentality and education as in Europe—one scarcely understands life without a house to one's self, a telephone, one or two clubs, outdoor sports, and an automobile, and if all these are not already acquired, each hopes to obtain them.

The clothes of the workingman and artisan differ slightly from those of the bank employe and every young girl

possesses an evening frock of a mode more or less Parisienne; dances, moving pictures, theatres are the indispensable complements to days wherein breakfast, lunch or dinner offer menus which are practically similar to all classes.

To this ensemble of life, slightly material, but comfortable all may lay claim and when work and luck have made the employe of yesterday, the head of the firm, and have placed him in a larger and more luxurious frame, his habits do not become profoundly modified. The ambition of the less favored classes to adopt the customs of their richer neighbors proves a desire to mount the rungs of the social ladder, and in that the spirit is really democratic because it tends to elevate the middle classes by the education of the masses. In all classes attempts are made to raise the physical and moral standard, and as all is accomplished through financial efforts, large sums are consecrated to this work.

The mentality of the ruling classes will be without doubt profoundly changed by the spread of university life, and doubtless we shall one day see an America where the "self-made-man" will hold but a modest place. The men who have made the industrial and financial power of the United States have been to a large extent "self-made-men," very different from the corresponding type in France; with a few exceptions, the latter, though, without a fortune, going through college and taking degrees, possess the general ideas common to all the French of a certain intellectual level. The "self-made-man" on the contrary, whatever his specialty generally starts life with but a rudimentary education, an intelligence generally remarkable but sometimes limited, great will power, and circumstances which he knows how to take advantage of carry him to the highest positions; but the deficiencies in his early education remain, and an eminent man in his sphere may be very ignorant of elementary subjects.

Today, most of the young Americans in easy circumstances, and nearly all the rich, go through universities. They come out with a mentality assuredly different from

their fathers' and at an age when the latter had practically made their fortunes. What will be the result of this change?

We cannot ignore this movement in America toward the universities; French professors are able to exercise a real influence in them, and there are already some examples. It is a method of fostering the current of friendship and sympathy which exists in our favor, the profound sources of which must be allowed to disappear.

When the United States entered the war it was well known that the sympathy which the American people feel for us was a preponderating factor in their action. Visitors who return from the United States are convinced of this and realize what we owe to Lafayette and the government of Louis XVI. The part which Lafayette played in the creation of the young republic is known by every school child and this great Frenchman, to whose generous disinterestedness after 150 years we owe such precious Allies, merits a more prominent place in popular historical instruction. The heroic attitude of France during the war reawakened in all their strength these latent sympathies, proof of which we had before 1917. The collaboration of the two armies, and final success, sealed this friendship in blood and glory. The ovations made in America in honor of Marshal Foch, blended in a double deification, the great chief of the Allied armies and of France.

How does all this accord with the continual misunderstandings, echoed daily by the press, which appear nearly to constitute a break with our American friends? It all hangs, on both sides, on a profound ignorance of the interests in sight, and we have not known how to make the American public understand the essential conditions of our security. However, a small group of Americans familiar with French culture, and belonging to the upper middle class, is more sensitive than we ourselves to our sorrows and our joys; they are ready to defend our points of view, but they do not always understand them thoroughly enough. However, in no other country in the world could we awaken such a

current of sympathy as exists for us in the United States, but we can only benefit feebly by it, for lack of knowing the American mentality and illuminating it as to our needs.

Until more of the French, belonging to the elite of our upper intellectual and social circles, can act in America, it is necessary to concentrate all our efforts on the Americans travelling in France in order to spare them any disillusion and avoid painful misunderstandings. It is necessary that the French apply themselves to knowing them better, and to make them feel that they have our sincere affection. The deceptions which we suffered because of the politics of President Wilson have rendered France a little skeptical of the efficacy of prodigal demonstration of friendship. It is necessary that the Americans understand that if the Franco-American friendship has not been deeply injured by a policy just as disastrous for them, it is because the French people have known how to create a distinction between President Wilson and America, of which he was however, the most duly authorized representative.

In order to become informed it is necessary to know and to understand. But that is the delicate point. Very few of the French understand the United States, even superficially, and it is very evident that a country as large, fosters a quality of divergent interests. The study of points of understanding between the United States and a country across the sea is singularly complex, since on many of these the Americans disagree. From this it is clearly evident that we should dispatch a small number of agents of the first order to tell us at just what points we may depend on American opinion and to tell the Americans themselves, in all frankness, the reasons which prevent us from sharing their points of view. They prefer certainly an opposite opinion to incomplete explanations, and their admiration for France is so great that frequently they rally to her point of view before the brutality of facts. Our cause should be better presented and by persons trusted by the Americans, and it is therefore necessary to find people who will consent

to live a long time in the United States; we also need representatives who are impregnated with the problems and mentality of their country. The system which consists of maintaining abroad consuls and other functionaries for years without letting them re-establish contact with the mother country, diminishes infinitely their ability to serve our interests. Besides, diplomatic corps, missions, whatever their activity, are not sufficient to penetrate a country. In the situation that we are in, we can scarcely glimpse the possibility of making that French spirit which is our unique medium of influence shine with brilliancy in America—the sending of savants and professors destined to maintain the impression of our superiority in the domains of the intellect and of science. France cannot but rejoice at the intellectual developments in the United States. She can contribute enormously to this development. Already several French professors have chairs in American Universities, and without doubt we should encourage this means of propaganda. Our methods permit it without fear of impoverishing our own Universities, and we should not neglect our invaluable occasion to come in contact with the younger generation.

France has great prestige in America. All our efforts should converge to maintain there a sufficient number of men in the public view, capable of denying mistaken views close to the sources from which they spring and to make France better known to a country which receives with predilection all that comes from France.

We should in France apply ourselves to destroying the legends which tend to divide the Americans and the French, and which shake our keenest sympathy for the stranger. We should support our friends from America by showing sincere gratitude to those among them who fought for France, at times with the passion of apostles.

This is the best method of counteracting the fatal influences which are working at present to throw dissension between two countries, the common history of which enshrines imperishable memories.

INTERNATIONAL DECENCY

By THEODORE MARBURG

OUR experience since the close of the Great War should convince Americans that mistaken foreign policies may affect the life of the people as disastrously as wrong domestic policies.

When the Balkan cloud began to gather again in the summer of 1914, few men thought of world-war, because few dreamed that Germany would be so mad as to make an assault on the general peace. In like manner, when the Versailles Treaty was brought home by Woodrow Wilson, few men thought that the United States Senate would be so mad as to let partisanship run riot and bring upon the world the vast consequences which must follow rejection of the Treaty. In each case the event was unlooked for because it represented the triumph of unreason.

In March, 1919, William Howard Taft termed the Paris Covenant "the greatest step in recorded history in the betterment of international relations for the benefit of the people of the world and for the benefit of my country."

The instrument so characterized by Mr. Taft was what the Senate rejected. Was that a performance to be proud of? Will it not, on the contrary, come to be looked upon as a tragic blunder, the greatest failure of duty of which our country has ever been guilty?

America, pre-eminently through its President, had blazed the way of the Covenant, interpreting and formulating the general longing for some institution to discourage war. From initial conception, down through days of planning to the actual completion of the instrument, the American mind and heart were interwoven in it. But for the insistence of our President it would have been left out

of the final Treaty of Peace. We imposed the Covenant on the negotiators. Our boys had been invited to lay down their young lives in the hope of it. The slogan "a war to end war" had fired their hearts and helped them to meet with smiling lips the hardships and the pain and—in the case of so many—the grim spectre.

It is interesting to note that the program of the original American group which evolved the plan for the League of Nations embraced four principal elements, namely, judicial settlement of justiciable disputes, arbitration of non-justiciable disputes, the use of force against a member which should go to war without previous resort to judicial or arbitral tribunals, and development of international law, for all of which the Covenant of the League of Nations now provides. But there was another feature of the American program which so far has not been realized: the demand that the United States should be a member of this world-organization. That hope the Senate denied us and in so doing prolonged and accentuated, open-eyed, the awful suffering of the war-stricken world. For the result of our standing aside was foreseen and foretold. It was perfectly plain that by reason of the prestige of our name, so immeasurably increased by our splendid purpose and performance in the war, no world-organization, no matter on what lines laid down, could function satisfactorily without us. It was perfectly plain, too, that our desertion of the Allies by refusal to ratify the Treaty and to co-operate whole-heartedly in enforcing the peace so dearly won would give rise to hope in the breast of the former enemy that divided counsels would ensue and that he might yet escape the penalty of his bloody course. The whole conception of the Covenant and the Peace is based upon the principle of solidarity of interest, calling for the united action of all in the interest of each. If the mightiest of the Powers refuses to share in the labors and responsibilities, it goes without saying that such a conception cannot be fully realized.

Our refusal to join the League which we had invited the nations to form, to support the Peace we had helped to make, brought swift consequences. It immediately encouraged recalcitrant States to flout the general will; not only Germany, but Hungary, Turkey, Poland, Lithuania and, in a measure, Russia. Instead of the security which the victory should have brought forthwith, we still see about us insecurity and stagnation. For men have little heart for commercial venture when political conditions are insecure. To bring back to Europe a sense of political security is far more important than to suggest economic remedies or to distribute alms. The fact is that while the American people have been making a most generous effort, under the direction of Mr. Hoover, to feed the needy of Europe, we are more than nullifying that effort by our political attitude which is retarding the general rehabilitation of Europe.

In the summer of 1920 it became evident that certain leaders of the Republican Party, looking upon the Covenant as Mr. Wilson's child, desired not only to prevent the United States joining the League of Nations, but sought to belittle it and, if possible, actually to kill it. Unfortunately, the policy of the new Administration appears to have been influenced by these men. For months we left unanswered the communications of fifty-one sister nations because they were acting together through their central organization, the League of Nations. For similar reasons, it is presumed, we failed to act upon their urgent request that we ratify the convention we had entered into at St. Germain restricting the traffic in arms and munitions with backward peoples. For an intolerably long time we allowed to slumber their demand that we join them in suspending claims against Austria in order that Austria might be helped to her feet by lending her new capital. Are these episodes of which we will be proud hereafter?

Our country has thus far entirely ignored the new Court of International Justice created by the League, although this has been a cherished American project for many years.

It will be remembered that when the Permanent Court of Arbitration was set up, President Roosevelt dug out from the files of the State Department the forgotten Pius Funds Case and laid it before that tribunal as its first cause simply in order to get the tribunal started. What is there, except prejudice, to prevent the present Administration from displaying the same spirit of international decency and finding an American case for submission to the new Court of International Justice to help start that great tribunal on what is certain to be a beneficent career?

Who is responsible for the Administration's attitude toward the League?

More than once Mr. Harding has pronounced publicly in favor of an association of nations to discourage war. He is also credited with having said privately that he wants to see the existing association, the League of Nations, live. Mr. Hughes and Mr. Hoover, we know, are firm believers in the principle. Where then is the difficulty? I do not pretend to answer the question. It is more and more evident that this League of Nations—not some league of nations—is the hope of the world. Defeat it and its downfall will be looked upon as a failure of principle—something to be shunned for years to come and to be revived only after we have had another and a more awful world-war. Granted, the Administration think they have a mandate to keep out of the League. Surely they do not go so far as to interpret the Presidential vote as a command to kill the League?

President Wilson was right in insisting on the Covenant being part of the Treaty of Versailles. If this compact to discourage war had not been made while the nerves of the world were exposed, it would not have come for years. He was right to sign the tri-partite treaty guaranteeing the safety of France. For without some positive guarantee France is unwilling to disarm. We would not have been drawn into war by that treaty because it is inconceivable that Germany would attack France in the face of such a

guarantee, and French militarism is a bugbear. She has suffered too cruelly by war to want more of it.

That which all the fear-mongers of the Senate overlook is the dynamic element in these great questions; the new forces that are brought into play by big new movements, forces that are imponderable and require imagination to visualize. And that is the fundamental strength of a League of Nations—not the punishment it will actually be called upon to mete out, but the certain knowledge beforehand that punishment awaits conscienceless ambition and blood-lust. A league of all the great nations would not be called upon, except in minor affairs against backward and senseless peoples, to translate its potential strength into force.

To what extent have we repaired by the Armament Conference the damage done by our rejection of the Versailles Treaty?

The gains of the Conference are real. The setting up of a naval holiday for even limited types of ships is, in fact, the advent of a new era. To stop, for the first time in history, competitive building in any direction; to save the added waste; to remove the added suspicion and the resultant danger of it—these are great forward steps.

The Four Power Treaty relating to the Pacific islands is likewise going further than the United States has ever before gone in an international agreement. Heretofore, the Bryan Treaties have been the high-water mark in that direction. They provide for an inquiry and forbid the use of force during such inquiry to the limit of one year. But they are made in pairs and the United States is obligated to such inquiry only when it is party to the dispute. The Four Power Treaty goes further. It obligates the United States to participate in the inquiry even though we may have no dispute with any one of the signatories. The feature of the Treaty which abrogates the Anglo-Japanese pact is extremely helpful, not because of any intrinsic

danger residing in the pact, but by reason of the suspicion to which it gave rise here.

Again, bringing about an understanding between Japan and China, which enabled the former to carry out her promise to Mr. Wilson to return Shantung, helped immensely to clear the situation in the Orient, as did the consideration and adjustment of Chinese questions generally.

But let us ask ourselves frankly what would have happened in respect of all these things had the United States joined the League of Nations in 1919. In that event, could not that which has been done at Washington have been accomplished, also under American leadership, two years earlier? Could we not have had a naval holiday, not limited, as now, to capital ships and air-plane carriers, but applied to all types of vessels and thus preventing that which may now happen, namely, new rivalry in the field of submarines, light cruisers and auxiliary ships in general? Could we not have added to that boon the blessing, especially for France, of reduction of land forces? Would not the very constitution of the League have given us the plan of inquiry which the Four Power Treaty sets up? And for those who want to label measures "made in America," would not the leadership of the United States in all these matters have been heartily welcomed under the League?

As we know, reduction of armaments is one of the main ends of the League prescribed by the Covenant. They have told us that it is only our absence from their councils which has prevented action.

Could not the United States, within the circle of the League and through the League and resting upon the promise of Japan, have asked for a settlement of the Shantung question and brought China and Japan together with results just as happy as those which we are now witnessing?

Or, take the treaty which declares violation of the rules

of international law by submarines to be piracy. Under it any Power under whose jurisdiction the offender is found may try and punish him. Who will do it? Let us suppose the frightful drama of the late war to be re-enacted. A German submarine sinks an English merchantman illegally, drowning passengers and crew. Who will apply the penalty? If the English catch the offender and execute him, the cry is for reprisal and immediately innocent Englishmen are executed in German prison-yards. Should, by rare chance, the offender fall into the hands of neutrals, will their Government, unless it be ready to go to war with Germany, try him and execute him? The German will know all this beforehand. What chance is there, then, that the new rule will stay his hand?

The same is true of the use of poisonous gases. The charge, true or false, that the enemy is using them immediately lets them loose.

Manifestly, that which is lacking under the Treaty is some continuing central body charged with the duty and clothed with the power to punish violation of law.

Now, picture our country, as a member of the League of Nations, having sent Mr. Root as one of its representatives to a League conference on this subject. Is it not certain that his lead would have been followed there by the British Empire, France, Italy and Japan just as these countries followed him at Washington, that their prestige plus our own would have carried the measure and that our country would have had full credit for it?

But with this difference! That the measure at once acquires a meaning. The would-be outlaw then knows that lawlessness will bring down upon him the wrath of all, that the united power of all will be used to punish him and that the application of the penalty will not spell war for his judge and executioner. Here, then, is a real sanction, without which, experience tells us, law is ineffective.

Unless the substance of the Treaty relating to the employment of submarines and poisonous gases in war is taken up

and adopted by the League, we are likely to find the Treaty little more than a pious wish, to be soon forgotten and certain to be ignored should another war come—as it will come unless we help organize to prevent it.

After the armistice, that is to say, after the German fleet was at the bottom of the sea, we continued the reckless waste on navy and mercantile marine. The navy was not needed and the mercantile marine, into which we had been and are still pouring millions, clearly cannot be made self-supporting at this time. With the opening up of the rich lands of the West our people found it less profitable to follow the sea. It is not until our land is overcrowded and our men are pushed to sea that, for us, seafaring can again compete successfully with other occupations. The objections to the Government policy under which the present attempt to force this event is being made are perhaps best set forth by me in a letter which I had the honor to address to President Wilson in the autumn of 1920. The letter follows: "Baltimore, Maryland, October 22, 1920.

"Dear Mr. President:

"I deeply appreciate the honor conferred on me by my appointment to the Shipping Board and realize that I must give reasons for declining, as I feel impelled to do, this opportunity for service.

"They are found in the underlying principle of the Merchant Marine Act of June 5, 1920, known as the Jones Act, under which the Board must function. The provision of that Act, which aims to admit foreign goods into the United States at a lower customs duty when imported in American bottoms, I feel to be wrong in principle and fraught with great possibilities of mischief. It is a game at which two can play. How long would it be, after this practice began, before European countries would be compelled in self-defense to set up a similar practice in favor of their own ships? And when this happened our ships would be going to them empty or with only part cargoes and theirs coming to us in similar plight. This can mean but one thing, namely, that the service will be performed at greater cost, involving serious economic loss all around. Meantime, this clash of interests, based on governmental action, would be sure to breed bad feeling between ourselves and other nations.

"On the other hand, unless artificial support of some kind be substituted for this dangerous feature of the Mercant Marine Act, how can American shipping flourish in the face of the cheaper sea service which lower wages and lower construction-cost permit other countries to supply?

"The alternative would naturally be subsidies, and these, I feel, should be extended only in order to establish and maintain direct service between American and foreign ports where adequate service is at present lacking and not to supplant such service even though it be performed by foreign vessels.

"Your attitude throughout the administration of your high office convinces me that you, sir, sympathize with the legend "America first," but that you would want it interpreted as America first in service, not in selfishness.

"If the American Merchant Marine can, by means of government favor, be so encouraged as to add to the volume or efficiency of existing shipping, the end is justifiable. But the attempt to add to our present enormous wealth by dominating the world's shipping by government favor—supplanting, for example, the hardy merchant marine of the Scandinavian countries, of Holland or England—would benefit us little, because the American public would pay for it in one form or another and because the countries mentioned would have just so much less hard-earned means with which to purchase needed food supplies, raw material and manufactured products which they now draw from us so liberally.

"Being, therefore, out of sympathy with the very purpose of the Jones Act, I feel that my presence on the Board would not be helpful. . . ."

All told, we have probably spent three thousand million dollars on the excess navy and on the mercantile marine since the Armistice. The bulk of this expenditure has been worse than useless. The claim that the agreement for a naval holiday would not have come about but for our increased naval strength will not bear examination. England was ready for it even in the days of the German menace. And the fact of her consenting to keep her naval strength down to the level of ours discloses her confidence in us. An agreement to maintain equal fleets would seem to imply accepting equal risks, be those risks great or small. Not so. We produce an immense surplus of food-supplies. England carries only a seven weeks' food-supply. Successful blockade of her ports would, therefore, soon spell

starvation, defeat and possible loss of liberty. For us no such consequences would follow.

As for Japan, it would have been impossible for her to reject the proposal for a naval holiday without losing the friendship of England and laying herself open to the charge of aggressive designs.

The agreement arrived at would not have taken the form of a fixed ratio for naval strength; but an understanding merely to cease building for a fixed period of years would have been quite as effective and have saved much heart-burning.

America does not need a big navy nor army, the views of the professional sailor and soldier to the contrary notwithstanding. Her strategical position, and especially the revelations of the late war as to her prowess and ability to mobilize her mighty strength rapidly, make them unnecessary. The fact is that our naval program since the Armistice set the pace for navy building elsewhere; while the people's money spent on the mercantile marine has simply served to make shipping unprofitable elsewhere. Had these millions been loaned to Europe, not directly by our Government, but through the instrumentality of banks, and ear-marked for the purchase here of the raw materials so badly needed abroad, how much further on the road to recovery the world would be today!

To apply the Jones Act fully, it would have been necessary to rescind the feature of thirty-odd treaties which prevented the granting of a lower tariff rate on foreign goods imported in American bottoms. President Wilson believed that such a step would mean the abrogation of the treaties and spell chaos for our commerce. Both he and President Harding declined to take this step.

For the present all intention of applying that feature of the Jones Act which affects imports seems to be abandoned. But recent developments reveal an equally mischievous device on foot, namely, favoring American bottoms by confining to commodities to be carried in them alone the special railroad rates now granted impartially on commod-

ities intended for export. Authority for it is found in the same Merchant Marine Act of 1920, Section 28. If this be done, we will certainly witness discrimination on foreign railways in favor of goods carried in their own ships. Meantime, what becomes of the principle of equal treatment on railways which we have just insisted China shall mete out to us and others?

We have seen that our State and Federal lawmakers succeeded, on more than one occasion, in ruining many of our railroads and in making most of them unprofitable. They would have brought like disaster to the railroads of the world had their power extended so far.

In the case of shipping, which is between nations, their power does extend beyond our own borders. And for several years Congress has now been engaged in telling other nations that, so far as we can prevent it, they shall neither send their products to us in their own ships nor bring home in their own ships their supply of foodstuffs and other products purchased here.

A greater sense of international decency on the part of our lawmakers, a little more ability to put themselves in the other fellow's shoes, would spare us many mistakes of this kind. For States, as for individuals, enlightened self-interest often resides in the large-natured and generous-minded act, while selfishness defeats itself. And if there be intellectual honesty, which is honesty to ourselves, refusal to allow prejudice or self-seeking to shape our opinions, it is not difficult for the average man to think true when dealing with international questions.

PROGRESS

By CALE YOUNG RICE

Is it a wave we catch at,
To find that it ebbs only to leave
A little foam in the hand,
A little faith, a little dream,
Luring us on to tomorrow?
Or is it a tide that must be taken
To voyage the Universe?

THE PROBLEM OF THE MAILS

By ALBERT B. ROSSDALE

THE tremendous increase in population of our larger cities presents a difficult problem for the Post Office Department. How to move the ever-increasing volume of mail within the larger cities safely, quickly and at minimum cost is occupying much attention of Uncle Sam's postal officials, for upon the uninterrupted and efficient transmission of mails between the central or main post office and the various branch stations depends the successful operation of the entire postal system.

The railroad and steamship lines carry the mails to and from the large cities and, no matter how great the volume of mail, these carriers operate swiftly and safely. Every large city is a sort of postal clearing house for outside territory; hence, it is just as important to have swift and safe transmission within the cities as beyond. To delay a letter five minutes, if it misses a mail closing or dispatch, may result in a whole day's delay for that particular letter to reach the place to which it is destined. If to Europe, South America or elsewhere, it may result in a week's delay or more.

The problem is most difficult in the densely populated and congested sections where heavy street traffic is an effectual bar to any form or type of mail conveyance. Hauling the mails through the streets was a simple matter in the old horse-and-wagon days; the motor vehicle relegated the horse and wagon to the suburbs and now the motor-vehicle is obsolete for mail transmission. In congested localities there is only one solution and that is sub-surface transportation by pneumatic tubes.

The pneumatic tube system has demonstrated its superiority over motor-vehicle transport by actual operation for a period of years in New York and Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis and Boston. It is a wonderfully efficient system and has rendered very satisfactory service during its entire period of operation. Its service was discontinued in June, 1918, due to the opposition of the then Postmaster General Burleson, who persuaded President Wilson to veto the appropriation bill which was passed by Congress.

The cessation of the pneumatic tube service in the five cities where it was installed was a blow to those cities and resented by their people, but the opposition of Mr. Burleson continued and only recently Congress enacted legislation restoring the service in New York and Brooklyn, but in Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston and St. Louis and all the other large cities expensive and uncertain motor-vehicle transport is still in operation.

Post Office officials of high and low degree are a unit in advocating the tube system and it is a mystery why the Government continues to send first-class letters and packages with valuable contents, sometimes amounting to millions of dollars, through the streets, through those overcrowded sections of the cities, subjecting the mail to all the hazards of theft and delays when it can be safely shot through the tubes at great speed and without any delays or losses.

It is a question of surface transport by motor-vehicle or sub-surface by pneumatic tube. The relative values of the two systems may be had by a comparison of their operation in New York and Brooklyn. When the service was discontinued in 1918, the Postmaster General, who urged the withdrawing of the appropriation, said that it would merely require a 15 per cent. increase in automobiles. The actual increase was 51 per cent. within six months.

The report of the inspectors, dated April 6, 1919, states:

Under date of January 18, 1919, the Postmaster General advised that the Postmaster had submitted revised schedules that showed an increase of

51 per cent in the motor-vehicle service over the schedules in effect May 13, 1918, and necessitating the employment of 121 additional chauffeurs.

Under date of January 24, 1919, we addressed a communication to the Postmaster, requesting him to please inform us why it was necessary to increase the service 51 per cent over the schedule in effect last May and to employ 121 additional chauffeurs.

He replied, stating in part:

This increased service was due to the discontinuance of the pneumatic tubes, which necessitated 1,971 trips being scheduled on December 16, 1918, instead of 1,299 trips on May 13, 1918, and that the increased wagon service naturally resulted in a corresponding increase in the number of chauffeurs required.

From the above it will be seen that instead of increasing the motor-vehicle service only 15 per cent., as stated, it was actually necessary to increase it 51 per cent. within six months after the abolition of the tube service in New York City. Twenty-five per cent increase in the service was made July 1, 1918, when the tubes were discontinued, and 26 per cent additional at various dates up to December 16, 1918.

This is the report of the inspectors the department had sent to New York. Since then it has continually increased, and it will keep on increasing.

The difference in the delay caused by motor vehicles and tube service is interesting. Motor Vehicle service was delayed in New York City for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1920, a total of 73,524 trips.

At 4,500 letters per trip, this is the equivalent of 330,858,000 letters delayed by the motor vehicle service in one year. The pneumatic tubes delayed 84,500 letters in one year. For each letter delayed by the tubes 3,915 letters are delayed by the motor-vehicle service.

On February 21, 1921, due to a severe snowstorm:

Motor-vehicle trips failed.....	539
Motor-vehicle trips delayed.....	564

Total failed and delayed..... 1,103

At 4,500 letters per trip, this is equivalent to 4,963,500 letters delayed by motor-vehicle service in one day, or fifty

times as much mail as the tubes delayed in 365 days. The record of delayed letters by tube is 1 in every 45,000,000 letters.

The tubes are not affected by conditions that cripple the motor-vehicle service.

The above figures are official and tell of motor-vehicle inefficiency. Now let us see what is the record of the pneumatic tubes.

From all the data available on the subject, we conclude that a capacity of 8 pounds or 400 letters to the container, an interval of dispatch of 10 seconds, and a speed in the tube of from 25 to 30 miles an hour can reasonably be taken as representing normal conditions in actual practice. This is equivalent to 2,400 letters per minute or 144,000 letters per hour that can be dispatched from any one station.

In the last year of operation the tubes in New York City and Brooklyn handled approximately 5,000,000 letters a day; they were not, however, used to their maximum capacity.

On Tuesday, December 3, 1912, 27,243 containers of original mail (not relays) were dispatched through the tubes in New York City in 20 hours, with a total capacity of 10,897,200 letters.

On Tuesday, December 9, 1913, 27,166 containers of original mail, with a total capacity of 10,846,400 letters, were dispatched.

On Wednesday, August 1, 1917, 29,066 containers of original mail, with a total capacity of 11,626,400 letters, were dispatched.

It is therefore evident that the tubes were capable of handling 10,000,000 letters a day if called upon to do so.

First-class letter mail should have preference over all other classes of mail. Note the difference in the following examples from one of the most important stations in my city:

In the case of a railway mail dispatch from the City Hall Station to the Grand Central Terminal Station, New York

City, the schedule time by motor vehicle is 45 minutes and the schedule time by tube when in operation was 10 minutes.

Therefore, 400 letters (or the first container) would reach the Grand Central Terminal 10 minutes after the dispatch by tube began.

The capacity of the tube being 2,400 letters per minute, the mail would arrive at the Grand Central Terminal as follows:

- 400 letters 10 minutes after dispatch begins.
- 2,800 letters 11 minutes after dispatch begins.
- 5,200 letters 12 minutes after dispatch begins.
- 7,600 letters 13 minutes after dispatch begins.
- 10,000 letters 14 minutes after dispatch begins.
- 12,400 letters 15 minutes after dispatch begins.
- 24,400 letters 20 minutes after dispatch begins.

This is equivalent to 24 pouches of mail with an average of 1,000 letters to the pouch that would have arrived at the Grand Central Terminal and be partially separated and pouched before the motor-vehicle was half way between City Hall and Grand Central Stations.

At the end of 30 minutes 48,400 letters, or 48 pouches of mail, would have reached the Grand Central Terminal, and the motor vehicle would still be 15 minutes away, and by the time the motor vehicle arrived 84,400 letters, or 84 pouches of mail, would have been delivered by tube. Post-office officials estimate that it required 30 minutes to pouch the mail for train dispatch after receipt of same by tube. On this basis approximately 33 per cent. of the dispatch would have been pouched and ready for train dispatch before the employees at the Grand Central Terminal could have started to handle the mail delivered by motor-vehicle.

There can be no doubt that motor-vehicle operation is the cause of the continuous thefts and robberies that have occurred since the tube service was discontinued. The Post Office Department does not admit that they cannot protect the mail in the city of New York and in other large cities, and, indeed, they cannot. According to the figures of the

Post Office Department, 8,000 pieces of mail matter are being lost or stolen in New York City every day. In 1918 we appropriated for indemnities for loss of registered mail \$1,330,000. After the tubes were abandoned and we had to run the mail by motor-vehicle on the streets of the city, we find that the Post Office Department had to come to Congress in 1919 for an appropriation of \$2,186,493.45 for indemnities.

In 1920 the increased appropriation for mail robberies jumped to \$4,350,000; in 1921 we appropriated \$4,200,000; in 1922, \$4,500,000, and the department has requested an additional deficiency appropriation for another million for this year. In other words, when the tubes were abandoned the registered mail indemnities jumped from \$1,300,000 to \$5,500,000 per annum in a period of four years. And that does not represent the entire loss, but merely the amount Uncle Sam was liable for by reason of the insurance feature. The great banks and trust companies that send large sums of money through the mail insure through private companies, and the actual loss no one can tell exactly—it may be between fifteen and twenty million dollars. I do not know the exact amount of these losses; the Post Office Department does not know either; at least, they profess not to know, as matter of policy. The record proves that these losses are mounting higher and higher.

It is not the fault of the postal authorities that these thefts occur. They cannot adequately protect first-class mail from either open or concealed depredations as long as motor-vehicle transportation is legislated for them.

A Post Office inspector in a report to the department dated January 27, 1921, concerning the heavy losses of registered mail in July and August, 1920, concludes with the following statement:

In submitting this data I would again call your attention to the fact that it is our belief that mail is being taken day in and day out from both open and closed trucks, and that the front and back doors of closed trucks are being used for this purpose.

The idea of running wagons and trucks through the streets of the city laden with precious and valuable mail matter is an invitation to every thief, to every yegg and crook to come and help themselves, and judging from the record, they have made some wonderful hauls. Previous to 1918, when we had the tube operation, the tubes only lost one piece of registered mail matter in six years, and it did not involve a financial loss.

The pneumatic tube systems installed in the five cities mentioned are of a size adequate only for carrying letter or valuable small package mail. Because of the speed, safety and low cost of operation, it provides an adequate means of transport. This system, of necessity, will eventually be installed in all large cities and in all probability will be of a larger size to permit carrying all classes of mail. It will give relief to the cities from the difficulties and dangers of postal vehicles rushing about their congested streets. This change, contemplated for years, is on the way and slowly but surely the postal motor-vehicle is doomed.

LOVE

By ELINOR C. WOOLSON

Hatred leads one
Down blind alleys;
Down black passag ways
Filled with mire
And filth unspeakable;
But love—
Love leads one
Into the open
Where there is sunlight,
And warmth
And fresh winds
Sweet with Summer's fragrance.

AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE

THE Democratic Congressional leaders have decided to offer as a part of their fall program (1922 style) a plan to end the seniority rule in Congress, a rule that these able gentlemen very truly say is responsible for the chaotic conditions not only in the Republican party but in the country. It is a reform that will attract thoughtful voters for while there is much ability in the Republican party in Congress today, men of talent and worth have found their efforts blocked through the system that puts at the head of committees those whose sole claim is the length of time they have been on the job—or near it. No more foolish rule exists in legislative bodies. The oldest man in the Senate, for instance, may happen to be the wisest, but the chances are more in favor of his being the weakest. It would need little argument to overcome a system by which the oldest man in the country would be selected for President. And yet that is what we would have in the nation if the rule of the Patriarchs that obtains in Congressional government were extended to the government at large.

Venerable statesmen could doubtless be found who would argue that by settling the Presidency by age rather than by votes, much saving of money and time would result, although the emotional debauch that marks our quadrennial democratic spree could be retained through various forms of contests among the centenarians, nonagenarians, and octogenarians who thought themselves qualified under the age-rule to govern the country. As the people really have little to do under the present system but to choose between the two candidates offered them by the political bosses of both parties, the Venerables in Congress might well argue that contests to decide on the oldest man would still give the people that delightful, if unfounded sense, of participating in popular government. There would be no end of election sport with opportunities for betting and odds in the search for birth certificates to substantiate the claim of the candidates. In this way, too, the newspaper excitement and headlines—with the extra copies sold on startling developments—would also be taken care of—no unimportant part of our national elections and one not to be lightly considered in the establishment of a new idea. Thus, in place of the sweaty, uncomfortable and absurd June Conventions in Chicago, we could have special correspondents dashing over the country, with liberal expense accounts, reporting something like the following:—

Ohio Candidate (102) Fails Because of Faulty Proof

Birth Certificate Turns Out to Have Been His Grandfather's

Indiana Man (101) Now Forges Ahead

Further interest might be developed by leaving unsettled the question as to how far years decide the age and permitting the condition of body and mind to be considered factors in arriving at who is the Oldest Man in the Country. Some men are old at 70, some men are senile at 60 and just as in the selection of the heads of some of the leading committees in the Senate, men seem to be selected because they have not had any idea for 20 years so by throwing open the question as to what constitutes Senility the public interest could be increased. This feature would possibly meet with the approval of some of the more aggressive papers whose talents lie in the direction of what is called "Human Interest." So that we would have stories and head lines treating this new development in this fashion:

Texas Man Makes Novel Claim for Presidency

Although Only 82 Claims to be Oldest Man in the Country As He Has Not Had an Idea in 60 Years

U. S. Supreme Court May Uphold Constitutionality of His Claim

And in the final days of the decision what an outburst of patriotism and enthusiasm there would be when under some such rule as now pertains in the Senate the final victory would go to the patriarch who succeeded in getting to the White House at 12 o'clock on March 4th at least seemingly alive and able to sign his name without the assistance of more than two men holding his arm.

Iowa Man (99) Wins Presidency

Triumphs Over Vermont Man (103) As Latter Drops Dead Going Up White House Steps

Texas Candidate (102½) a Close Third, Dying Shortly After Midnight

**Favorite Utah Man (106 $\frac{1}{4}$) Poor Fourth, As Doctors
Were Unable to Revive Him After Long
Railroad Trip**

Who can say that democracy has even the prospect of failure when so many possibilities in the way of innovation are still open to provide the people with a sense of their power and when high office can thus be thrown open to those who are not burdened with ability.

* * *

If we were sure of intelligent Democratic rule, if there were evidence that there would be reforms such as the abolition of seniority rule, the prospect of Democratic success at the November election would not frighten or startle business men. But the glee with which Democratic papers have hailed the possible retirement of Henry Cabot Lodge would indicate that a Democratic Congress would be, in many quarters, a signal to re-open the fight for the League of Nations, against which the people of this country voted by millions two years ago.

Senator Lodge may have his idiosyncrasies and there may be many flaws picked in his record, but he has been an able, courageous and scholarly leader of the Senate, and the part that he played in the League of Nations controversy justifies his return. The people of Massachusetts will be doing themselves little credit if they failed to support him at the coming election. But there is little danger, for with the elimination of Mr. McCall, Senator Lodge's election is sure, and the country is to be congratulated on that fact.

It is rather amusing to see the so-called independent Democratic papers, the ardent apostles of reform that for years pointed to Lodge as the scholarly type of statesman that ought to be kept in public life, now turning against him because of his successful attack on the League of Nations. It would only be fair to say, perhaps, that the idea of the League and the bitter fight made for it and that is still being made for it, has helped to broaden the American point of view and will help to make America an active participant in any conference of the world powers that is for the betterment of humankind.

The idealism of the pro-leaguers should not be denied, but it was an idealism that was very much like that which Theodore Roosevelt described as the "lunatic fringe" in the Progressive movement of 1912—it needed much the saving grace of practical considerations. What a mess the country would be in today if we had been obliged to participate in the various European conferences! If today the powers of Europe were able to do what they would have been able to do if we had gone into the League, dictate to us the part we should be playing in the frightful European chaos that is slowly disappearing, because Europe has learned it cannot lean helplessly on America or force America to carry its burden.

DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

*A UNIVERSE WITHIN A SPARK**

NO one but a professional in chemistry or physics who closed his books on either of these sciences ten years ago is likely to have a clear understanding of the development of the study of the atom in recent years. If it were to serve none but those who wish to have an outline of that development, the little volume recently brought out by John Mills would merit the highest praise. But the work does more than that: it is the story of the discovery of a new universe, the history of the opening of a realm far greater in importance than that which Columbus gave to mankind. For within what is known as the atom, scientists are discovering laws more important than those of Newton, are making deductions which overshadow those of Darwin; within the atom they are discovering the age of our earth, the sources of our energy, and the secret of life itself—scientifically speaking.

We shall not attempt within the limited space of these paragraphs a paraphrasing or even an outline of the gist of the work. It must suffice to point out that it shows that within the past twenty years it has been definitely established that the line which was formerly drawn between chemistry and physics has been wiped out. A study of the protons and electrons within the atom will explain facts in what were formerly separate sciences. By the laws deducted therefrom, the transmutation of metals, or better stated, of elements, is shown to be not a possibility but a fact. Such substances as lead, for instance, are the end-products, the left-overs, resultant from the activities of proton and electron whereby some original substances which existed eons hence changed first into one metal and then another, until, finally in the form of lead, the system within its atoms became satisfied and further mutation has halted. It now remains to be seen whether scientists can reverse the process and effect remutation—or, as the alchemists used to put it, discover the Philosopher's Stone.

It is not to be inferred that an exposition of this discovery is the purpose of Mr. Mills' book. Frankly, this is but one of the more sensational features of it. The real purpose is to show how the study of what goes on within the atom explains such phenomena as radioactivity, electricity, light, heat, the X-ray, and so forth.

Mr. Mills' exposition is exceedingly clear and designed for the layman. While his English is simple and his treatment elementary, it is not as easy reading as the morning newspaper. It is necessary at times to put the book

down and to work with a pencil. The reader must give as much as the author. But the effort which must be expended to master the book will certainly be found cheaply given.

—JOHN STODDARD.

• "Within the Atom," by John Mills. D. Van Nostrand Co.

AN INTIMATE VIEW OF RUSSIA*

IT is a difficult thing to live through two years of acute discomforts, of which nine months were actually passed in prison without losing the sense of balance that is necessary to recount the impartial. Mrs. Harrison, luckily for us, was one of those people whose judgment remained calm and unchanged and whose vision was never for an instant blurred. Her account of the two years she spent in Soviet Russia is, therefore, absorbingly interesting.

Mrs. Harrison in the first place is no Communist nor did she or does she now believe in the rule of the proletariat. She went to Russia, guided by the real news instinct that every newspaper man or woman should possess, anxious to see with her own eyes what was going on behind the closed barriers of Red Russia.

Her experiences, her friends and the routine of every day life in Moscow make up the story and are full of interest, but what makes her book still more interesting is her sane view of the political situation in the country. Mrs. Harrison does not believe that Bolshevism is any where near at an end or that the rule of Lenin or Trotzky is already doomed. In fact she believes that if they were to fall there would be nobody to take hold of the reins of Government and that the results might be even more awful.

Armed intervention from the outside and economic blockade merely weld the whole country together like one man and Monarchist, Anarchist and Bolshevik all forget their personal animosities and hatreds and flock around the standard like one man.

The only way to restore a stable form of Government in Russia is by entering into full trading relations with them and by treating them as friends—otherwise Mrs. Harrison predicts that the present state of affairs will continue indefinitely. The reason for this, she adds, is that the Soviet Government has given the land to the peasant to do with it what he will. The consequence is that the peasant will do anything for the Soviet Government. Education is the only thing that will show them that the country is being steadily strangled by the Bolshevik Government.

So much propaganda has been written about existing circumstances in Russia that Mrs. Harrison's book "Marooned in Moscow" stands out clearly for its truth and its sanity. To be imprisoned for nine months in a Bolshevik prison cannot have been an exhilarating experience—but to write the unbiased truth on being let out is a still more difficult task.

—RONALD TREE.

* "Marooned in Moscow," by Mrs. Marguerite Harrison. (George H. Doran & Co.)

THE RUSSIAN SOLUTION*

FEW Russians recently writing of their unhappy country have contented themselves with as dispassionate assembling of fact as Mr. Pasvalsky's account of Russia's history in the Far East. Laymen whose knowledge is vague or whose memory of Russian expansion has grown dim will welcome this concise summary at a moment when the United States is seeking orientation in Far Eastern questions. This is not to imply the author's indifference on the subject of Bolshevik Russia. He is at great pains to emphasize the alertness of the Soviet Government and its far-reaching strategy to utilize every unrest or stirring nationalism throughout Asia as a channel for the spread of the social revolution, regardless of any sympathy of the original discord with its own aims. Communist Russia is frankly internationalist, using that country as a base for world revolution, and such activities are just as foreign to the national interests of Russia as was the imperialism of the Tsar's Government. If Communism is not to spread to the rest of the world it must disappear in Russia, but pending the re-establishment of national statehood there it is the world powers who must co-operate to preserve the territorial integrity of Russia and establish a permanent peace in the Far East, based upon an idealistic international policy. As a reward for such stabilized equilibrium a democratic Russia is promised to emerge, guaranteed by her own inherent necessities to further the established peace and to welcome the legitimate economic co-operation which America and Japan would then be peculiarly fitted to offer. Mr. Pasvalsky wrote on the eve of the Washington Conference, but despite the scepticism of his less optimistic contemporaries he expresses himself today as still hopeful of far-reaching benefits in the Far East resulting from the achievements of the Conference.

—M. KINSBURY PATTERSON.

* "Russia in the Far East," by Leo Pasvalsky. The MacMillan Company.

MORE OF THE BRADFORD GALLERY*

HAVING discovered in himself a somewhat remarkable faculty for putting on paper a sketch of the spirit of whatsoever person he chooses, Gamaliel Bradford finds no limits with regard to subject-matter. He now proposes to go through three hundred and fifty years of American history, portraying nearly all of its important characters. Starting with the year 1900, he is working backward. He already has covered the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century.

Perhaps it were better if he did find limits with regard to subject-matter. His latest volume gives portraits of Mark Twain, James G. Blaine, Henry Adams and Grover Cleveland. So far, so good. But it also covers Whistler, Henry James, Sidney Lanier and Joseph Jefferson—not so good. To be sure, the workmanship expended on the latter four

* "American Portraits, 1875-1900," by Gamaliel Bradford. Houghton-Mifflin Company.

is excellent, but why must it be wasted on them when, for instance, John Hay, Choate, James Whitcomb Riley, J. P. Morgan and Professor Langley are crowded out? One suspects that for the sake of variety, minor lights have been allowed to enter.

When the book is read at one sitting, Mr. Bradford's trick of forming an appreciation of a character is uncovered. He begins first with a few paragraphs on the education and youthful environment of the subject and then passes on to a brief mention of the accomplishments of the man—whether paintings, poems, acts of statesmanship or what not. Next come a few passages on domestic life and friendships, and following them a word or two on his appreciation of the various arts. Then comes something on his religiousness and finally his philosophy as revealed in his works or acts or conversations. Simple as the scheme is, it actually produces very satisfactory results and no better approach to the study of any man could be made than through one of Mr. Bradford's essays on him.

—F. K. L.

THE NARRATIVE IN BRAZIL*

BECAUSE most of us are ignorant of the literature of Brazil, in spite of the increasing commercial relations between that country and ours, there is a cult here which believes that the time has come when we ought to take up Brazilian literature in a serious way. Hence a group of short stories translated from the Portuguese of some of the more important writers of Brazil by Isaac Goldberg.

Commercial relations had nothing to do with the translation of Ibsen's works into the various modern languages. The trade of Belgium did not make Maeterlink. Do we read Leacock because we trade so much with Canada?

Granted that well-informed Americans ought to know something about Brazilian literature, were it not best to allow that literature to forge its own way and hold recognition by its own merits? When Brazilian literature, or any other, can do that, no proselyting is necessary. The collection under review will have no appeal here, except to students. As the short story is known in English, these cannot be so classed. Unless explained, they are without appeal. And the translator seems to have felt this himself, for he devotes not a small part of a small volume to a professorial treatise on the literature of Brazil and enters into a discussion of values intra-Brazilian in the manner which is so carefully applied to make our high school students hate their own literature.

—A. F. Low.

* "Brazilian Tales," translated by Isaac Goldberg. The Four Seas Company.

WALL STREET VIEWED DISPASSIONATELY*

VERY timely indeed is the latest of the series of business books by Dr. Huebner. If there were more books of this kind, or perhaps more readers of such books, the recent scandals in connection with bucket shops and the stock market would not have proved so costly for the victims. Most of "the public" gets its knowledge of the stock market by very costly personal investigating, with the result that none of the very many pitfalls are avoided, and each generation comes along with a goodly part of it unduly prejudiced against Wall Street. The whole business fabric of the country suffers as a consequence.

Hence the need for an exposition of the stock market instead of an exposé. Dr. Huebner starts with the simplest definitions and proceeds through axiom and proposition until the whole science of "the street" is completely and simply outlined. All technical terms and operations are explained. The professional operator will here find justification for the many functions of the stock market expressed in terms more concise and authentic than he perhaps can frame them. The layman and the student will find a good deal of the Wall Street haze lifted after reading it. There is bound to be some legislative action in connection with the stock market as a result of the recent failures, and no one who desires to think intelligently in connection with such action can do better than consult this volume if his knowledge of the subject is anything short of perfect.

—GABRIEL S. YORKE.

*"The Stock Market," by S. S. Huebner. D. Appleton and Company.

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AUGUST, 1922

THIS FLAPPER AGE

By WILLARD THORP

THE literary great-grandmother of Mrs. Malaprop, Wycherley's Mrs. Caution, said to her young niece just 250 years ago to a month—"O, the fatal liberty of this masquerading age! When I was a young woman——" Whereat Hippolita, the niece, whose avatar is the flapper, replied, "By what I've heard, 'tis a pleasant, well-bred, complaisant, free, frolic, good-natured, pretty age; and if you do not like it, leave it to us that do." But this free-frolicsomeness and good nature, radiant virtues to Hippolita, are just the "fatal liberties" which disconcert the guardians of youth today. Indeed, it is exceptional to find one who is willing to venture that the present generation, though erratic, is still the hope of the future. We (for you must soon know that I am one of the upholders of this pretty age), having repudiated the benefit of the clergy, are cursed by book, bell, and candle; our parents wait, despondent, for the return of the "enfants prodigues"; our instructors have smiled wanly while we go jazzing on "the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death." I suppose this has always been so, this conflict. At least it's as old as

Dan Chaucer, for he remarks that "youth and elde is often at debaat."

I have no intention of hurling invectives at my elders. I was reared, like the son of Anchises, to be "pious," and, besides, I am supposed to have reached years of discretion. But for sometime I have assumed with my acquaintances a championship of this frolic age, a rather useless occupation at that, for youth's present defense is a sublime and undismayed indifference. The particular kind of youth that I know most about is the college boy and the college girl, for I was a fair specimen of the former not so long ago and I now earn my purveyance by teaching the latter. The college man and the college woman (for so they prefer to be called) are not so different from others of their age. Indeed, M. Scott-Fitzgerald's are quite of the kind that Mrs. Caution and, of more recent times, Mrs. Gerould have traduced.

I sometimes wonder when I hear the old guard in a college faculty lamenting the frivolity of their students if they have ever recently considered what it means to be an undergraduate. Most of us are jerked into activity by ambition. If it were otherwise, instead of biding a vapid existence, we should tie a pair of andirons around our useless neck and jump into the nearest deep water. When a boy comes to college, his heart is soon yearning to be a *college man*, typified for him in the young alumnus who "comes back" with many a tale to be retold. To his peers it means to be known by those who also count in the college world, to have a share in "running things" Senior year, to hold a respectable place in the class scholarship list, if possible. In spite of the democratic ideal, social prestige almost inevitably counts. This state of affairs is not so different from that obtaining in the bigger world outside. To be accepted in either social group as a superior citizen, you must prove that your achievements are of a sort which entitle you to merit. Unfortunately, in American colleges the determination of the kind of success which shall mark

a man as better than his fellows is not the affair of the faculty. They make little attempt to convince the aspirant for college honor that his real business is with books and ideas. If a student finally discovers the joys of mastering knowledge, he usually does so unaided. We who teach have come to believe that to make learning attractive is to cheapen and debase it. I hear so often, "Freshmen ought to know why they are in college." Verily, but no one has troubled to tell them and before many weeks are gone, the advice of upperclassmen, who have gone the same way with no greater wisdom, will show plainly in the quality of their work. The college lecturer hands down a sheaf of opinions from his rostrum with a take-it-or-leave-it air, which results most often in the student's deciding to leave it. Then follows surprise, indignation, backbiting, and contempt on the part of the outraged teacher.

If, as Mr. Cram believes, the Middle Ages were the days, Ἐξοχα πάντων, for art, they were equally so for education. Students were athirst for knowledge then; they sought their teacher, compelled him under contract to teach what they wanted, and nothing else. If he missed a lecture or digressed, skipped difficulties or failed to stick to his glossing and cover the ground, his fee was reduced in proportion to his delinquency. Today, the teacher pours in the dose of "required" and "elective," willy-nilly, and collects for incidentals. The European tradition has, moreover, been to encourage intimacy between teachers and the taught. Honored among men were those students who climbed the dark and narrow stairs to Erasmus' quarters in the cloisters of Queen's College. What would you give to have listened to Colet discussing the "new method" with his friends after one of the public lectures on the personality of St. Paul?

Naturally, two classes who do not know each other except as task masters and recalcitrants cannot be in symphonic accord. The American undergraduate has scant means of knowing whether the life of the scholar, or the scientist, or

even of the intelligent dilettante is worth cultivating. He rarely sees those who lead such lives except in the act of performing disagreeable pedagogic duties. Nor does the pedagogue ever see his students when they are not succumbing to Morpheus in his class room, scrimmaging at football, or "prom-trotting"; consequently, he is not aware that they may have latent interests which need encouragement. When I find myself willing to be convinced that some of my own students are more concerned about week-end parties than intellectual joys, I remember certain "snakes" of my generation in college, who have since become sober medics, or engineers, or tolerably keen business men.

I called recently on two professors in a certain small college. They were soon at the old game, accusing the college man of indifference and mental lassitude. One of them, a teacher of literature, lamented the failure of his men to show any interest in the writing of their own day. I took issue there, for I had just spent a delightful hour with some seniors in one of their rooms, discussing three English men of letters who had recently been battering on the curiosity of American audiences. In my own public speaking classes, I listen to good impromptu discussions of such things as the versatility of D'Annunzio, Mendleism, the novels of Joseph Hergesheimer, and the geology of Niagara Falls. College teachers forget that they once argued cosmic questions beyond the witching-hour. I have generalized and specified about God and ranged from sublime mysticism to blasphemous atheism all in one turn. The dinner table at college was often a colloquium of chemical, geological and biological problems. I recall that during one summer vacation two men of my acquaintance were on a geological survey, another attended every surgical clinic into which he could sneak his way. Two were in summer school, and not because they had flunked more than the permissible hours by any means. If it is true that the characteristic conversation of college men is concerned with women and football and that college women talk men and

clothes exclusively, it is equally true that most college teachers are prone to discuss their colleagues' methods and the low scale of salaries. The "table talk" of many, when sifted from the bran of trivialities, would not fill the pages of a Christian tract.

I am not so foolish as to believe that all college youths are potential paragons of industry and intellectual enthusiasm. American colleges are interdicted by mediocrity. The indifferent, the stupid, and the lazy must be prodded and jolted, while the real truth-seekers get little guidance in their desultory wanderings. But few instructors ascertain whether indifference might not be quickened into zeal and laziness into activity. It's far easier to browbeat and "hand out goose-eggs" or, more elegantly, distribute a largess of zeros.

The college boy is tremendously interested in life. He comes to four years of study when the romance of adventuring in the world, earning a living, raising a family, and making a name are very near realities. Quiet poring over books seems an unessential pastime, pleasant enough perhaps, but *pro tem.* after all. Managing college organizations and forming lasting friendships are more nearly related to the life just outside. Small wonder such things seem primary when no one has tried to show him that bookish tastes and an interest in ideas are compatible with high finance or membership in the right club. Mr. Thomas Lamont labored to convince a Harvard audience last winter that college life is not an interim, but as fully and completely a period for activity and growth as any other four years of a man's life. We have so far failed to persuade the undergraduates in American colleges that intellectual things are lasting, that sanity and wisdom may be gained by study, tempered with understanding. Until there is proof positive for them, the college generations will flaunt their free-frolicsomeness and good-nature in bewildered faces.

THE ANCIENT HINDU EDUCATION

By V. B. METTA

THE ancient Hindu educationists did not create a system of education, and then enmesh all their pupils in it indiscriminatingly. They attached a great deal of importance to individuality, and therefore they tried to understand the nature of each one of their pupils separately. What is the nature of an individual composed of? According to them it is composed of (a) his soul's past; (b) his heredity; (c) his surroundings and (d) his race. After understanding their pupils individually as well as they could, they then tried to develop them, each according to the bent of his own nature.

The chief instrument of the educationist is *antakarana*, for which there is no exact equivalent in any European language, but which we shall translate here as "mind"—in its most comprehensive sense. It is composed of four layers, of which the first is *chitta*, that is memory. It is the foundation on which the other layers stand. There are two kinds of memory, passive and active, of which the former is the storehouse of our experiences from which the latter selects what it requires on any particular occasion. The passive memory is automatic and needs no training, but the active memory has to be trained. The second layer is *manas*, that is the mind proper. It is the sixth sense of Hindu psychology, in which all the other senses are gathered up. The function of the mind is to receive the images of things translated into sight, sound, smell, taste and touch, and translate these again into thought-sensations. It also receives certain images directly and transmutes them into mental impressions. These sensations and impressions are the material from which thought is made. The third layer

is *buddhi*, that is the intellect. It is the faculty which creates real thought, and also orders and disposes of the knowledge acquired by the other faculties. It performs two kinds of functions, namely, (1) the creative and synthetic; and (2) the critical and analytic. The creative and synthetic faculties comprehend, command, judge, hold and manipulate, while the critical and analytic ones distinguish, compare, classify, deduce and infer. The fourth layer of the *antakarana* has been very poorly developed in man as yet, and therefore its existence is manifested fitfully. The person who manifests its existence in a material form is called a "genius." The Hindus have left no records that they had studied this layer minutely.

The Hindus attached great importance to the capacity for mental concentration. Very few human beings concentrate their attention on anything that they see. In order to convince ourselves of this fact we have merely to collect a dozen children or adults and ask them what they have seen, say, an hour ago, and we shall find that they will all give vague answers. Hindu boys were taught the elements of *yoga*, in order that they may be able to concentrate their attention on any subject or object. The capacity for intense mental concentration is still to be found in India, in spite of the futile and destructive British system of education established there. You come across many Indians of the old type who can fix their attention on two, three and even four subjects at a time. The concentration of attention is necessary not only for keeping the mind awake but also for cultivating the memory. Memory-training was considered to be of the very greatest importance by Hindus and other Oriental peoples, and therefore Oriental littérateurs and philosophers of old times, possessed such wonderful memories that they knew whole volumes of their great poets and philosophers by heart.

The modern method of teaching by snippets would never have appealed to ancient Hindus. By this method boys are taught a subject most superficially in five years, which

they can learn pretty thoroughly in one year. The Hindus taught schoolboys only one or two subjects at a time, but these subjects were taught so well and so thoroughly, that those who had studied them became not mere mines of information, but really cultured beings. The modern mind's shallowness, discursive lightness and fickleness is most probably the result of this system of teaching by snippets. In order to justify their methods, modern teachers say that the mind of the child is tired by being fixed on only one subject for a long time. But then how was it that ancient children, whether Hindu, or Chinese, or Greek were not tired? Either they possessed better and healthier minds, or what is more probable, their interest in their subject was so thoroughly aroused that they were not tired of fixing their attention on it for a long time.

The greatest difficulty of the educationist has always been the imparting of moral and religious education. Present-day western nations have not been able to solve the problem satisfactorily. It is foolish to try to educate anybody by means of moral and religious text-books, because the instruction of the mind can not influence the heart. And it is the heart which has to be trained for making the moral education effective. Text-books make the thinking of high things mechanical, and are therefore inoperative for good. The ancient Hindus relied on the teacher to influence his pupils morally and spiritually. The Hindu *guru* (the word signifies a teacher in the intellectual as well as in the moral and spiritual sense) commanded implicit obedience and admiration from his pupils by his knowledge, wisdom and sanctity. In order to educate the young men placed in his charge, he took into consideration their (a) emotional capacity; (b) formed habits and associations; and (c) *swabhava*, which may be translated as "nature." He never ordered them to do anything. He simply suggested to them by personal example, daily converse and the reading of the Sanskrit classics what was best and noblest to think, feel and act. Herein lies the difference between ancient Hindu

and modern western methods. At home and at school a boy in England is subjected to a very strict discipline and so he behaves morally. His good behavior however proceeds not from the love of right-doing, but from fear. And so immediately he feels himself free from this discipline, he "sows his wild oats," proving clearly thereby that such discipline is ineffective for educating anybody morally.

The Hindus never believed that boys can become pious by being taught the dogmas of a religion at school, because the dogmas thus taught are only mechanically accepted and do not therefore influence the conduct of the students. That religious education based on the study of text-books has failed on the whole to influence the conduct of Europeans and Americans is clear from the life which many of them lead after leaving their schools and universities. Religion has to be lived and not learnt as a creed if it is really to influence our thoughts and actions. In order to live a religious life the Hindus invented a number of physical and spiritual exercises. These exercises made a man physically strong, and at the same time enabled him to fix his attention for a long time on any subject without flagging, and also to control his emotions and desires. The Hindus have always considered that the man who is master of himself is more capable of being religious than the man whose impulses and desires are unbridled.

TO A CRUST OF COAL

By JEROME ROMAN

I would forego the golden peak of being
For your mean oblivion in the ditch,
The impress of godhood effaced—
One with the sod.
The golden peak of being. . . .
That in my final hour
I might, like you,
Rise on transcending wings of fire
And, dying, pass to power.

TRAINING FOR CITIZENSHIP

By HON. JAMES J. DAVIS

NO public cry today is louder than that which Americans in all parts of the nation are making against unrestricted or unlimited immigration. There is a decided demand for a closing of our gates to all immigrant classes from the old world. Two major reasons are given, one being that of widespread unemployment, and the other the great amount of attention that has been attracted toward red and communist activities in not only the United States but every civilized nation in the world. The first objection can be but temporary. Already conditions of employment have vastly improved over those obtaining a year ago. The danger from the other source is not, however, any less today than it ever was. Not that the movement has gained any rapid headway, but it is a disturbing element in our industrial life, which as long as tolerated or permitted to continue will prevent the permanent keeping of industrial harmony.

Unfortunately in viewing the work of reds and communists in America many, it seems safe to say a majority, of those who have the welfare of America at heart have taken a mistaken view of the subject. They have branded the alien as dangerous. The alien is not dangerous. America and its fine institutions have been made possible by immigration. That means that the alien has been partly responsible for our progress. It is not the alien that is dangerous, it is ignorance—ignorance of law, civil, criminal and economic; ignorance of language, and ignorance of our institutions and the principles upon which they were founded.

The first immigrants to America formed the basis of our nation, which we count the grandest in the world. They founded it upon a desire for more liberal law, not more license. It is the mistaken idea of too many of our alien population and of our new immigrants that our country is a land of liberty through license. We know it to be a land of liberty through law, and the law is paramount.

This ignorance and not the alien is to be feared. It should not be inferred, however, that we should have unrestricted or unlimited immigration now. There is a huge task before us in eliminating the ignorance from the aliens now with us. (This also applies to some of our own.) We cannot permit our legion of ignorance to swell and not provide for an efficient means with which to combat it.

There is not a day goes by in which the Secretary of Labor does not receive petitions and requests—and some of them from American citizens—urging the admission of immigrants unlawfully. Not only that but every day cases come up in which aliens have unlawfully entered the country, and no doubt many of them get away with it. But what can be the mental attitude of an alien whose first admission into our country—whose first introduction to our superior institutions of law, learning and protection—is a violation of our statutes? Can they have any greater respect for the other institutions of which we are so proud?

As an illustration of what the Department of Labor has to contend with in the enforcing of the immigration laws for the protection of the United States, the following case, which deals with a family of aliens who are about to be deported, is typical. Thirteen persons actively interested themselves in an endeavor to secure the Department's consent to the family permanently remaining in the United States. Most, if not all, of the interested persons being American citizens. Statements made indicate that almost four thousand dollars were expended in an endeavor to set aside or violate the law.

The family, which consisted of husband, wife, and three

children, arrived at the port of New York during the period of the former administration. Upon examination the father was found to be afflicted with double hernia; the mother, chronic valvular disease of the heart; and the two younger daughters, feeble-minded. In the testimony first given the father stated that he was sixty-one years of age and the two children twins, ten years of age, the latter bearing out the statement of ages found in the birth certificates which were presented. Later the father testified that he was but forty-two years of age, and when it was suggested to him that information had been filed with the Board of Special Inquiry that the children were not ten years of age but six and seven, he changed his testimony to coincide with the latter, stating that the birth certificates which he obtained were fraudulent. In this connection, the age of the children who were certified to be feeble-minded is a material factor, since a difference of three or four years between actual and mental age at that time of life would determine whether the children were in reality mentally deficient.

It is, however, very unusual for a parent to overstate the ages of his children when immigrating to the United States, although it is common for them to understate in order to secure lower passage rates.

In spite of the fact that the aliens were certified as mentally and physically deficient by the Public Health Service, this family was admitted by officials of the former administration upon bond.

Every lawful immigrant should be received in a dignified manner, with a handclasp of welcome. We do not want the immigration that enters in violation of law. We do want the immigrant who will make a good law abiding citizen, and we want him to know it. But we want no others.

We have heard of the fraud practiced at our ports of entry. There is undoubtedly a good deal of it in other large cities—fraud upon the ignorant alien. Usually it is carried

on by one of the same race or nationality as the newly arrived. It is done because of the ignorance of one and a disregard of law on the part of the other. The alien or immigrant is the victim because of ignorance and because we have no laws strong enough to apprehend the criminal and to protect those needing protection.

There is pending before both Houses of Congress a bill which, if passed, will make improvements in our naturalization system and so enlarge the Bureau of Naturalization of the Department of Labor that it will be able to do a great deal more for the foreign-born, potential citizens of our country. The principal change which this law will make in the naturalization laws—that most affecting the welfare of the alien—is the provision for enrollment of every alien for the purposes of education. It is proposed that every alien enroll and then report periodically so that his progress in education and the desirability of admitting him into our citizenship ranks will be noted. America will then teach them what it expects of its citizens and will direct and approve their training.

Some complaint has been heard against this enrollment, or registration as some prefer to call it, it being asserted that our Government of freedom was reverting back to the espionage of older civilizations. Nothing is further from the thoughts of those who are engineering the passage of this legislation through Congress than that the United States should inaugurate a system of espionage. A careful study of the provisions of the bill will relieve any anxiety on that score from the minds of the most sceptical. It can be pointed out that American citizens must register if they exercise the privileges of that citizenship and every safeguard is placed upon the vote to see that none use it fraudulently. No one objects to registration for voting purposes—the privilege of exercising citizenship—as being in any way an espionage or spy system.

The enrollment which is contemplated will be no more far reaching than that of registration of citizens, so far as

its effect upon personal liberty is concerned. It will be far reaching, however, in that it will provide as great a protection to the institution of citizenship as the registration system already in use furnishes the institution of franchise. Also it will grant a measure of protection to the alien himself never before attempted, and in no other way possible.

It will protect citizenship because it provides that following the lapse of a certain period of time, every alien admitted to citizenship must be able to understand the English language. Right here we take a big step forward for there is nothing which can create more dissension or distrust than that the citizenry shall not be able within its ranks to hold social intercourse and discuss and advise each other upon the important economic and industrial problems of the day. A knowledge of a common language which must be the language of the nation to which one owes allegiance will weld the bands of friendship, mutual help and harmony.

The new law will also remove one of the great obstacles now in the path of many desiring citizenship but who are unable to do so because of the requirement of the present law that they produce two witnesses of five years' actual acquaintance, competent to testify for them. Thousands find it impossible to produce these witnesses because during that length of time they may have moved into some other jurisdiction or the witnesses who might have been available may themselves have changed their places of residence. In either case if the witnesses are produced, it is at great expense to the alien. The new legislation will save time, inconvenience and expense incidental to procuring witnesses in that it abolishes the witness requirement and in its place substitutes merely the presentation of the enrollment card with subsequent report notations thereon. The records of the Bureau of Naturalization indicate that hundreds now cannot get competent witnesses.

It is surprising how many petitions are refused and even a number of certificates cancelled because of falsification of

witnesses. Here as at our gates we had better exclude all those whose entrance into our ranks is attempted by fraud or violation of the law. The opponents of this measure try to make one believe that it will make it more difficult for the alien to secure citizenship. It will make it extremely hard for the alien to be naturalized unlawfully. To those who comply with the law it will be vastly easier and less complicated than ever before, as he will go to court for his certificate of citizenship with the assurance and the evidence on his person, that his petition will not be denied but that he will be immediately received into the ranks on an equal with the oldest citizen in the country. A court session will be but a solemnization of the most important step in his career.

The immigration laws of the United States, among other provisions, have been designed to protect our national wealth from the inroads which might be made upon it as a result of charity which must be paid out when alien residents become public charges. In thus protecting our national wealth many unfortunate women and children and incapacitated men are subject to deportation to the country to whose government they owe allegiance. We can not say that this is an injustice for the scales of justice are as a balance, in one must be weighed the evidence of the right to stay on the part of the alien and in the other, the detriment to American society and the cost to American citizens of their support. While in justice to America, the alien should be deported upon the grounds of public charge, a more sympathetic understanding of the problem, the hardships and the ambitions of our foreign brothers and sisters often dictate a desire on the part of the officers of the law to permit them to stay. If some provision had only been made whereby American institutions and national wealth should not be taxed, by their misfortune, it would not be necessary now to deport thousands to the land of their birth. The proposed legislation will take care of all this. It will give the Federal government the right and the authority to use, care

for and educate unfortunate aliens coming within these classes. An alien mother with four or five small children who may be penniless upon the death by accident or disease of the father, would be properly provided for. The children would receive an education which would fit them for lives of usefulness to themselves and to us. I can imagine just how that father felt when he brought his family here. He saved and scraped and worked to get funds to bring them over here, believing this to be an opportunity to better the conditions of his brood. He complied with our laws, worked for us and did everything in his power to be one of us and then before the time arrived when he could secure admission to our citizenship was called away leaving a family subject to return to the poverty and perhaps comparative inopportunity of the home which he left.

The program for the betterment of the conditions of the alien and for the protection of himself and family cannot be carried on without funds. Consequently the alien must be required upon his enrollment to pay a small fee and each year upon his annual report to the local registrar to make a similar contribution toward the purposes for which the fund is created. Very few will find the payment of the fee burdensome, especially so when they realize that it is not a means of taxation and does not contribute to the national wealth of the United States except in that the results which flow from it, the better education and citizenship, must be an asset to all. The alien as a rule receives a fairly good salary. The amount which is returned to them in education—making them better fitted for their jobs and capable of earning larger salaries, is mighty good insurance. Further, it is contemplated that power and authority shall be vested in the administrator to grant an extension of time or the non-payment of the fee entirely in all meritorious cases where it is shown that such payment of a fee would work a hardship upon the registrant.

In general the revision of our citizenship laws in the manner suggested in the legislation now pending before Con-

gress will band together thirteen million foreign born in America as one great fraternal society, the purposes of which will be for mutual benefit and protection. No fraternal society has for its aims a more noble purpose than that which will be created by the new citizenship legislation—better citizenship, national pride and protection of home and family. The fees which they pay—every cent is to be used for self-help. The Government wishes to encourage the alien to help himself—it does not desire to swell the coffers of national wealth at the expense of the foreign born, but to return in usefulness every penny thriftily saved for self advancement.

QUESTION AND ANSWER

By DYSART McMULLEN

O tender love! who knew not tears,
 Whose days were sun and light and air,
 Who held the secret of the years,
 All ecstasies beyond compare;
 Who had no hate, no loss, no lust—
 Why must your body come to dust?
 Why must the earth's green summer pall
 Silence your laughter and your call?

O tender heart I left behind,
 Whose days are dark because of me!
 There is no sorrow I can find
 Upon the measures of this sea;
 Nor any joys save undefiled
 And fitting for a little child.
 I have but journeyed into earth
 To solve the mysteries of birth.

AMERICAN CAPITAL AND FRENCH COLONIES

By F. FRANCOIS-MARSAL

AMERICAN friends have often asked me why, since the end of the war, there has been so little commercial activity between the United States and France. There is such a feeling of sympathy, they say, between the two peoples: there exists such an old and deep feeling of perfect moral and intellectual understanding that it ought to be expressed by practical deeds and by collaboration in the financial, industrial and commercial fields.

It would seem that the war, by the contact which it effected between the two countries, ought to have still more accentuated the wish to work in common; it ought to have multiplied the opportunities and assured the possibilities for such co-operation. In fact, one is astonished to find that since the armistice there are many assurances of the French-American friendship, but less business relations than before 1914. To the question thus stated by our friends, and which is, I know, in the minds of so many who are running business in the United States, I think the answer should be a psychological analysis of the financial situation due to the war.

Before 1914, there was very little difference between the general economical situation in the United States and that of France. Nevertheless, the force of a good reputation and the amplitude of savings secured to France a certain priority in the money market, which was made clear by the fact, for instance, that American railway bonds were often and largely financed by the Paris market.

The part which France, as well as England, played before 1914 as the world's banker cannot be held now anymore by our country, as she must devote all her present

resources to restore her devastated territories, and she will have to face afterwards, and that for many years, the necessity of redeeming her war debts.

On the other hand, the United States finds itself, since the war, by far the most powerful country in the world, economically and financially.

It is altogether natural, in the light of this change, that the manner of looking at things and the method of procedure should be entirely different for the two countries, as well as for their business men. The rich nation, like the rich man, has a social role—nay, more, a human role—to fulfill. It is to spread wealth and to enable labor to benefit by this wealth as far as possible. Since the origin of the world, only one way has been found of bettering, little by little, the condition of humanity, and that is the alliance of capital and labor; the binding of these two forces has allowed the realization of the few improvements humanity has recorded.

In particular, a rich country whose money enjoys a premium over the money of other countries ought to favor labor by absorbing as largely as possible the products of working countries with low exchange, and especially those things that can be absorbed without disturbing the national economy of the buying country.

Then, and in the same line of thought, the country with a high exchange which possesses abundant metallic supplies must, for its benefit and also for the greater benefit of all, bring the help of its capital to labor and to the exploitation of wealth in countries where the will to work exists, where legislation insures security of business and where war circumstances alone cause a temporary lowering in the financial situation.

Incidentally, a country which thus amply finances labor in other countries, in which it has confidence and which are temporarily straitened, fulfills exactly the general role which devolves upon it in the economic plan, and at the same time secures prosperity and development of wealth

among its own citizens. There is no doubt, indeed, that, looked at in this light and considered from this angle, the whole of the economic and financial action of a country is expressed by a productive investment and by lucrative results for citizens of the lending country.

Surely these generalizations apply to the United States and France; though here, as in most cases, the practical application appears not an easy task.

It is due to the pre-war situation, that we have spoken of above, that France has never been a borrowing country. She has never had foreign debts. She has always been used to personal effort; she has always lived on her own and through herself. She knows very well that she is now straitened, but she knows also that these pecuniary difficulties are momentary and that the conditions of her general economy give her the certainty of a prompt and complete restoration.

Nevertheless, French business men understand that the entire effort, which must be made alone by themselves with their own national resources, is so great that general prosperity would suffer and that the years to come would witness a serious retarding of the economic development of the country. Nevertheless, I admit that it is difficult for foreign capital to find employment in France, other than the bonds which are guaranteed by the state, the departments and the cities, or new construction and other big enterprises to be undertaken on a large scale.

As regards old existing affairs, real estate is in small holdings and all the great mines and metallurgical enterprises have been financed solely in France. These are entirely owned by French people and, moreover, the holdings are spread very widely over the entire population. It is almost impossible to invest foreign capital in existing French enterprises under such conditions that the buyers, I should not say should have control of the undertaking, but should at least have the possibility of a sufficient

representation to entitle them to a direct superintendence over the interests involved.

But, if the question appears as a difficult one to solve as regards European France, it is not the same thing, in my opinion, when it deals with the dependent territories outside Europe, and especially for French colonies in North Africa and Occidental Africa. Here one has to face a situation absolutely different.

First of all, and if we purposely limit this study to African possessions and protectorates, it is well to notice that the French political line of conduct has not varied for more than half a century. It was a little before 1830 that the government of Charles X prepared an expedition to Algiers; from 1830 to 1840, all the efforts of Louis-Philippe were a continuation of the work of his predecessor. The Second Empire under Napoleon the Third expanded French influence little by little. Occidental Africa was reached. The French pioneers proceeded up the stream of the Senegal and reached the basin of the Niger. That great work was admirably completed in the period from 1870 to today by the formation of an assemblage which, composed of very different parts with dissimilar political organizations and separate economic regimes, has succeeded, nevertheless, in forming a whole which is practically a federal state and which constitutes a very strong and substantial extension of the French European territories.

Quite recently, the extreme importance of these French territories has been made conspicuous by the fact that Mr. Millerand, President of the Republic, made it a point of travelling *en personne* all over Africa from Morocco to Tunis through the three large Algerian provinces, whilst at that very moment very serious French interests were discussed at the Conference of Genoa.

Those in France and in the world who have expressed their astonishment over this fact did not realize the extreme importance which the North African territories represent. Historically, these countries have been among the richest

of the Old World and have constituted what was called "Rome's granary."

These vast territories, made barren by the Arabian occupation, are restored again to production and to economic life. Corn, oranges, fruit, vegetables, olives and wine are the most important productions of Algeria, Tunis and Morocco. The peanut, which is the chief base in the manufacturing of the most important lubricants (stearine, glycerine), the oil-palm, india-rubber and cocoa are abundant in the valley of the Senegal, of the Niger, and in all the coast territories. There also—and that attempt will be made sooner or later—the cultivation of cotton can be widely developed.

In this huge estate, where order, safety, ease of communications, respect of property, and work are secured, thanks to France, it is quite easy for the initiative of friendly countries to come and exercise itself in a fruitful way.

What ought to be done to bring this about? We may speak out loud. It would be sufficient that bankers, engineers, men of initiative and of action from the United States should take the trouble to come to French Africa in order to get acquainted with it, to study it, to understand personally the possibilities for investment and profit. The co-operation between the men of action of the United States and the work of development which France pursues in this country is easy to effect and would be most fruitful.

There is, since the United States have achieved their independence, an instinctive sentiment of profound understanding between the two peoples. This attraction has been strengthened by the common sufferings of the great war; it should render contact easier and make the work more effective, and it does not exclude, on the contrary, the care for proper and material interest.

Associates, American and French, can easily find on the French colonial ground a formula which should produce happy results by developing labor, investments of capital, and the latent wealth of the country, the development and

expansion of which must enrich men of enterprise in this field, which is but justice and should also secure a little happiness to a larger portion of humanity.

Must it be added that no consideration, even remote, of a political nature can darken the horizon, as may have been the case sometimes for other combinations which have been studied with other partners and which did not lead to good results. No political conflict, order and safety made sure, fruitful work coming into the general setting of human progress, large profits granted to the initiators of the work: such is the program which certain men of large spirit may set in motion between the two countries.

A few of these ideas, I know, have already been launched by American personalities of great vision. My aim, in presenting these thoughts to the readers of *THE FORUM*, is simply to show that every American initiative of this kind will find among French business men a sympathetic echo, and that success is assured here, as in many other fields, to those who will have given proof of a maximum of audacity and tenacity.

THE REVELERS

By ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

All day beneath the pines
The sunbeams dance,
From swirling veils of gold
Eyes luring glance.

In bacchic revels old
The bright day wanes
While choric wind-flutes play
The dancing strains.

The shadows pray
At dusk, beneath the moon
For those who make so light
Of love by day!

POLITICAL LESSONS FROM TARIFFS

By EDWARD G. RIGGS

LAWYERS, in their efforts to re-emphasize their arguments, employ the best precedents at their command. Very often these precedents run back for a period of many generations. Do our politicians follow the same rule? Have the Republican politicians at Washington in charge of the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Bill given due thought to tariff precedents in our country? The tariff question was among the very first subjects discussed by the First Congress of our country, and for more than a hundred years has been the one subject that has never been finally settled. Nullification, secession, banks, slavery, reconstruction, populism, and free silver have had their times of fierce discussion, and have all been forever settled.

This is not an article on tariff schedules. I know as much about tariff schedules as I do about Sanskrit—nothing. It is an article which endeavors to portray the political results in our country as based upon tariff legislation. The two great idols of the high protectionists of the nation were Henry Clay, of Kentucky, and William McKinley, of Ohio. Henry Clay, as we all know, was the great Whig leader of his party, just as William McKinley in later years became the great Republican leader of his party. Both, from early youth, had made diligent study of the tariff from a high protection standpoint. Henry Clay, the idol of the high protectionist Whigs, never attained the ambition of his life, the Presidency. William McKinley, the champion of the high protectionists of his day, attained the Presidency, but not because of his advocacy of high protective tariff legislation. As a matter of fact, he was one

of the numerous Republican Congressmen who went down to defeat in 1890 because of the very tariff bill which bore his name.

It is not necessary to go back to Henry Clay's time of a hundred years ago to recount the political tragedies of the tariff. In 1876 Samuel J. Tilden, of New York, because of his battle-cry "Tariff for revenue only," came within an ace of winning the Presidency for the Democrats. In 1880, General Winfield S. Hancock, Democratic candidate for the Presidency, went down to defeat because of his belief that the tariff was "a local question only." The tariff did not play quite as important a part in the campaign of 1884 between Blaine and Cleveland, but it was a mighty factor in 1888, when the country defeated Mr. Cleveland because of his advocacy of the Mills Bill. In 1892, President Harrison was defeated for re-election because of the disfavor which the country felt toward the McKinley tariff law which President Harrison had signed two years before. Then came the Wilson tariff law which, together with the sixteen-to-one free silver ratio—principally the latter issue—brought about the defeat of Bryan in 1896 and the election of McKinley. Then came the Dingley tariff law, which was not considered a very drastic determining political factor because the free silver question was still in the air, and the money question again subordinated the tariff question; yet it was largely moribund by 1900 because of the Federal legislation making gold the standard of the country. With the death of President McKinley in the Fall of 1901, and the advent of President Roosevelt, nothing was done to revive discussion over tariff matters, but with the election of President Roosevelt in 1904 he made it known that he desired to call an extraordinary session of Congress so that the Dingley tariff bill might be taken up and revised. On the strong advice of Representative Joseph G. Cannon, President Roosevelt did not push his decision and it was made plain at the time that Representative Cannon had had quite enough of tariff matters when

he recalled his defeat in 1890 because of his advocacy of the McKinley tariff law. Roosevelt himself on numerous occasions stated that he did not know anything about the tariff, thought it a very dangerous issue to meddle with, and he always refused to permit it to enter the Sanhedrim of his political thought and calculations. So the Dingley tariff ran on until the advent of President Taft. Thereupon the Payne-Aldrich bill became the tariff law of the country; and this law, without the slightest doubt, did more than any one single factor to disintegrate the Republican Party and to bring about the division between the Progressives and the Stand-Patters which resulted in the two national conventions of 1912, where Taft was re-nominated, only to have Roosevelt nominated as his opponent in a rival convention; and it was but a natural mathematical solution to know that President Wilson, with the Republican Party split in twain, would be the successful candidate. The political situation in 1910 and 1912 was identical with that of 1890 and 1892 with this difference: In 1890 and 1892, the progressive Republicans did not leave their party because of dissatisfaction with the McKinley tariff law—they simply joined the Democrats in administering a rebuke to the high protectionists responsible for that law. In 1910 and 1912, they broke with their party entirely and actively. The result was that in 1910 the Democrats, after a lapse of sixteen years, captured the House, elected Governors to five normally Republican states, Mr. Wilson being one of the beneficiaries, and in 1912 elected Mr. Wilson President and again in 1916, and held Congress until 1918.

In 1916, the division between the Progressive and Stand-Pat Republicans was not entirely healed. And I am not writing as a Republican, a Democrat, a Socialist, or a Prohibitionist. Perhaps, though, I am trying to make a gesture to the effect that top-notch political wisdom does not furnish your adversary with the ammunition which, in his heart and soul, he desires. Immediately after the first election of President Wilson, there came the Underwood

tariff bill. Publicists, men conversant with tariff affairs, and others with "suppositious knowledge" have declared that had not the European War of 1914 intervened, the Underwood tariff law as "a deficiency revenue law" would have brought about a commercial cataclysm such as had not been seen in this country since that of 1857.

In telling briefly the story of the tragedies of the tariff, it is only necessary for the information of this generation to tell in sequential form what has occurred personally and politically within the last fifty-five years. The Civil War closed with what were considered burdensome taxes. The high cost of living in those days was quite on a par with those in these days. The Republican National Convention of 1868, in nominating for the first time General Grant for the Presidency, announced that taxation should be equalized in the interest of labor. The Democrats in the same year, in nominating Horatio Seymour, declared for a "tariff for revenue on foreign imports." The Democratic-Liberal Republican platform of 1872 had a sort of hodge-podge platform which was intended to cover all the ills of human life.

In 1876, the Democrats, in nominating Tilden, demanded "that all custom house taxation shall be only for revenue," while the Republicans, in nominating Rutherford B. Hayes, declared, "The revenue necessary for current expenditures and that the obligations of the public debt must be largely derived from duties upon importations, which, so far as possible, should be adjusted to promote the interests of American labor and advance the prosperity of the whole country."

It is not necessary here to speak of the closeness of the election between Tilden and Hayes, nor how Hayes was seated by the decision of the Electoral Commission by one vote, but it should be stated that the tariff, together with many distractions and rivalries and strife in the Republican Party in General Grant's second term, led very nearly to the election of a Democratic President eleven years after

the war. This was considered an anti-climax, in view of the fact that the Democratic Party as a whole during the Civil War was not held in high esteem.

It is easily recalled how Garfield in 1880 was, in the early days of the campaign, alarmed over the apathy of his party and his apparent fear lest he be defeated by the Democratic candidate, General Hancock. It was not until General Hancock uttered his famous pronouncement, declaring the tariff to be a matter of local or territorial concern only to the voters of the United States, that Garfield was assured of his triumph.

The Democratic platform of 1884 denounced "the abuses of the existing tariff" and with the war-cry of 1868 and 1876 for a tariff for revenue upon foreign imports and a tariff for revenue only, the Democrats, aided by the factions and strife in the Republican Party, elected Cleveland to the Presidency by a little more than 1,000 votes.

Mr. Cleveland, elected fundamentally on a platform for tariff reform, was not a popular President with leading Democrats. He was unacquainted with the vast majority of the leaders of his party, who were especially opposed to his civil service reform ideas. Mr. Cleveland desired very greatly to put into operation the tenets of the Democratic doctrine of tariff for revenue only, but, while the Democrats had a majority of the House of Representatives in 1886 and 1888, the Senate was Republican. Nevertheless, contrary to the advice of his then closest adviser, the late William C. Whitney, of New York, he decided, on the eve of the national convention of 1888, to present what the Republicans called the Mills free trade tariff bill.

On April 2, 1888, Roger Q. Mills, of Texas, chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means, reported his bill "in response to the recommendations of Mr. Cleveland," as he said. The Democratic National Convention was to be held in June. Mr. Whitney and others advised Mr. Cleveland not to go ahead with the Mills Bill, as it would not give the voters time to digest mentally the bill

before election day that year. Mr. Cleveland declined to accept the advice. While the Mills Bill passed the House, 162 ayes to 149 noes, it was sent to the Senate, and as the Senate was Republican, the bill slept the sleep of oblivion. Meanwhile, the Democratic National Convention was held in June, 1888, and unanimously "indorsed the views expressed by President Cleveland in his last annual message, 1887, as the correct interpretation of the platform upon the question of tariff reduction."

The Republican National Convention of that year was a six-day affair, an unusually prolonged convention. Representative William McKinley was chairman of the Committee on Resolutions in that convention and the tariff plank was as follows:

"We are uncompromisingly in favor of the American system of protection; we protest against its destruction as proposed by the President and his party. They serve the interests of Europe; we will support the interests of America. We accept the issue, and confidently appeal to the people for their judgment. The protective system must be maintained. Its abandonment has always been followed by general disaster to all interests, except those of the usurer and the sheriff. We denounce the Mills Bill as destructive of the general business, the labor and the farming interests of the country, and we heartily indorse the consistent and patriotic action of the Republican representatives in Congress opposing its passage."

General Harrison, the candidate of the Republicans that year, easily defeated President Cleveland. In recurring to the fact that in 1888 Cleveland was defeated for re-election by General Harrison, Harrison receiving 233 and Cleveland 168 electoral votes, it should be stated that that election seemed to warrant the Republicans in determining that a very stiff and pronounced tariff protection bill should be passed as the principles of their party. William McKinley, the famous Congressman from Ohio, was chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of a

Congress made up in 1890 of 169 Republicans and 161 Democrats and 45 Republican and 37 Democratic United States Senators, and on October 1, 1890, President Harrison signed the McKinley Bill. As a result of that bill, McKinley and scores of other Republicans, Joseph G. Cannon among them, were defeated in the November Congressional elections of the same year.

The McKinley Bill, as was shown in the 1890 Congress elections, had not been well received by the country. It was thought to be too extreme, and President Harrison stated to the late Francis Hendricks, Collector of the Port of New York, confidential adviser of President Harrison in New York State, and to others, including myself, early in 1892, that the McKinley Bill would defeat him or any other Republican candidate for the Presidency.

It has been one of the myths of American political history that President Harrison was defeated for re-election in 1892 because of political conditions created by the Homestead strike. That strike had little or nothing to do with the defeat of Harrison. His defeat was due entirely to the McKinley Tariff Law, as can be very easily demonstrated. Those who are inclined to differ may look with slight satisfaction on the presidential figures in the State of Pennsylvania in the campaigns of 1888 and 1892. In the former year they were: Republican, 526,091; Democratic, 446,633; and in the latter year, the year of the Cleveland-Harrison campaign and Homestead strike, Republican, 516,011; Democratic, 452,264. These figures disclose that the Homestead strike had very little effect on the vote in Pennsylvania, where the Republican vote was reduced from 1888 by 10,080 in 1892, and the Democratic vote was increased from 1888 by only 5,631 in 1892. Furthermore, the Homestead strike as a political factor could not have had any momentous strength, as shown in the difference of the states carried by Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Harrison in 1888 and those carried by the two gentlemen in 1892.

It is true that there were factional disputes and quarrels

in the Republican Party which had been accumulating for many years, but the dissatisfaction over tariff matters was the fulcrum. So, I am quite convinced that the utterances of President Harrison and those of his personal confidant, advisor and friend, the late Francis Hendricks, for many years Republican leader of Onondaga County, New York State, to others and myself to the effect that the McKinley Bill was the principal factor in defeating the Republican national ticket in 1892, was by far the determining influence of that election.

But let me quote from a speech of the late Senator Jacob H. Gallinger of New Hampshire, delivered in the Senate on May 19, 1894, speaking of the campaign of 1892. Senator Gallinger said:

"Prior to September, 1892, the Harrison Administration had concluded about twenty reciprocal treaties, and they had been proved of great advantage to our country, as well as to the foreign countries. We were obtaining sugar, molasses, tea, coffee and hides free of duty; and found new, valuable and growing markets in those countries for our pork, flour and other bread-stuffs, clothing, tools, hardware, engines, machinery and many other things; but, because under the McKinley law such treaties could not be concluded with Great Britain, for the reason that she had nothing, according to Lord Salisbury, with which to reciprocate, the reciprocity clause was denounced by free traders in unmeasured terms, in their platforms and newspapers, and by all their speakers. For 21 months before the reciprocity treaties went into effect, our export trade with those countries amounted to \$25,283,464. In 21 months after these conventions were concluded our exports to those countries were \$42,866,547, an increase of \$17,583,083, or about 70 per cent. This increase was composed largely of flour, meats and other food products, and manufactures of cotton, leather, iron, glass, machinery, etc. It was in vain that protectionists held up these twenty treaties and this great enlargement thereby of the foreign markets, calling for our productions; and the great advantage to our working people in getting sugar and so many other necessities of life, free of duty—'reciprocity,' said the free trader, 'was grossly unfair to Great Britain, and was unconstitutional, a fraud and a humbug.' This was iterated and reiterated, day by day, for many months, with what results let November, 1892, and the consequent present Democratic Congress make known."

Not a word about the Homestead strike as a cause for the defeat of Harrison and the re-election of a Democratic Congress.

Perhaps President McKinley, at Buffalo, September 5, 1901, the day before he was assassinated, and chairman of the Harrison Convention at Minneapolis in 1892, recalled the belief of President Harrison that the McKinley Bill was too extreme, for in that address, the last address the martyred President delivered, he said:

"If perchance some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad?"

President McKinley made this address to the Commissioners of the Dominion of Canada and the British Colonies, the French Colonies, the Republics of Mexico, and of Central and South America, and the Commissioners of Cuba and Porto Rico, who were gathered there to discuss reciprocity measures.

President McKinley, in that utterance, evidently accepted the maxim of the ancient philosopher to the effect that the lessons of the past should be a guide to wise men for future action.

OVERLAND

By KATHRYN WHITE RYAN

O cities that fell in my heart,
Cities I trusted!
How calm and stately you stand,
How still in the spired sunlight;
Peaceful as marble pronged graveyards!
Roaring and flashing,
These metallic train windows,
Like memories, cities!
Hurriedly graze you.

THE GARDEN

By JOSEPH HAMBLEEN SEARS

THERE is a garden scarcely thirty miles from town. It is divided into two parts: one about fifty by thirty feet with two grass paths and a sun dial at their intersection, the whole surrounded by a wall; the other, about twenty-five by fifteen, also surrounded by a wall. In the partition that separates the two parts there is a glass door, making a passage way from one to the other. In the larger section the earth for a depth of two feet was thrown out and replaced with a foot of good manure and a second foot of healthy top-soil. Now it is full of flowers—larkspur, phlox, heliotrope, peonies, roses, asters. The other was covered with rugs, and on the walls were laid shelves. Now it is full of other flowers—history, biography, fiction, poetry, science. You can pass easily from one part to the other. In the warm sunshine you can dig the fingers of your hands into the earth and set out roots and pull up foolish weeds. In the cold days you can dig the fingers of your mind into the books on the shelves and watch the flowers of the ages develop and bloom in your own mental soil.

Sometimes it is difficult for a novice to tell a weed from a little shoot of phlox. Sometimes, too, it is difficult for the novice to tell a weed from a flower in the other part of the garden. But as he watches and studies, season by season, year by year, he begins to be able to tell the difference between the wheat and the chaff in these two parts of the garden. Sometimes he walks on the green paths and gazes at the beautiful blossoms and wonders how on earth they grow and develop from the seed set in the ground. Sometimes he sits on the other side of the wall and gazes upon

the books and wonders how on earth they grew and developed from an idea conceived in the minds of their writers.

Both mean a great deal to the resident of the garden. Both keep him from despair, from unhappiness and from the jumble that goes on outside the walls. When he arrives at the outer door after a day of struggle to get enough to produce another meal, another plant and another book both greet him with something that is pleasant. The many colors along the brown walls are cheering. He begins to think at once of all that is behind them. He can see the pleasure and the strain that each one of them has entailed from the conception of the idea to the publication of the volume. Passing through the glass door, the many colors spread out between the grass paths cause a smile even on the darkest days. They are all so straight and prim and so amazingly well made. They all have meant so much that nobody understands since they were begun in the seed down under the top-soil close to the health-giving manure.

As the days of the spring and summer pass, the plants grow and blossom at their appointed time and many things appear to one who works among them. Here is a vigorous peony which spreads like molasses all over the place, and under it is a root of larkspur following out its mission in life as it struggles like the Kaiser to get a place in the sun. It bends sideways, the leaves turn in the direction of the light, and after a fierce struggle the distorted stem blossoms into flower often more perfect in color because of the concentration of the whole plant in a single stem.

It is interesting to discover the same thing among the flowers of history. Think of Henley distorted by some inexplicable decree of nature at his birth. He struggled all his life through to get to the light; and in the end his crippled stem brought forth flowers that hold their high place in the garden of verse. His head seemed out of all proportion to his crippled limbs. Many a day and month he spent in hospitals, trying hard, hoping against hope, to get well. And lying there so, he wrote:

*In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.*

In the latter part of his life he used to live on the shores of the British Channel and would move about his little house by taking hold of the chairs and tables in order to get around. In conversation he was usually caustic and bitter because of the handicap of his life, but when he wrote there came out of his twisted stem vigorous words and ideas to help his less stricken and less courageous reader. There, too, is Robert Stevenson wandering over the earth in search of some climate that would let him breathe, lying in bed in Scotland, in the Adirondacks, in the South Seas, smoking cigarettes that helped the disease fill his lungs with everything that clogged the machinery—lying there and writing that we should all be as happy as kings because the world was so full, writing letters of the most genial philosophy that now, long after his death, we, who live pleasantly in gardens and move about with healthy bodies, are beginning to read again and again.

Some of the plants climb along the wall and over the little arch. A piece of clematis has done this, and when it is in blossom it looks like the white head of a distinguished old lady. If it were not for the wall and the trellis and the tree such plants would crawl along the ground out of sight, and would seldom blossom because they could not reach the sunlight. And just next to them grows the golden glow, tall and stiff and straight, working its way up through everything to an appalling height, pushing other plants and weeds aside and gaily turning out hundreds of yellow blossoms, no matter what the soil, the weather or the surrounding growth.

It reminds one of Mr. Buonarrotti of Casentino, otherwise known as Michael Angelo. When the darkness makes the golden glow invisible, the lights in the other part of the garden make it possible to sit and read of the sixteenth century wonder. His father, like many another father, was a weed. He tried to make the boy a silk and wool weaver,

since he needed the wages to help out the family exchequer. But Michael went on drawing and modelling, until, as Vasari says, "he was beaten by his father and other elders; they, perhaps, not perceiving his ability, and considering the pursuit he had adopted an inferior one and unworthy of their ancient family."

The ancient family of Buonarrotti is not very well known today. Its good name is of no importance whatever. But little Mike is fairly familiar to something over half the people of the earth, and has been so for pretty nearly five hundred years. He began to cut in the marble and broke the rules and laws of sculpture to such an extent that everybody laughed at him. He had a row with his friend Torrigiano over some of his work and the latter hit him a crack on the nose and broke it, so that "he was marked for life." He cut up dead bodies to see how the muscles worked. And when he had made a greater success of sculpture than anyone of his own or any other day, he started out as a sort of side show to draw the famous cartoon, a huge affair which caused so much excitement among artists and students that when it was "left with too little caution in the hands of the students" they tore it to pieces, each one grabbing a piece to take home for his own study, which to them was sufficient excuse for the destruction of the masterpiece and the vandalism of the whole proceeding. Today there are bits of it here and there in different museums—in Vienna, in Oxford, in Venice, in Florence and in Paris—prizes beyond all price.

And then Bramante, becoming jealous of the sculptor because he feared his competition, went to Pope Julius and suggested that Michael Angelo be ordered to paint the ceiling in the new chapel in the Vatican. This would take him out of the sculpture business and Bramante would be well rid of him. So at the age of thirty-four Michael Angelo changed to painting and executed perhaps the greatest piece of art ever seen upon this earth. He even invented a new kind of scaffolding under the ceiling, which

is used to this day, so that he could stand and lie more comfortably while doing the work.

Having, at the age of fifty or more, beaten everybody in both sculpture and painting, he took to architecture and was put in charge of the rebuilding of St. Peter's in Rome and some of the palaces in Florence. Thereupon he became the leading architect of his era. Not satisfied with having reached the top in three branches of the arts, he became a military engineer and planned and constructed the fortifications of Florence, which withstood a siege or two. In between times he wrote poetry of a high order; and finally, at the age of ninety, still painting, sculpturing and architecturing—still going strong—he died, leaving the general feeling on the part of those who came after him that he had only just begun.

This is no clematis climbing gracefully along the wall. This is the tallest plant in the garden that does not even need a stick to help it withstand the force of gravitation and the storm. After all, there arises a certain respect for the strong stalk that shoves aside all the little pretty flowers and goes on serenely with its own job without giving a rap as to what happens to anybody in reach. Here in the garden appears to be a strange human side to the plants, or perhaps a horticultural side to the humans. A little vine that cannot stand alone—a weed with a silly, useless flower—winds its way up the stiff stem of the larkspur and before the resident realizes it the vine has bent over the stronger plant. Is it Cleopatra keeping Antony from the wars? Is the vine always the female and the stout stalk the male? That would be a very ungracious thing to say, and it is to be hoped not true. Yet there seems to be no plant of consequence in either part of the garden that is not attacked by something. If it is not Genghis Khan and his hordes from Asia, it is the rose bugs. They come out of the East or the West led by some Attila and sweep with fire and sword across the roses. Like the invaders of old, they live off the country they pass through. Where on earth they come from is a

mystery. How they know where the roses are is beyond human comprehension. And then the birds form a Holy Alliance with the roses and attack the bugs on the flank in this little War of the Roses in the garden.

The resident's heart warms to the birds. We should be overcome by the insect Huns if it were not for these defenders of the civilization of Flowerdom. Yet again they, too, upset the cosmic balance of the garden. Not the least interesting thing therein is the philosopher who helps the resident in time of stress. He usually occupies his hours for limited periods with the vegetables, but there are always moments in his busy life that can be spared for conversation, if the subject is interesting, or even if the day is warm. Once he came thus with excitement in his manner and fire in his eye.

"I'll have to be doin' something, sir, with the strawberries," said he, irritating his scalp with a muddy thumb. "Just as they is comin' about right for the house all them birds come along and eats 'em up."

"I'm afraid we'll have to plant some more strawberries, then, John."

"What good'd that do, sir? You'd just have more birds."

"But think of having still more birds, John."

"What do you want with birds, sir?"

"Well, I don't just know."

"But you know what yer want with strawberries—at least the Missus does."

There appeared to be no adequate rejoinder to this; so the resident asked what the philosopher had to suggest.

"I'd poison the whole lot of 'em, sir."

"But, John, think of all their lights and livers and veins and muscles working so beautifully. I'm afraid you'd spoil all their machinery."

"That I would—bad cess to 'em."

"That was what Lucretia Borgia did, John."

"I dunno what Miss' Borgia does with 'em, sir, but I know what I'd do. I'd soak 'em with dope and lead."

"But they have to eat something," pled the resident.

"They'd still be eating, sir, if we had no strawberries, wouldn't they?"

It was an unanswerable truism. The resident tried another attack. He ventured to ask who made the strawberries. Here was a possible way out.

"Who made 'em?" cried John. "It's me that made 'em. I plant 'em, and water 'em, and weed 'em."

To be sure. The philosopher was right. The resident ducked and ran, saying: "I'll speak to the Missus about it, John." And he left the poisoner filling his pipe and preparing to snatch another short half hour for meditation.

And yet if Genghis Khan and Attila and the other great unwashed had not invaded Europe, we should be a pretty slothful and effete lot by this time. And if the rose bugs left the roses alone, they might lose their charm and fragrance just from lack of pep. Perhaps if Buonarrotti senior and the other elders had not beaten little Michael he would not have kept his pep and blossomed into such an amazing flower. He might have only sculptured cigar store Indians, or painted valentines, or built shops in Casentino. It is a difficult problem; and the resident of the garden had a dim suspicion that perhaps John's philosophy was more in tune with the Music of the Spheres than his own didactic notions. On the whole the better part of valor was to duck and run through the glass door.

These were some of the problems of the garden, and like other problems they presented difficulties. Anyway, there is something interesting in realizing the three dimensions of the flowers, finding out their little habits and customs, and then in the other part of the garden reading the histories and biographies and getting the same sense of reality among the different flowers of the ages.

There was a time when the reading did not mean this. Fiction was perhaps responsible for it. The men and women who passed through the pages were amusing, interesting, suggestive figments of the imagination. But that feeling changed as time went on, and it became far more

interesting to think of the real people of the past; to see them in fits of anger, despondency, elation; to realize that they got up in the morning and washed—or didn't wash—and dressed and had little rows with other people and pains in their tummies, or teeth, or toes just as the resident of the garden does. They, however, went at it again after the troubles and put the thing over, whatever it was. They ruled, or flattered, or murdered, or loved, or died. Of course that is what we all do, and the only difference between one and the other is the difference of strength, or persistency, or courage. That is the difference between the clematis and the golden glow, the peony and the heliotrope. Perhaps each has its place in the sun; but the place seems to vary so much that sometimes it seems unfair one should shove the other out in that calm, overconfident cavalier fashion. The resident gets very angry with the one and pulls it out and chucks it on the rubbish heap just to give the other a show. And then some kind of an insect comes along and eats up the charming, weak thing. Next spring the overconfident one starts in again at once and goes at it with a persistency and determination that outdoes the spider climbing the wall.

Mr. Cellini, called Benvenuto, or Welcome, by his parents, because they were so pleased at his arrival, was one of these. He tells all about himself in his autobiography without the least hesitation. He is the most conceited ass in autobiographical history. Whenever he makes a design he tells you how good it is, how much better than the other fellow's. He takes it to Duke Cosimo, or Duke Lorenzo and then details the praises which the patrons of the arts in Florence showered upon him. He enlarges on the chagrin of the other designers. You smile and think what an idiot the Italian was and congratulate yourself on never having exhibited such conceit; and then you realize that today, hundreds of years afterward, this design is one of the treasures of the world.

It is the two sides of the plant again. The strong and

the confident get up to the light—if they have the ability. When Benvenuto had made the mould for his statue of Perseus and built his furnace, and with his dozen assistants lit the fire and started the melting of the metals which were to combine and make the bronze to be run into the mould, he grew ill with excitement. Running from one side of the furnace to the other, piling on wood, trying to get the metal hot enough and not too hot, he wore himself out. Finally when the conflagration spread to the house and set that afire, and the storm and the rain came, and the whole thing seemed likely to go up in smoke, and all his months of labor and care, his years of ambition and hopes go for naught, he suddenly collapsed at the critical moment. He had tried a new method of casting a heroic statue. He had maintained that it could be done in spite of my lord the Duke and the other patrons and artists. And now in the critical moment he was stricken with a terrible fever and had to go to bed, crying: "I shall not be alive tomorrow!" "I feel that I am dying!" His housekeeper tried to comfort him, but he would have none of her.

Suddenly in the midst of his pain and suffering, as he lay there on the bed in his room, a figure appeared before him and cried out that the statue was ruined and all was lost. "No sooner had I heard the shriek of that wretch," says our Benvenuto, "than I gave a howl that might have been heard from the sphere of flame. Jumping from my bed I seized my clothes and began to dress. The maid and my lads and everyone who came around me got kicks and blows of the fist while I kept crying out in lamentation: 'Ah! Traitors! Envious! This is an act of treason by malice prepense! But I swear to God that I will sift it to the bottom and before I die will leave such witness to the world of what I can do as shall make a score of mortals marvel!' " Then he went to work to save the day; which he did, all told in amazing detail; and the Perseus came out marvellously well, proving to be exactly what the modest, self-effacing Benvenuto said it would be—one of

the great statues of the world. So that he has made far more than a score of mortals marvel.

It is again the story of the stiff plant shoving everything aside and asserting itself at the expense of the others in that part of the garden, until it stands out above them all and with its lower leaves covers up those that have been crushed, pushed aside and squashed out of the light of day. Apparently if you do not have conceit, somebody will shove you aside in human and in horticultural life. When you have finally gained the top it is no longer called conceit, but confidence and courage. Yet, conceit or courage, the statue stands to this hour in the Loggia dei Lanzi in Florence and people from Kalamazoo and Kokomo go to see it, while those whom Benvenuto stabbed in the back are dead, gone and forgotten.

Perhaps the heliotrope is conceited, too, just because it has a good smell. But it never does anything of moment and therefore its conceit is cheap and a sign of weakness. Perhaps that is why somebody observed that great minds can digest great crimes, why Napoleon could have the Duc d'Enghien shot without drawing forth any criticism, and why the Emperor Justinian is a great figure in history though he starved and strangled and put out the eyes of so many people.

After one of these episodes between the green paths when a stiff-stemmed dahlia and some cosmos had entirely obliterated a plant of sweet elysium the resident of the garden grew disgusted and depressed. After all, sweet elysium has its own charm and has just as much right to live as anybody else. He felt stirring within him certain Bolshevik sentiments. Why should a plant that happens to come from seed *A* have the strength to get up to the air and another plant from seed *B* not have it? And he turned through the door and took to books again.

But there was little difference. The strong seem to have shoved out the weak about as often in the garden of history as in the garden of plants. Doubtless the powerful and

the weak alike possessed good and bad points, but since the former had something which the latter lacked the struggle in the two fields appeared to be pretty much the same.

Mahomet, for example, might well be the iris of the garden. It is very beautiful in flower; it has its amazing faults. It spreads its influence all over the lot. When it blooms it is wonderful, when it is not in blossom it merely prevents other plants near by from growing to maturity. So with Mahomet. He was a splendid looking person—a great flower. "Before he spoke," says Gibbon, "the orator engaged on his side the affection of a public or a private audience. They applauded his commanding presence, his majestic aspect, his piercing eyes, his gracious smile, his flowing beard, his countenance that painted every sensation of the soul and his gestures that enforced each expression of the tongue."

You can see him in Mecca and Medina standing before the people, a great orator, a great personality. There have been many others with the same natural gifts and they all start with a great advantage. All of us can recall one or two such in our own day. But Mahomet had much behind this that does not always go with the manner; yet when it does so combine, it produces leaders of men. "His memory was capacious and retentative; his wit easy and social; his ambition sublime; his judgment clear, rapid and decisive. He possessed the courage of both thought and action." In other words he had unequalled personal magnetism and absolute confidence in himself.

Hence though a private citizen who had no especial prominence up to the age of forty he asserted so often and believed so implicitly that "There is but one God and Mahomet is the apostle of God," that first three people in his own household, and then after a time fourteen more, and finally millions upon millions of human beings believed him and still believe him implicitly over immense spaces of the earth.

Many a time he would have gone under but for his "courage both of thought and action." After he had

secured fourteen followers for his new and somewhat egotistical creed he gave a banquet to get some more—to do a little propaganda work of his own. Forty guests came and received some lamb and a bowl of milk; and after dinner the principal speaker of the evening, or afternoon, arose with “his commanding presence and majestic aspect” and told them of the new creed—these men who worshipped a myriad of gods and goddesses and did not think over much of Mahomet as a prophet. It must have been a shock to them. Indeed, he was getting no response, and the after-dinner speech in spite of all was pretty much like its counterpart of our day—not very effective. Then he cried out with all the immense personality which has been given to only a few mortals: “Friends and kinsmen! I offer you, and I alone can offer you, the most precious of gifts, the treasures of this world and of the next to come. Who among you will support my burden? Who among you will become my vizir?”

Nobody answered.

It was quite a moment in the history of the world. Suppose he had not had the “courage both of thought and action.” Suppose he had not had confidence in himself, and the meeting had adjourned *sine die*! What an extraordinary difference in the history of the last thirteen hundred years!

But Ali, a boy of fourteen, was hard hit. He stood up and cried out: “O Prophet, I am the man.” And then ensued the usual row between him and his father, in which the latter said in substance: “Don’t do it. It won’t pay. Come and work in my office and make a good living. Don’t go off on a wild goose chase with this crank.” But Ali went, and helped to lead most of Asia and some of Europe into the new camp.

Taken out of a book and put into terms of today it is a good picture—the spellbinder with the great courage and confidence; and perhaps an era just ready for some such idea. It is a great stately lily in the garden, full of confidence, topping the other flowers by a head, erect,

strong, perfect in form. Down below the leaves that spread out in every direction and squash other simpler but still beautiful things there is something of the other side of the shield. When in a few years he got 'em going, as Billy Sunday says, he offered something more to hold his followers. He said that this world was nothing compared to the next. Here they must stop drinking, eat dates and water for a steady diet, stop having exciting religious festivals, avoid the society of the ladies, pray pretty often and fast a good deal of the time, besides doing other things that he and God stipulated. But in the next life—that was quite a different matter. There the followers will find “diamonds,” to quote again the philosophical historian of the Roman Empire, “robes of silk, palaces of marble, dishes of gold, rich wines, artificial dainties, numerous attendants and the whole train of sensual and costly luxuries which become insipid to the owner even in the short period of this mortal life. Seventy-two *houris*, or black-eyed girls, of resplendant beauty, blooming youth, virgin purity and exquisite sensibility will be created for the use of the meanest believer; a moment of pleasure will be prolonged to a thousand years and his faculties will be increased a hundredfold to render him worthy of his felicity. Notwithstanding a vulgar prejudice the gates will be open to both sexes, but Mahomet has not specified the male companions of the female elect lest he should either alarm the jealousy of their former husbands or disturb their felicity by the suspicion of an everlasting marriage.” Some clap-trap and much wisdom, all suited to the people of his time and place, all advanced with wonderful personality and that amazing “courage of thought and action.”

After all it would be a mistake to pull up the iris by the roots and throw it out on the rubbish heap. Such an accomplishment belongs to the garden. It may seem at times as if the heliotrope and the sweet elysium and their like ought to be protected, as if they ought to form a League of Plants for self-determination along horticultural lines,

so that the little flowers would get just as much light and sun and air as the big ones. They might keep a standing army of insects ready at hand, so that when a plant shot up above the common herd and began to shut out the light of the others the Allied and Associated Armies of Bugs would go to it and eat up the presumptuous thing. And then comes the awful thought that we should have no more Michael Angelos, or King Davids, or Shakespeares, or George Washingtons. There would be only a well-ordered, commonplace, uneventful world where all would be the same size and nothing new, or great, or splendid ever happen. It is all a part of the animal and plant nature and perhaps we all have our places, squashed and unsquashed, tall and short, beautiful and ugly, weak and strong, alike.

It is an amusing thing to be the resident of a garden. It does not require any very large outlay of this world's goods. It not only serves as a change from the daily round of the struggle for existence, but it comes to be an object in life on its own account. It suggests how interesting it must be to the Great Resident of the Garden of the World to watch all these plants of the different animal, mineral and vegetable kingdoms fight and struggle, come up or go under, thrive or perish, as the case may be. No doubt in that as in other things there is the temptation to interfere and root up the cruel and the selfish, to stop wars like this last one in Europe, to put in a hand here and there and straighten out some things. Occasionally it seems as if this were done, as in the case of that annual plant of five hundred years that has been growing ranker of late and that is known as the Hohenzollern Family. Yet finally one day the watchful Resident tore the whole thing up by the roots and, let us hope, left not a single shoot to re-appear next spring.

So the little garden scarcely thirty miles from town thrives modestly in both its parts and brings forth almost daily something new and amusing, something worthwhile. And if it does not count for much in the organization of the Universe, nevertheless it serves to keep its resident a little nearer sanity than he might otherwise remain.

REPUBLICAN PARTY PRINCIPLES—I

DEFENSE OF THE CONSTITUTION

By HON. MILES POINDEXTER

JUST now we are being forced back to fundamental questions. It is not at all difficult to see, upon a diagnosis of current political agitation, that the real spirit and motive directing these movements is essentially revolutionary. The Constitution is becoming unpopular in many quarters because it interposes its guaranties between the citizen and the wishes of certain leaders and organizations, who would impose their own will upon him. In politically advanced circles, which give shape and tone to economic and political agitation, even the independence of the United States, as a nation, sovereign in its powers, is made the subject of ridicule. It is not sensible to close our eyes or understanding to the power and significance of the party which is pressing these doctrines forward. It is not very long since it was able to influence and modify, if not control, the administration of our government.

No greater service has ever been rendered the nation by any political party in its history than was rendered by the Republican party when it took up the fight, against what seemed to be invincible influences, and defeated the effort to put a large part of our affairs under the control of a union of European and Asiatic states—but that work is not yet finished. The issue is still alive. As a part and parcel of it is the movement to overthrow the Constitution and, by one form or another—often concealed, but always sinister—to establish an extra-constitutional autocracy. Powerful support is given even now, in high places, to the demands of certain classes and organizations that they shall exclusively have the decision as to the manner in which industry shall be carried on.

If their demands should be conceded, they will decide when and how properties, which they do not even own, shall be operated. Many of the industries subject to this demand are absolutely vital to national and social existence; so that it requires no difficult or abstruse logic to arrive at the conclusion that, once this demand is accepted, these private organizations, or individuals, will control the state. So it is that constitutional government is involved.

The attack upon our free institutions very frequently takes constitutional forms; but the abuse of apparently legitimate powers, such, for instance, as the power of taxation, may go to such extremes as to defeat the very purpose of the constitution itself. Taxes which were levied in war times, as war measures, and which were, as such, willingly submitted to by the people, are proposed as permanent systems of revenue in time of peace. It is readily to be seen that, carried to an abnormal extent, this could be used as a means of communizing the state, of confiscating private property, of destroying, so far as its essence is concerned, one of the chief elements of liberty—namely, the security of private property. This menaces as much—more, in fact—the humble citizen, striving to attain some measure of competence for himself and family, as the larger property holders.

But far beyond this is the insistent note of revolution. A more distinct view of the movement can be had by putting it in the perspective of the great progressive, but constitutional, achievements of recent years which have, to a large extent, overthrown the boss system in politics and in government; and by manhood suffrage, woman suffrage, the secret ballot, the primary election for the nomination of party candidates, the initiative, the referendum, the breaking down of autocracy in the House of Representatives—put into the hands of the people agencies by which they, at least, have the power and the opportunity to absolutely control, by the ballot, the character and conduct of their govern-

ment. But the condition still remains that that government, however much it may be under control of the people, is subject to the limitations of the Constitution. These limitations were placed there primarily to throw around the citizen, even the humblest, the protection of the whole power of government, if need be, in his inalienable individual, personal, rights and privileges. The founders and framers of the government had been through a revolution brought about by the exercise of the arbitrary and unjust power of government; so they were determined to restrict and limit the powers of the government which they set up in this new land. They, in the first place, defined specifically its power in a written constitution, and they established, upon a secure basis, respectable and independent judicial tribunals for the determination of any questions arising as to a departure from the terms of the Constitution by any branch of the government. They limited the tenure of office of members of the House of Representatives to two years, establishing thereby a practical recall in the Constitution itself, by means of which the people would keep a constant check and control upon this branch of the legislature. They divided the legislative powers into two Houses so that one would be a censor of the other—requiring, even in the necessary processes of the enactment of laws, more thorough, complete and repeated analysis and examination. Not satisfied with this limitation, and balance, and curb upon the powers of government, they established the veto in the President, as a further guard against abuse, and as an assurance that, before a law should become a rule over the people, the most careful and considerate sanction should be given it.

In the "after the war" radicalism, and the rather weak panderings to paternalism so characteristic of many elements in our political life, there is apparently a belief that too much power and too unlimited control cannot be given to the government. This argument seems to proceed upon the theory that, as the people control the government, the

more power it has the better. This is the argument of tyros, of course. It was all gone through with by the great statesmen who were graduated in the school of experience and learned in the history of other governments and ages, who, with much labor, and, some think, with the genius of inspiration, framed our system. The obvious fallacy in this line of argument is that those who would put into the hands of the government absolute and complete control over, and even ownership and direction of, the private activities and industries of the people, would open the way—as has been shown in the great object lesson of Russia—to the dictatorship of any individual, or small group, or organization, or combination, which may, by corruption or shrewdness, or fraud, or perhaps by force, secure control.

All of these are practical, stirring issues. In the administration which preceded that of President Harding, much encouragement was given, not only to internationalism, but to domestic radicalism. The first was effectually stopped by the people and by the Republican administration chosen in the last election. But the movement towards world centralization of governmental power is not dead; and it behooves the Republican party to remain vigilant that the program is not revived. The second is giving evidences of widespread and increased activity. It is the issue of constitutionalism against arbitrary and unscrupulous power.

The mission of the Republican party is the defense of the Constitution and the maintenance of the fundamental principles of free government. Other and more temporary problems are, of course, important, and will be handled with varying degrees of efficiency by whatever party may be in power, subject to the inevitable variation of the personal element entering into any administration. But immeasurably more important is the duty of the Republican party to check the growing movement looking towards the crippling, if not the complete destruction, of the Constitution itself.

IS THE MERIT SYSTEM PASSING?

By CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF

WHAT of the Merit System? Is it really in jeopardy? Are we on the road back to the spoils system? Is it so inefficient that it is a handicap and a hindrance to a proper administration of public affairs? Is it really a nuisance? "Everybody knocks the Government Service," the National Federation of Federal Employees tells us, and the Republican editors tell us the same thing when the Democrats are in power, and now the Democratic editors are telling the same story.

A Western Congressman has voiced a curious complaint apropos of the recent parade in Washington for Woodrow Wilson. He avowed himself amazed to observe that half the parade was made up of Government employees. So amazed and indignant, in fact, was he that he hurried to the White House to see the President about it. "I told the President," he is reported to have said, "that I did not believe we could reasonably expect bureaus and boards that were made up of friends of the last Administration to carry on the work in their departments with any great desire of reflecting credit on this Administration. I urged the plan of appointing postmasters be changed so that Congressmen might recommend candidates, with the arrangement that every candidate should pass the efficiency test. The President," he dolefully commented, "did not seem much impressed."

While addressing the House Committee on Appropriations late last March, Attorney-General Daugherty declared that "it is probably a gratuitous suggestion, but I believe the Civil Service is an interference, to some extent, in the discharge of public business. I suppose I have been

voting, in party platforms and local elections, for the Civil Service proposition for a great many years. About one-half the employees in the Department of Justice are under Civil Service. While I am Attorney-General, and while the Civil Service law is in the statutes, I will enforce it and observe it, as I expect to enforce and observe all laws: I believe, if it were not for the Civil Service, we could get along with less than two-thirds of the number of employees under Civil Service, and probably get twice as much work out of them."

"I do not speak for the Administration, but I am going to give you the benefit of my observation and judgment, about which I have no doubt. I am thoroughly convinced that the Civil Service is a hindrance to the Government. I would rather take the recommendations of a political committee, either Democratic or Republican, a self-respecting committee, for the appointment of a man or woman, than to be compelled to go through the requirements of the Civil Service to secure an employee."

To assert that one would prefer the endorsement of a political committee to a name from an eligible list selected after careful examination by a body of trained experts is to disclose a perverted view of the purposes of government. Government exists for the good of the country, not to furnish rewards for political services. To emphasize the difficulties of removals is to display a lack of knowledge of the plain wording of the law—a rather amazing lack of knowledge on the part of the chief law officer of the Government. The law provides that no person in the classified civil service of the United States shall be removed therefrom except for such cause "as will promote the efficiency of said service and for reasons given in writing."

Certainly there is nothing onerous about that method. Briefly put, it is to the effect there must be a reason and that reason must be communicated to the person removed. Could anything be simpler. Ah, but the spoilsman replies, "It would be so much easier if that provision were not upon

the statute books." Would it be? Those who make that assertion forget the past or overlook present experience in those places where the Merit System does not prevail. In one of his stirring annual addresses as President of the National Civil Service Reform League, Richard Henry Dana discussed the question, "Does the Merit System Destroy Discipline?" saying "that constant complaint is nowadays heard that the security of tenure of the civil service law begets dullness, sloth, routine and bureaucratic habits."

"But what," he asks, "about the spoils system? The security of tenure, as long as the party that made the appointments was in power, was ever greater than it is or ever has been under the civil service system, and a party often remained in power in a city, state or nation for decades at a time. During these long reigns it was impossible to get rid of henchmen of party magnates. Let us take a few examples: The late Silas D. Burt, head of a large branch of the United States Customs House in New York discharged one such henchman for repeated intoxication. He refused, at the risk of losing his own office, to reinstate him, but the Senator of that great state induced the Secretary of the Treasury to reappoint over Colonel Burt's head this worthless man."

The head of a Washington bureau complained that he was forced to keep a number of drunkards on his payrolls to satisfy the Congressmen on whose favor the appropriations for his department depended and that he set apart a room in which these men slept off their intoxication, but, try as he would, he could not get rid of them.

Another, an historical instance related by Mr. Dana, was that of the 525 supernumeraries in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving in Washington, for whom, in order to keep them out of the way of the regular workers, bunks were provided, in which they spent the larger part of their time in sleep. Mr. Graves, the head of that bureau, struggled in vain to get rid of these useless persons through his nomi-

nal power of discharge. In the end Mr. Graves managed to call public attention to the abuse, secured a senatorial investigation, and finally that bureau was put under the merit system, and the abuse ceased.

Has Attorney General Daugherty any experience under the present civil service law to match those experiences?

In its call for a conference in Washington in April the Civil Service Reform League referred to this statement of the Attorney General and to those of certain of the members of the President's Cabinet who are openly opposing the platform of their party in voicing their opposition to the civil service law. Secretary of Labor, John J. Davis said that there should be "less of the classified service." Postmaster General Work has expressed a desire to have presidential postmasterships removed from the jurisdiction of the civil service commission, made subject to a mere departmental examination and therefore subject to his control. Mr. John H. Bartlett, who for a short time was Civil Service Commissioner, appointed by President Harding, and who is now First Assistant Postmaster General, has made a public statement distributed as part of the Post Office Department's publicity, advocating a restriction of the merit system to the lower places of the service only; thus excluding those places promotions to which are the great incentive to efficiency among countless employees of the Government. With the appointment of Mr. Elmer Dover as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury the injection of politics into the Customs and Internal Revenue services has already had a disastrous effect.

There is no doubt that these several statements coming as they do at the same period of time and in conjunction with the removals in the Bureau of Engraving have disturbed Washington and alarmed the country. The action of the President in this connection is thus dispassionately described by the League: "Misled as we believe by interested political advisors, President Harding on March 31, removed the Director and thirty employes of the Bureau of Engraving

and Printing from their positions without assigning any reason or giving any notice to the persons dismissed as required by Section 6 of the Act of August 24, 1912. The President gave to the newly appointed Director of the Bureau, Mr. Louis Hill, the power to appoint the subordinates, a power which had been vested by Congress in the Secretary of the Treasury to be exercised in accordance with the civil service law. We do not in the least attribute to the President an intention not to observe the law. Doubtless its provisions were overlooked, but many of the men discharged do not know to this day the reason why they were removed from positions in which many of them had served long and faithfully."

These events may be, as the League points out, the beginnings of widespread political changes "which call for an earnest protest from those who believe in the competitive system. If they are allowed to continue, that system will be undermined and uprooted, and we shall return to the deplorable spoils methods of the past, an illustration exists even today in the service of the enforcement of prohibition where the appointments are still political. This breach of the service is so honeycombed with corruption that it is known that hundreds of thousands of dollars of graft have been taken by those engaged in it, some of whom are under indictment."

In all fairness we must not overlook the fact that the Democrats during their term of power showed no special friendliness for the competitive system. They created endless offices but failed to place them under the protection of the Pendleton Act, a failure which the then Chief Executive took no steps to prevent.

To revert to the questions asked at the beginning of this article: Is the competitive system really a nuisance? The answer depends on the point of view. If one is an administrator wholly concerned with producing results of value and service to the country, interested in proper functioning of his office, by and large, the competitive system is a help

rather than a hindrance. Occasionally it may protect an inefficient man, but not if the administrator is courageous and willing to exercise his power of removal. One great trouble in the employment of large numbers of people whether in private or public work is the human element: The disinclination to do the unpleasant thing; the dislike to entail trouble or sorrow upon the individual and the always present dependents. The difficulties incident to this phase of the problem may be said to be fairly constant in public and private employment and under the merit or the spoils system.

As for lack of ambition, the lack of interest in the individual members of the public with whom the officeholder comes in contact, Mr. Daugherty is, as the *Philadelphia Ledger* points out, forty years behind the times when he uses that argument. The officeholder outside the civil service rules, appointed at the behest of his ward leader for political services rendered and to be rendered, has no more interest in his job than has his fellow who passed an examination. Nor is he likely to render any more efficient aid to his chief, for his fealty is not to that chief, but to the machine leader who got him the job and whom the chief usually dares not buck. If he is called down for coming to work an hour late and doing no work thereafter, he reports the insult to his leader and the chief hears about it.

Moreover as *The Ledger* acutely points out the trouble is inherent, not in either the spoils or merit system, but in the nature of Government employment. As between the two, the merit system offers advantages which the spoils system does not. Under either, the bureau chief meets with certain irritations and harrassments, though their nature may differ. The public certainly gets more courtesy and better-intentioned treatment from even a lazy employee under the civil service rules than it does from a swaggering ward-heeler with only four years to hold a fat job and no responsibility to anybody but his own boss in ward, city or State. However that may be, it is regrettable, as *The Ledger* says, that the Attorney General of the United States could not find some

newer arguments. His were current when Benjamin Harris Brewster held the office he now fills.

As to the efficiency of the service there is a considerable difference of opinion. The employees themselves believe that it is inefficient. They ask, "Is it any wonder that the Government can't hire qualified people to do its work; that the best workers are leaving by thousands; that the Government has a turnover that would wreck a private business?"

And then they ask "Don't you think it's time that Uncle Sam had ONE employment policy instead of forty; that salaries fixed under President Buchanan were revamped; that the whole system should be overhauled?"

If one's reply is in the affirmative, if one believes that the system is inefficient and wasteful, that there are ten or twelve rates of pay for the same work; that there is no future for workers appointed on merit; that trained scientists get day laborer wages, then they are urged "to boost for classification." The pending legislation designed to improve conditions provides for reclassification of the entire U. S. Civil Service; a salary scale which fixes pay by the skill and training required for the work, with a minimum rate of \$1,080 a year; appointments and promotions on proved qualification, determined and regulated by the United States Civil Service Commission; removal of inefficient employees in accordance with standards of efficiency controlled by the Civil Service Commission; opportunity for advancement of pay within a grade, according to efficiency; equal compensation and equal opportunity for promotion irrespective of sex; a uniform efficiency rating system to be established by the Civil Service Commission, with records accessible to employees and provision for appeal to the Civil Service Commission; transfers between departments at higher rates of pay; administration of the salary provisions by the budget-making bureau, which can keep the classifications up to date.

There is a national federation of Federal Employees making for these ends, as is the Chamber of Commerce of

the United States, a most significant and a most encouraging fact. By the way, the president of this federation has pointed out that "If it is true," as Attorney General Daugherty says, "that he could do twice as much work with two-thirds the number of employees now in the Department of Justice if they were political appointees instead of Civil Service appointees, why does he not dismiss these employees whom he considers inefficient. There is nothing in the Civil Service law to prevent. * * *. Business methods in Government means capable administration and capable administration means the elimination of idlers if there are such."

And now as to the first question propounded: Is the merit system in jeopardy, are we on the road back to the spoils system? For one I cannot believe so. As the Montana Congressman is reported to have dolefully concluded "The President did not seem much impressed." The President's general indifference to the clamor of patronage seekers may infuriate the petitioners but the principle of civil service is too firmly approved by the mass of the people to cause anything but admiration for a man in the White House who declines to be impressed by such pleas.

The outbreak over the removals in the Engraving Bureau shows how the people, not the politicians feel; and the latter in the long run do not defy their constituents. Moreover, the President has let it be known that it was not in any sense his intention to break down civil service regulations, but rather to improve the efficiency of governmental machinery under those regulations. He has also let it be known that there is no intention at present of changing the method of selecting the postmasters under the Presidential appointment. The system under which the present administration is working, that is, of taking one of the three highest under a competitive examination, is regarded by the White House as giving, on the whole, fairly good satisfaction, that is so far as the public is concerned.

President Harding has many admirable postmastership

appointments to his credit. Edward M. Morgan in New York has been nearly a half century of experience in the service. Likewise Colonel George E. Kemp, the new Postmaster at Philadelphia, who except for his service in the Army has been in the postal service all his adult lifetime, George W. Gosser was picked as Postmaster at Pittsburgh from the ranks and from the classified service to fill this important postmastership. He was appointed Assistant Postmaster at Pittsburgh, September 1, 1906, and served in that capacity until October 1, 1916, when he was made superintendent of the East Liberty station, the largest postal station in Pittsburgh.

These are important facts to bear in mind in considering the Administration's attitude. As the New York *Evening Post* has pertinently pointed out every recent President has strengthened the merit system and almost every one has also weakened it in spots. President Wilson declined to interfere with Mr. Bryan's deliberate passing around of consular posts to deserving Democrats." On the whole, however, every recent President has left fewer offices open to plunder than he found. In the words of this editor "If this advance has been made by 'covering' into the classified service partisan appointments made by the same President, this only shows the difficulty of taking politics out of politics." And right here is where we come upon a serious difficulty. The constant pressure of those who want office upon those who have other duties to perform and who are seldom backed up by a counter pressure. Public sentiment is unquestionably favorable to the competitive system; that is, every time there is a showdown; but it fails to exert itself as persistently as the demand for political recognition and so we have the periodical recessions, in the tide of one of which we now seem to be caught. Thus far, however, each recession seems to be smaller and less powerful than its predecessor and of shorter duration. Friends of the competitive system do wisely to call attention to the danger of such acts as the recent removals in the Bureau of Engraving

ing, but we must go a step further and that is to inaugurate a widespread campaign of education as to the significance, danger and inefficiency of the spoils system. It has been so long since there was unrestricted spoils that the present generation forgets, if it ever knew, how unAmerican and subversive of sound government it is.

HOPE

By EDWIN CURRAN

God will not quit the world because of war,
Nor beauty forget to grow the morning rose.
Life is not thru the building of the earth;
Life will not stop, for life the greater grows.

Now day is hammered blue out of the night;
The world is wrapped in flowers of its dead.
Think not that war was the end of the world,
For there are finer, brighter things ahead.

The earth is too strong to be killed with strife;
A sphere, fire-born, that faced the centuries
Will keep on still, thru centuries to come—
And nothing can shake down *that* one great peace.

Men have fought wars before, who thought earth lost,
Who termed the nations withered, blind with lust;
They cried, all hope and beauty had been killed.
We have forgotten them. Their names are dust.

There is a sure intention in the world,
A steady aim that goes on thru the lands.
We must remember that; for we are those
That ages hand to others, with their hands.

We cannot stay the great inevitable.
There will be peace—tho come a thousand wars.
The march is steady, sure, and cannot pause;
As earth goes grinding on among the stars.

THE FARMER AND THE SALES TAX

By CHARLES E. LORD

IN arguing recently before a tax committee, a gentleman claiming to represent the farmers spoke with more oratory than sound judgment in favor of the present method of taxation because "it made the rich man squirm," a back-handed argument that it did not matter if a farmer was hurt if only some other man was apparently hurt more. If you tread on my toes, it is all right, providing you break some other man's leg.

Now, as to the first, if the rich man is an idle rich man, he squirms into tax-exempt securities and ceases his squirming; and, as to the second, it is not necessary to break any man's leg in order to carry our load of after-war taxes; in fact, if you break legs, then those so injured are less able to do their part in the whole general scheme of things which makes for national prosperity.

The following day another man, this time one identified with financial interests, argued against a sales tax that it "favored the farmers above all others and created in the farmers of the country a privileged class."

These statements are contradictory. Either one man or the other was reasoning falsely. A commodity sales tax could not injure the farmer and at the same time give him an advantage over others.

All recognize that such a tax will, to a moderate extent, favor the farmer above any other citizen in that a farmer is more self-contained. In many instances, he produces a large part of what he and his family consume, which, as it does not pass through the channel of trade, would bear no sales tax. This, however, is only an extension of a natural advantage which he has always enjoyed. On such food as he

grows and consumes, on the fodder for his stock and, to an extent, on fuel, he now and always has been free from the profits of dealers and storekeepers. That is one of the compensations offsetting some of the hardship of a farmer's work—a compensation to which he is entitled because of his valuable function in feeding the world—and the slight additional advantage accruing to him under a sales tax should not be objected to.

It would seem, however, as though he should become an earnest worker for such a tax when the subject is once laid before him in definite shape. That, apparently, is one of the things which has not yet been done and which he is entitled to have done so that he may understandingly play his part for or against a proposal which is now the subject of so much discussion.

Our farmers from their experience with present profit taxes have learned that such taxes have increased the cost of everything they buy. They are now learning that they are also depressing the price of everything they sell. The cost of what they buy is increased because the natural law governing the operation of such taxes is that they be added to and passed along to the ultimate consumer.

This is because taxes now rest on profits of active business. If profits are small, prices are low, and the government receives no revenue. If profits are large, prices are high, and the government gets its share. It can't work any other way. If the government receives a large revenue under such taxation, you and I must pay it in the form of high prices for what we purchase. When prices get so high that we have to stop buying, then comes a reaction such as we are experiencing.

Present taxes depress the price at which the farmer sells because they impair his market. That phase of their operation is now becoming noticeable. A system of taxation which prevents the accumulation of capital or savings for investment in productive enterprises shuts off the stream which creates prosperity for all, and leads to industrial

stagnation and increasing unemployment. As millions become out of work, the farmer's market suffers, and it is his best market, that created by industrial activity in our own country.

The present method of taxation is an imported thing—a theorist's dream and the people's nightmare. It is espoused by a small group of economists, their experience drawn from books, and not from life, who are trying to persuade themselves, and us, that it is possible to tax a small section of the people in such a way that the body of the people will not feel it. The result shows that it cannot be done—less now than ever before, since modern conditions have rendered us so mutually dependent and necessary to each other.

This system is also beloved of demagogues because it lends itself to disguised taxation. Such men care not that the burden grows heaviest in proportion as it reaches the poorer man so long as it is a disguised burden. Their attitude is described by a U. S. Senator who has written of our tax laws:

"The law is an abomination as it stands, and is a conspicuous illustration of the legislative product of a Congress charged with the duty of raising enormous revenue, on the one hand, and painfully apprehensive of an aroused public displeasure which will find expression at the polls. We, therefore, so camouflage our legislation as to make it appear on the face of things that only those possessed of enormous wealth and large incomes are unduly burdened.

"The people, long subject to indirect taxation through our tariff laws, seem perfectly willing to accept without question any scheme of taxation, however oppressive to them in ultimate results, which, on the face of things, seems to be otherwise."

We can safely rely on all past human experience to teach us that taxes tend in the end to rest against consumption and be paid by the consumer; that if they are applied in disguised or discriminatory form they tend to be added to and profited upon at the expense of the consumer, while if they are applied in an open, definite and general form they do not lend themselves to such additions and rest lightly.

It is the old conflict between daylight and darkness—the daylight which bravely faces a measure of small recognized

consumption taxation, and the darkness which covers up a gross hidden tax on consumption. No amount of oratory or self-delusion can alter facts.

What we have now is well known; the evil effects oppress each of us, and even so the government revenue is drying up. We are experiencing soap-bubble taxation after the bubble has burst, and grave professors propose to blow new bubbles of a different color; and we are supposed to forget our unsold wheat or cotton or goods while we watch these expanding bubbles and console ourselves with the belief that we have strapped something to some other man's back which looks large even if it proves to be a shadow.

Are we children to be amused with soap-bubbles? Would we rather bear heavy taxes disguised than light taxes openly applied?

It is safe to assume that the American people are tired of deception, tired of creators of class consciousness—the class hatreds that have wrecked former democracies and would wreck ours were we not so interwoven, so fluid, so free from real class distinctions. We are all willing to pull together in old-fashioned American double harness to draw our load, providing we know definitely what that load is and that it is fairly and openly adjusted.

Let us see how it is adjusted now in so far as it affects the farmer?

An example has already been given of how the present taxation operates to increase unduly the price of everything the farmer buys—farm implements, clothing, groceries, or whatever it may be, all coming to him bearing a tax load plus a profit load. The thought that the rich man is paying the tax must be dismissed, for if he is a very rich man, living off investments, he buys tax-exempt securities and escapes taxation; and if only a moderately rich man in active business he either figures his taxes into his prices and so recovers them from the consumer, or, if unable to do that, has no taxable profit and the government secures little revenue

from him. The farmer today, like the rest of us, eventually pays the taxes so levied in what he buys.

The farmer in addition is under the same obligation as every other citizen to make an income tax return and pay an income tax and possibly surtaxes if his income is large enough to be subject to them. And, as already pointed out, he now suffers in his market and in the price received for his products because taxes which tend to lessen industrial activity must impair the purchasing power of his customers.

He now also pays sales taxes—heavy, badly applied ones—on more than fifty articles, many of which are necessary to him, such as automobiles, musical instruments, sporting goods, firearms, soda water, movie tickets, etc., to mention a few, with a proposal now under consideration to increase the list and to include possibly such articles as tea, coffee, sugar, gasoline, etc., all at a high percentage as 5 or 10 per cent or more.

So we have income taxation that lets the idle rich escape and fastens on income earned by work or risk or skill and is, therefore, passed on to the consumer in higher prices; have sales taxes at high rates on special articles; and have the system so applied that we are always in debt for back taxes, are short of active capital and are experiencing a general setback.

Suppose, however, we scrapped much of the present method and applied common sense and practical knowledge to the drafting of a new revenue law. Let us have income taxation in a simpler, more just form which will cause it to rest where it is intended to fall, together with an open, small, low rate consumption tax applied to commodity sales, and see how the farmer's load would be adjusted under such taxation.

Under such a plan, a farmer would pay a small, known, fixed sales tax in the price of goods purchased, not the unknown, hidden tax and profit load he now pays; and would pay it on his purchases of goods only, not on his rent, his doctor's bills, his transportation, the food he raises or

what he produces. He would not pay special, heavy taxes in the price of his automobile, his musical instrument, etc., as at present. He would still pay an income tax, if his income was above the exemption, but at a low rate not difficult to compute. There his federal taxation would stop.

If he farmed in a small way, selling a little produce or milk or eggs, he would not even be obliged to collect a tax on his sales, as all sales up to a certain amount a year would be exempt, it not being worth while to the government to administer a tax against the sales of thousands of small traders.

If he produced and sold on a larger scale, then, and then only, would he be required to collect the sales tax the same as any other producer or trader. He would sell his wheat or cotton or livestock, or whatever it might be, at the market price, the bid price, as at present, and add to the total the tax of 1 per cent and collect it from the miller or factor or dealer to whom he sells. It would have nothing to do with his profit, nothing to do with the price obtained and would pass along, "running with the goods." He would be the collector, not the payer, of the tax; and the amounts so collected he would enter up in a book or on a form, and once a month or once a quarter (as the law might be) make payment or send a check to the Collector of Internal Revenue at his local district.

It is undeniable that his burden would be very much less than at present, that he will escape many vexations which now affect him and that restored industrial activity should improve his markets.

It can be accomplished with a few words, will require no difficult definitions and be understandable. Let there be "levied upon each and every business involving the sale of any commodities or merchandise produced, manufactured or purchased for sale, a tax equal to 1 per cent of the gross sales of such business, and that the tax be collectible monthly from the vendor, who shall be compelled under penalty to keep a true record of his sales."

Such a measure carrying with it an exemption of all sales up to a certain fixed amount (as \$1,800.00 or more per annum) freeing entirely such occupations as street peddling or vending, petty traders, small farmers and all those whose annual sales do not total that sum, would be easy and inexpensive to administer and collect.

Such a sales tax should be applied in connection with:

A uniform tax at moderate rates on individual incomes;

A uniform tax at a flat, not excessive, rate on the net income of corporations;

Certain excise taxes of tried revenue producing results (as tobacco taxes);

Customs duties properly adjusted.

To those familiar with governmental figures, such a program of taxation promises sufficient revenue for a sound economical administration of the government, including interest and some reduction of floating indebtedness, and would replace the present excess profits tax on corporations (which is now loaded into prices) the heavy surtaxes on individual incomes (which, when not loaded into prices, escape through buying tax exempt securities), many present obnoxious sales taxes at high rates on special articles and most of the additions to the excise taxes since 1917.

The key, therefore, to the abatement of present tax evils and inequalities, to the removal of the shackles on industry and progress, to simplification of administration and the ending of interminable borrowing, seems to lie, and to lie only, in the application of a gross sales tax of 1 per cent on commodities all along the line.

Does it seem good to so practical a man as the farmer to have millions of the money collected in taxes paid out again to auditors and accountants to disentangle and examine needlessly complicated reports? Does it seem good to him to have his government revenue based on fluctuating business profits which shrink out of sight when not loaded into prices? Does it seem good to him to have his government always borrowing ahead, spending the tax money before it

gets it or before it even knows what it will amount to? Does he approve of having sales taxes (and we have them now on over fifty articles) applied at high rates against certain things, as automobiles, musical instruments or soda-water, or, as proposed, tea, coffee, etc., instead of at a low rate, as 1 per cent on sales generally?

The answer is not hard to forecast, and need not be feared by timorous legislators. This country is what it has been made by the farmer, the laborer, the business man and the server and worker in any useful capacity. The farmer today is in touch with the world and the times. He sees China, a country rich in natural resources with plenty of farmers and plenty of laborers, in economic slavery, often large sections starving for lack of administration and transportation, for lack of the merchant, the developer, the distributor, and has had the experience in his own affairs that an injury to one industrial group reacts unfavorably upon all. We are no longer to be diverted from our own burden by the camouflage of "tax the other fellow," who immediately passes the tax on to the next man and so on round the circle until we each get it in aggravated form or else the clock stops.

It has been stated in Congress that the tax load in recent prices was about 23 per cent; *i. e.*, the pyramiding of the tax on profits as it passes through different hands has meant that the final consumer paid 23 per cent more on the average for articles bought than would otherwise have been the case. A low rate tax on gross sales will also grow as it passes along, and in considering it we should know what percentage it will finally represent.

Calculations carefully made covering food, clothing, fuel and other necessities show that it rarely reaches as much as 3 per cent altogether, so we would have a pretty definite 3 per cent in place of (not added to) the present 23 per cent load. The best way to illustrate this is to take something in general use, say an article of clothing such as a typical yarn-dyed 32-inch cotton tissue retailing at 45 cents. The following table shows the result:

	<i>Value</i>	<i>Tax</i>
Cotton 1-5/16 in. (1-2/3 lbs.)		
Sale by grower to factor at 31c.....	\$0.51	\$0.0051
Cotton 1-5/16 in. (1-2/3 lbs.)		
Sale by factor to spinner at 33c.....	.55	.0055
Yarn (1 lb.)		
Sale by spinner to weaver at 95c.....	.95	.0095
Dyes and Supplies other than yarn.....	.20	.0020
Cloth (10 yards)		
Sale by weaver to jobber at 26c.....	2.60	.0260
Cloth (10 yards)		
Sale by jobber to retailer at 31c.....	3.10	.0310
Cloth (10 yards)		
Sale by retailer to consumer at 45c.....	4.50	.0450
		<hr/> \$0.1241

From this table we learn that although the cotton passed through seven hands in the course of its manufacture into cloth and distribution, and paid a sales tax each time, yet the total tax represented but 12 4-10 cents on \$4.50 worth of cotton cloth, or, as stated, less than 3 per cent. The question is, can we bear to know that such a tax is included in the price we pay for what we buy or would we prefer to continue to have something like 23 per cent taken from us in a disguised form?

The word "sales-tax" is being used by its opponents as a bug-a-boo to create the impression that some new form of load is to be put on the people, while as a matter of fact a 1 per cent tax on sales of commodities will decrease, not increase, the burden the consumer now bears. A portion of our taxes have to rest against consumption in any event, and every revenue estimate looks to obtaining from a billion to a billion and a half annually directly out of consumption. Present sales taxes we have galore. How deceptive to argue that a billion raised by 5 or 10 per cent taxes on sales of automobiles, candy or Thermos bottles or, as proposed, tea, coffee and gasoline and other special articles will not hit all of us just as hard as the same billion raised by a 1 per cent tax on sales of commodities generally.

A similar amount has to come out of consumption in either event. If it is at a small rate, definite and uniform, we will know what it is and the government will get it all.

If it is disguised and at a high rate, it will be loaded to us and we will pay more, of which the government will get only a part.

We do not want to minimize the law of supply and demand. Our farmers are now suffering severe losses and have a very clear understanding of some of the reasons for them. Perhaps they have not as clearly recognized how much our present system of taxation has contributed to these losses. The purpose of this paper is to start them thinking about it. We are dry goods merchants and have no personal axe to grind. We are not directly affected by the present sales-taxes on certain articles or interested in fighting the battles of those who are.

What we are interested in is general prosperity, which helps us as it helps every legitimate enterprise. That is why we have given some of our time to securing publicity to this whole matter. We believe that the nation which first adjusts its after-war tax load so that it will fit in with its normal activities, instead of making its normal activities fit tax interference, will secure the greatest amount of prosperity to its people, regardless of classes.

THE CHOICE

By FLORENCE KATHARINE JOHNSON

Life has not given to me my great desire
I have not reached the pinnacle of fame
To which in youth I did aspire—
I have not heard the world's acclaim.

And yet, could I turn back the many pages,
Attain one thing most greatly prized,
My choice would be the same through all the ages!
To see life's gift in your contented eyes.

THE TRANSPLANTED JEW

(A Study in the Problem of Jewish Orientation)

By DAVID GOLDBERG

THOSE who are concerned with the problem of Americanization ought to bear in mind that the Jewish newcomer is possessed of a mentality that is vastly more complex than that of the average non-Jewish immigrant; that he cannot, therefore, be thrown into the common scrap-heap of newcomers generally and be subjected to the commonplace course of "Americanization." He is *pogrom*-shocked, so to speak, and must be singled out for special treatment. To begin with, there is this fundamental difference between Gentile and Jewish immigrants: the Gentile belongs to the economically driven category, for his primary motive to migrate is to seek bread. If, therefore, upon settling in the United States of America, his hopes for a livelihood better than the one he has been able to eke out for himself in the country of his nativity are consummated, there is nothing that should prevent his complete orientation. He only needs acclimatization and education; but when these two factors are supplied him, by time and the Americanization agencies, he is fairly reconciled to his new environment.

On the other hand, the requirements of the Jewish newcomer are not quite that simple and elemental. The Jew does not come to the United States merely to seek bread. He comes for that, of course, but also to free himself from the disabilities under which he has been smarting in the countries of the *Diaspora*. And since he is not primarily an economically driven element, the consummation of economic dreams *in itself* is not sufficient to reconcile him to the new world. Being a fugitive from a hostile environment which robbed him of his peace of mind, he needs to

be assured that the land of his choice and ideal is in fact the Land of the Free, and that the inalienable rights of man solemnly proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence will not be revoked to bar him. No one stands in need of that assurance but the Jewish newcomer, whose experience in his own native land, we might say, whose *historic* experience has so shattered his tranquility of mind as to make him supersensitive, suspicious and difficult at orientation. The pathetic proneness of the Jew to tremble before the sound of a falling leaf and sense hostility everywhere represents an acquisition of milleniums; likewise, his *idea-fix* that the Gentile is not capable of according him decent treatment is an idea that has been fixed on him by the Gentile himself, through centuries of cruel treatment. Therefore, to wear off an *idea-fix* born out of centuries of ill-will, we must apply the antidote of generations of good-will. Only history can wear off an historic grievance; in other words, *only the assurance of a better future can eradicate the misfortunes of a past.*

The transplanted Jew states his case with convincing clarity, for he draws his logic from his personal and historic experience with the Gentile. He has two major premises, as it were, from which his argument proceeds, leading logically to one and the same conclusion. He postulates, in the first place, that the Gentile, by his very nature, is not capable of according the Jew brotherly and neighborly treatment, and he postulates, in the second place, that it is in the very nature of the Jew to *invite* persecution from the Gentile. Therefore, the Jew has no permanent future in the United States any more than the Jew has a permanent future anywhere in *the Diaspora*. The philosophy embodied in this syllogism is, of course, the philosophy of despair which points out to but one solution, namely, the solution offered by the Political Zionists and—strange though the grouping might appear—the anti-Semites. But neither the Political Zionists nor the anti-Semites have any suggestions to make to the agencies of Americanization, as both of them,

from different angles and motives, of course, are bent on ignoring the one indisputable reality, namely, that the preponderance of the Jewish people must forever remain among the Gentiles, because the rehabilitation of Palestine in a hundred years will not offset even a perceptible percentage of the natural increase of fifteen millions of Jews in the *Diaspora* lands—that it might not even offset the natural increase of the native Gentile population already there, if these will be strengthened, as it might actually happen, by an influx of other Mohammedan and Christian Gentiles from abroad. It remains, therefore, for the forces of Americanization, both from within and without American Jewry, to convince the transplanted Jew that his reasoning is based on false premises, that despite his personal and historic experience, it is neither true that the Gentile *must* persecute the Jew nor that the Jew *must be* persecuted. This must be done both for the sake of the Gentile and the Jew. For if the theory of the inherent wrongness in the contact of Jew and Gentile—a theory which is promulgated, strange to say, by both anti-Semite and Political Zionist—if this theory should gain currency and become the starting point for the solution of the so-called Jewish problem, it could only lead to fatal catastrophies, but to no solution. It would sanction, impliedly, Jewish persecution; it would still further enhance the Jewish sense of martyrdom, which sense would re-enforce him for endurance and suffering; it would, in a word, perpetuate the vicious circle of the past, *but it would not right the wrongness of contact*. There is no single country that is free of Gentiles where all Jews could go, and there is no single territory where, if all Jews would go there, that could be permanently kept free of Gentiles. The “wrongness of contact” theory, which has been adduced from an unfortunate relationship between Jew and Gentile in the past, must be refuted by the establishment of a new relationship between the two. *The contact itself must be accepted as inevitable, and its wrongness must be righted*. The Jewish problem then becomes simply a problem of

Jewish orientation among the Gentiles. Any other Jewish problem is not THE problem, but merely A problem.

It cannot be gainsaid that the burden of proof that the Gentile is capable of a better feeling toward the Jew than he commonly displays lies on the Gentile himself. Since he it was who deprived the Jew of a tranquil past, it devolves upon him to offer assurance that history will not repeat itself in this country. The Jew cannot draw that assurance from himself, because, being everywhere in a hopeless minority, it is natural that he should reckon carefully with the temper of the majority and with the environment created at its will. Outside of the strenuous efforts he exerts to preserve the religion of his fathers, the Jew fully amalgamates with his Gentile co-citizens in making the history of the country of his adoption. In America there are no Jewish civics or Jewish politics, and never will be. Without divesting himself of his spiritual heritage, the Jew is partner to the Gentile in making the history of the country of his adoption. *But if the inviolability of that heritage is assailed by the majority, his old historic wounds reopen.* His tranquility of mind is thereby destroyed, and the task of orientation becomes difficult, and the fulfillment of it muchly thwarted.

It follows that the program of naturalization offered the immigrant Jew by the forces without must be emphatically a lay or secular program. A "Christian Americanization" of any sort is wholly subversive of the purpose, by reason of the experiences of the Jew with similar advances at his soul. He cannot justly be blamed for resenting the implication that the Christian is the only citizen *par excellence*. Consciously or instinctively, he is against any attempt to qualify American citizenship by religious affiliation. His understanding of liberty of conscience is the understanding of the framers of our Constitution themselves, possibly by reason of their kinship of experience. One's religion is one's private concern, but not the concern of the State. If, therefore, upon arriving to the country of the Free, the Jew is

given to understand that American citizenship, which is of the State, is being qualified by Christianity, which is of the religion of the Christians, he reacts as the shell-shocked soldier reacts toward the sound of the cannon. His old wounds for which he had come to find balm are violently reopened. Has he not been told successively, in Spain, in Russia, and in Poland, that only Roman Catholics and Greek Catholics could be good citizens? Today, a preponderance of Protestant Christians insist that only Protestants could be good American citizens. Truly, history repeats itself, and with the same disastrous results. Thus, the Jewish newcomer who carries alarm in his soul is thrown back on his nativity. The word is passed: "Rejoice not, O Israel, as the Gentiles do! It ill behooves an Israelite to laugh a mouthfull. Among the Gentiles the position of the Jew is essentially that of the exile!" In this way the Jewish newcomer arrives once more at his philosophy of despair, which precludes his spiritual orientation.

But if it is the duty of the Gentile to disabuse the mind of the Jewish newcomer as to his designs on him, it is no less the duty of the Jew himself, of the forces within American Jewry, to disabuse the other *idea-fix* of the Jew, namely, that there is something in the very make-up of the Jew that invites persecution from the Gentile. By that I mean that some special effort ought to be made to refute the Jewish argument in favor of the theory of the inherent wrongness of contact between Jew and Gentile. And by the forces within I mean not alone the official agencies of Americanization within Jewry, but also and primarily, those who have a hand in the shaping and building of the particular Jewish mentality—the rabbis, teachers and preachers in Israel. For it is clear that, even should the Gentile take the particular psychology of the transplanted Jew into consideration and approach him no longer on subjects on which his historic experience has made him hypersensitive, but as long as the Jew will continue dwelling on his misfortunes in the past, near and remote, with the Gentile responsible

for them, the task of effecting a right contact between the two must remain hopeless. In fact, much of the wrongness of contact between the Jew and the Gentile lies in this very thing, in the propensity of the Jew to weep and cry and lament, and to emphasize, directly or indirectly, the guilt of the Gentile. If, instead of melting the hearts of the people, so to speak, with tales of woe, the teachers and preachers in Israel would take it upon themselves, as a very serious duty, to inculcate upon the Jew the sense of objectivity, which he so utterly lacks, so that he might speak of the persecution of his brethren elsewhere and at other times, *without impliedly holding the Gentile generally, the American Gentile specifically, as in any way related to the perpetrators of the persecutions*, Jew and Gentile, in the course of a few generations, might be linked together in confidence as well as in understanding.

For the transplanted Jew is too intensely subjective, which hinders his orientation even there where orientation is possible. He takes his history not at all historically, but rather personally, as if the matters related there would concern his own body. While it is true that the history of the Jew thus far has been most unfortunate, yet there are sufficient dark pages in the history of any ancient people to warrant the institution of Memorial Days. Figuratively speaking, every people has had, in the course of its history, one or more of its temples destroyed and sufficient bodies of its citizenry carried away, that is to say, destruction of shrine and exile. But what people is there today that would observe a Ninth Day of Ab in the fashion and manner Jews have been observing that day during the last nineteen centuries? What Roman and Greek of today, for instance, would on the anniversary of the departure of the glory from Rome and Bysantyne fast, walk bare-footed, and shed actual tears, as if the thing had happened only yesterday? Moreover, should a stranger, not a Jew, chance to enter a Synagogue on the Day of Atonement, which is not at all a day of lamentations, but only of prayer and reconciliation, it would

occur to him that nothing short of a calamity has NOW befallen the worshippers, that is, when judged by actual weeping and sighing that takes place there. It would seem as if the Jew can lighten the burdens of his heart through crying only. It would seem as if he had incorporated the very rehearsing of past grievances into his heritage, and having incorporated that into his heritage, into his religion, it has become part and parcel of his Jewishness. This indeed is the psychology of the distorted and the mutilated. It is the psychology of one of Zangwill's ghetto heroines who does not mind telling the world that she is afflicted with two unlike legs, one a thin one and one a thick one. . . . Again, because he has sublimated the misfortune of suffering into an essential part of his Jewishness, it naturally becomes his duty to have his posterity share, if only mentally, in that "heritage." The Hebrew school, the platform, and even the pulpit keep the Jewish heart melted and the Jewish tear flowing. Into the liturgy of the Holy Days, for instance, are drafted numberless tales of past woes, not by reason of the relevancy of those tales to the liturgy of the day, but only as a convenient opportunity to rehearse one's self on the tragedy of persecution. Even the celebration of the minor feasts, commemorating the Providential escape of the Jew from intended misery is calculated more to emphasize the intended misery than the actual escape therefrom. And it is no exaggeration to say, generally, that a successful Jewish pulpiteer is he who knows to utilize the special propensity of the Jewish masses to feel themselves aggrieved and orates skilfully, in and out of season, on some such episode in the history of the Jew as, for instance, the Spanish Inquisition.

In a very real sense, Jew and Gentile are suffering for the sins of their fathers. There is too much *inuendo* in the attitude of the one toward the other, too much of searching of faults. To the Jew "Gentile" is as much a generalization as "Jew" is to the Gentile. The habit of the Gentile to hold all Jews generally responsible for the overt acts of a particular Jew is as bad as the habit of the Jew to hold

Gentiles generally accountable for the overt acts of a particular Gentile. It is precisely what makes the contact wrong—this fallacy of judging the general from the particular. *Not the contact, but only the fallacy is inherently wrong.* Both sides, therefore, must learn to judge one another on merits, not on generalizations. The Gentile must acknowledge his historic responsibility for the particular ailment of the Jew and treat him with a view to restoring his peace of mind; at the same time, the Jew, from within, must recognize the nature and origin of his particular ailment and seek cure there where it can be found—in *orientation*.

MOON-STUFF

By RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

As it is second nature, almost first,
For Gloucestermen to think in terms of cod
And dipsomaniacs in those of thirst,
Bankers in terms of dollars; parsons, God;
As motion picture workers trade two eyes
For one, the camera's; and he who roves
Turns Argus; liars, truth-blind through their lies;
And mobs depend on mass-sight, being droves;
As for each creature, there's an element
To which by habit he has fallen or grown;
To which, thriving or failing, he has lent
His mind and vision till it seems his own:
So I, a dreamer, judge myself unseeing,
Unthinking—moon-stuff. Dreaming is not being.

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AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE

THIS has been a cruel and perplexing month. Many of our most satisfying illusions have been rudely dissipated and our confidence in our sense of fairness has been shaken. First came a letter and an appeal to give up Columbus, declaring heatedly, though in a whispered style, that the whole Columbus business was a Popish plot, that the great citizen of Genoa did not discover America but stole the credit from a Protestant Norseman who came over three hundred years before Columbus and who was a pioneer, apparently, not only in this regard but in being a Protestant several hundred years before there was a Protestant movement.

It was cruel, we say, to take Columbus from us, especially with the revelation that that once regarded patient soul was a deceitful, double-crossing Papist schemer who made the voyage in 1492 not only to throw dust in our eyes but to assist in the election of a few Catholic Congressmen.

But the next blow, in the form of a long printed circular, was even more staggering, for its open and declared aim was to take away our own "Star Spangled Banner." Surely, we exclaimed, as we gathered the import of this new onslaught, our national song was written by no Papist, no Fenian hand had anything to do with this great old song, long hammered by the musical critics—but then, thank God, we don't use musical critics to make wars or to build up governments. This song, declare the opponents, has the tune used in an old Anacreontic drinking song, which may be a reason for giving it up and it may not, for if they could sing it when drunk in the 18th Century, we ought to be able to sing when sober in this very sober Twentieth Century or quit talking about our musical progress. But that apparently is only one of many objections, another apparently being, though it isn't directly stated, that the Irish have been singing this song! That's it, those Irish, there's no way of stopping them—they are always singing or shooting one another—or something, although the shooting part was supposed to be one of the qualities we admired in our own early American ancestors, especially one who went

out on the Western Reserve and earned quite a reputation by his ability to get the drop on Indians, wild men, buffaloes, etc.

The "Star-Spangled Banner," we are told, is a song that is distasteful to England, is a kind of hymn of hate and should be suppressed in the interest of international comity.

It is a curious mood, this, for if the same attitude of mind were to prevail in every nation there would be few national hymns and little national spirit. At first blush, one sees in this spread of what Roosevelt called "sickly internationalism," but the persistent opponents to our national song are not so much the internationalists as those who think they are doing a service in the promotion of Anglo-Saxon solidarity. Someone has said, "England suffers in America not so much from the efforts of Englishmen, as from the attempt of anglo-maniacs to re-write our history."

By way of explaining our understanding of the damage done by intolerance, let us explain that the father of the writer of this article was a member of the "Know-Nothing Party," which was the original movement in this country against the foreigner, and what bitterness exists today among the small group who find themselves driven into anti-Irish angles is a mere survival of the intense feeling of those days and the hatred of those who were not born in this country.

But even he, a member of the "Know-Nothing Party," as it was called in that day,—and, of course, let it be understood that the "Know-Nothing" was against, particularly, the Irish at that time, for they were the one class of immigrants who were increasing to the alarm of the native-born,—but even he, a Massachusetts-born man, lived to say to the writer of this article that there was no more un-American movement in this country than the "Know-Nothing Party," and that the future of this country depended on the broad, tolerant spirit of hospitality with which those who claimed to be loyal Americans would meet those who came to the country from other lands.

The survival of the "Know-Nothing" movement today is due almost entirely to a growing anglo-maniac attitude on the part of a small band of our "best" citizenry. Distinguished gentlemen and cultured and delightful women are people who do not understand that praise of England, at the expense of America, will never increase the friendship of this country for the British people, and the movement to do away with our national

song because it offends a few people in England will only cause irritation among the great body of Americans who feel that this is a time when we should hold strongly to our national traditions.

* * * * *

Secretary Hughes has shown unusual patience in his replies to those who would assume to criticize his attitude in foreign affairs—especially his treatment of communications from the League of Nations, at a time when everyone should be upholding the man who is directing our foreign policy—directing it as ably as it ever has been in the past one hundred years.

The correspondence does little credit to the gentlemen who are pestering the Secretary when they are revealed as seeking self-advertising at the expense of his time and his patience. No one can accuse Charles Evans Hughes of being inconsistent or illogical, and while he has had probably the most difficult task that has confronted a Secretary of State in the last thirty years, he has daily added to American prestige and is writing for his country, and incidentally for himself, a chapter that no American will ever be ashamed of.

* * * * *

It was rather unfortunate that the Republican State Committee should refer to Governor Nathan L. Miller of New York as the "leading statesman of the day," for such a provocation from such a source would mean unquestionably that the Republican Convention of 1924 would find some misguided enthusiast to propose Governor Miller as the standard bearer of the party. The incident shows the lack of party discipline and lack of ideas. President Harding is having great problems at the present time and New York State should be the last state to even covetly suggest that he is to be displaced, and displaced by one who ought to be, on the party record, a firm upholder.

If the elections should result in a Democratic House of Representatives there would undoubtedly be those who will offer themselves as candidates for Republican leadership, but the last place from which we might have expected such opposition to the President was in New York State, especially in the Republican State Committee.

DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

*WOMAN AS MAN MISUNDERSTANDS**



"Guide Book to Women," by James James, is not a guide book to women at all. If it is a guide to anything it is to the inanities of the author. Seldom has so much absolute dribble been gathered together in one volume, and to wade through it is made the more painful from the fact that the author is obsessed with the idea that he is a past master of epigram. It is pleasant to reflect that the author's idea of woman is not the general idea. He states that "woman is the eternal Bolshevik, the silken, sleek, untameable tiger roaming through the jungles of civilization, waving her sinuous tail invitingly in the air and purring sweetly, 'Chase me'!" "She is the disturber of the world's peace, and we can't do without her. And, as regards her own sex, she is the unblushing blackleg."

The above quotation will serve to show the type of mind of the author. So far as I can gather, the only fact stated is that woman does the most of the dirty work of the world, meaning that to her the disagreeable tasks in life fall, such as cooking, mending, cleaning, and the tidying up for mankind. However, the author states that "it may be said that woman gets the dirty work of the world because that is all, as a labor saving device, she is fitted for."

The chapters of the book take in some advice for women only. Woman—her dress; woman—her work; woman—her types; woman—her brain (and the author says that woman's brain has made her the supreme chatterer) and, of course, reiterates the old gag that a woman has no sense of humor. To him this appears a good thing because he is sure that even a rudimentary sense of humor in a wife leads straight to the divorce court.

Woman—her life; woman—her job; woman—her soul, complete the category of the book.

As to woman's soul, the author sums it up thinking it is exactly like her sole which is smaller than man's, and of a different shape. It is not so wide in the tread, and it is much more pointed. It is much thinner than a man's and consequently it wears out much sooner. And it never really keeps out the wet, and says, at the end of his analysis of this soft

*"Guide Book to Women," by James James. E. P. Dutton Company. Digitized by Google

and complicated and yet simple being, he finds that her soul and her meaning escapes us—as it escapes herself! and thankfully and reverently and passionately we write her little epitaph, "You little Devil!"

—HELEN VARICK BOSWELL.

THE TROUBLES OF EUROPE*

THE author of "The Greek Commonwealth," a brilliant, scholarly work, in this briefer volume diagnoses interestingly, sometimes even dramatically, and usually convincingly, the war-sickness and the convalescence of Europe.

In Part I, *The Upheaval*, he analyzes the revolutionary changes effected by the war in the world of politics, economics, and ideals. Graphically he pictures "the weakness and disorganization of the political state of Europe at the Armistice," contrasted "with the perfected system of inter-Allied economic organization," through which the "Allied statesmen held the greater part of the shipping, the raw materials, the foodstuffs and the credit power of the world, either jointly or individually, in their grasp." Pre-war society which "had made money its god and had elevated its conception of the indispensables to happiness to the motor-car standard" was shocked out of "a lingering malaise and restlessness" as the war swept the old order and "its gods and sanctions into the abyss of the past."

Sharply critical of the Press, the University, and especially the Church, the author declares that all sadly failed humanity in the great testing-time. "The war has often been described as proof of the impotence of the Christian Churches. It would be truer to say that modern life as a whole is a demonstration that neither the world nor the churches have even attempted to be Christian."

Part II, *The Settlement*, is the most valuable portion of the book. Mr. Zimmern's position in the British Foreign Office during the latter months of the war and during the peace-making gives to his analysis of the Treaty

*"Europe in Convalescence," by Alfred Zimmern. Putnam, 1922, 237 pp. 

terms unusual authority and vividness. His description of the three chief figures at the Paris Conference is almost startling in its suggestiveness. Deploring that the armistice, which was a concession to the military pride of Ludendorff, rather than a surrender, ended hostilities, the author shows quite clearly that what Europe needed in November, 1918, above all things, was formal peace. This might have been achieved, even after the armistice, within a few weeks through a preliminary treaty. This procedure Colonel House urgently supported. Mr. Wilson, however, seemed unable to realize the tragic results of the continuation of the German blockade, which postponed the re-establishment of normal political relations between victors and vanquished during the critical months of 1919. To make matters worse, Mr. Wilson declared "for the abolition of war-time controls," thus destroying at one stroke the inter-Allied organizations whose operations, if transferred to the task of revictualling Central and Eastern Europe, might have reduced the period of post-war readjustment from more than four chaotic years to a few months of normal resumption of agriculture and commerce.

As a Britisher, the author deplores with almost passionate intensity, Lloyd George's unrestrained campaign pledges in the khaki election of 1919. As a result of this "betrayal" the British Premier, "in order to embody in the Treaty financial demands which he knew would be contested, and rightly contested, by the President as contrary to the Pre-Armistice Agreement, was constantly forced to throw wider considerations to the winds; and to avoid the employment of British and Dominion troops, now in rapid process of demobilization on ships which should have been used for the restocking of Europe, he was obliged to dally and temporize with difficulties which, with the British army still in being, he might easily have prevented from ever arising at all."

Mr. Zimmern cannot understand why France "determined to associate her self with a view of the German liabilities which, by including items of pure war-costs, inevitably put her own just claims for reparation in the shade and by nearly trebling the total bill made it increasingly difficult to begin extracting payment from Germany at all."

Mr. Zimmern has faith that "Europe, the mother continent, has not yet run her race or finished her achievement. Scarred and suffering, destitute, pauperized, and humiliated, she keeps both her pride and her ideals, and deep in her heart, too deep as yet for utterance in a language that others can understand, she bears the promise of a future which will cause men to reverence her, even in her adversity, not merely as the source and origin of civilization, but as its pioneer."

*A DIPLOMAT'S REVELATIONS**

IT is a generally accepted fact in most of the chancelleries of Europe, that a diplomat attached to a foreign country, has a habit of seeing affairs of state through the eyes of the country to which he is accredited, and in consequence it very often happens that his dispatches and statements are received at home with a certain credulousness, particularly when they do not happen to be agreeable to the Foreign Secretary of State.

In some instances there is much to be said on the side of the Foreign Secretary, but very often it is far more difficult for an Ambassador, or *Chargé d'Affaires*, far away from his base, knowing but little of the peculiar conditions at home, that so often change the course of politics from day to day, and conscious of the fact that his advice is being scorned and his dispatches, which often it has taken him hours to write and re-write, have been pigeonholed by an office boy and left to moulder in the dust.

To Baron Von Echardstein, Counsellor of the German Embassy, in London for over ten years of the most critical time in the history of German relations, such treatment on behalf of the authorities at home must have been positively heartrending.

Sent to London in 1896, he arrived at the Court of St. James at a time when an alliance between the two countries hung in the balance. It had always been the height of Bismark's crowning ambition to promote ties of friendship between the two countries, and he had worked long and hard to achieve his desire. England, too, was beginning to cast off the policy of isolation that she had pursued for so many years, and was looking around for an alliance in order to balance the power of Europe, and was not averse to casting friendly eyes to Berlin.

If such a destiny had been allowed to come about, how different might have been the history of the world during the last twenty years, and how many millions of good lives might have been spared, it is impossible to conjecture. But already the Military and Naval Party had obtained the ear and heart of the Kaiser, and any hopes of such an alliance were smashed at the very outset.

Into his receptive ears were whispered tales of colonial expansion, of a mighty Empire, of a world-wide trade if only England could be humbled and her fleet wiped off the face of the map.

To the diplomat in London, who perceived that Germany could gain

*"Ten Years at the Court of St. James," by Baron Von Echardstein. E. P. Dutton Company.

far more from England by friendship than by hostility, the growing power of the War Party at home must have appeared a positive menace. The harder he worked for peace and friendship between the two countries, the harder were dashed his plans upon the rocks, and bitter must have been his feelings as he sat and watched his country going slowly to her doom, while he was unable to do anything to prevent.

The thing that seems really extraordinary, after reading Baron Von Ehardstein's book, is that war did not break forth upon the world long before 1914. During the opening years of the twentieth century, in fact up to the time of his resignation from the Diplomatic Service in 1905, it would appear as if war might have broken out almost any day of the week, and it was only due to the good-will of King Edward VII and his ministers that the insults hurled upon them by those in power in Germany, were allowed to pass almost unnoticed.

The book is a most interesting account of an epoch in history on which little light has been shed. So much has been written recently about the immediate causes of the world war, that one almost forgets that there was a time when England and Germany could have been allies instead of two armed camps, getting ready for the inevitable day when the clash would come.

—RONALD TREE.

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The Forum

SEPTEMBER, 1922

REPUBLICAN PARTY PRINCIPLES—II

OUR FOREIGN POLICY

By HON. HENRY CABOT LODGE

PUBLIC attention quite naturally has been very generally absorbed by the coal strike and the railroad strike, which concern not only a great necessary of life but affect the entire movement and machinery of daily existence. For the time being they have pushed aside consideration of the political and economic questions which the voters of the country will be obliged to consider during the next three months. Those questions, however, are of very great moment and ought not to be forgotten or passed over. In the political field domestic questions like the revenue bill, the tariff, and the ship subsidy bill, so strongly urged by the administration, have been occupying the public attention and will undoubtedly continue to do so until the day of election, but it will be both a mistake and a misfortune if owing to the presence and the insistence of these domestic questions all that concerns our foreign policy is forgotten or overlooked. Not only is the general condition of business affected by that policy as a matter of course, but the financial and political situation of Europe and the future peace of the whole world are in some measure involved. Therefore it is well to bring

forward and insist upon the achievements of the present administration in the domain of international relations.

It would be difficult to find a year in the history of any administration, if we except those when the country was actually engaged in war, which in the wide region of international relations have surpassed in actual accomplishment the work of the present administration since the 4th of March, 1921. Within that period we have settled our differences with Colombia and secured from Colombia the recognition of the Republic of Panama; thus extinguishing a question which was always troublesome and which if other difficulties arose elsewhere might readily have become threatening.

We have also made a formal peace with Germany and with what remains of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Actually war had ceased with the armistice, but the technical state of war continued until these treaties were made, and a technical state of war is never a wholesome condition of international relations. The making of the formal peace, therefore, with the two countries with which we had been at war had a stabilizing effect on the general European situation and on the financial conditions of the world. These two treaties were in a high degree favorable in their terms to the United States. We not only made peace, but Germany and Austria both agreed to the payment of American claims against those two countries and that we should be at liberty to take advantage of any provision in the treaty of Versailles, which we thought advantageous to us, if we desired to do so.

Then came the Conference summoned by the President at Washington. Congress passed a resolution requesting the President to enter into negotiations with Great Britain and Japan in regard to the reduction of naval armaments, but the President very wisely extended the scope of the Conference to questions arising in the Far East. The Conference met on the 12th of November last. It was in session three months, made six treaties and passed a number

of resolutions chiefly for the benefit of China. The most important treaty was that known as the Four Power Treaty, between the United States, Great Britain, France and Japan. It related to the Pacific Islands, controlled by those four Powers. It provided that they should respect each other's rights in the islands and if controversies arose they should be the subject of conference and consideration before any action was taken. The last clause provided for what was the most important result of the treaty, the termination of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, when the Four-Power Treaty was ratified by all the signatories. This treaty is in no sense an alliance. It does not bind any Power to do more than discuss these questions, whether arising from controversies among themselves or from the interference of some outside Power. This is all the treaty says and all it intends; but as some suggestion was made that under Article II, referring to the interference of other Powers, it might be possible that we should find ourselves in some way morally bound, the Senate added a reservation, as follows:

"The United States understands that under the statement in the preamble or under the terms of this treaty there is no commitment to armed force, no alliance, no obligation to join in any defense."

In the opinion of the makers of the treaty the reservation was not necessary, because in their judgment that was the clear meaning of the treaty in any event and the signers did not believe it could be twisted into any other meaning. There can be no doubt that the termination of the Anglo-Japanese alliance was of the utmost importance to the future peace of the world. The Four-Power Treaty and the Supplementary Treaty, defining the islands included in its provisions, constituted two of the treaties made by the Conference. This was the most important part of the work of the Conference in its effects and made possible the subsequent agreement between the five Naval Powers, the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan, as to the reduction of naval armaments. Within the limits of a

necessarily brief review of the work of the Conference, it is impossible to go into the details of this very complicated treaty, but it is sufficient to say here that it reduced very largely the number of capital ships for each nation. It stopped any further building of capital ships except for replacement and limited the calibre of the guns to be used and the tonnage of the vessels. In this way not only are large reductions made and the burden of naval armaments greatly decreased, but naval competition is brought to an end. The naval treaty also contained an agreement not to fortify the islands of the Pacific, with certain enumerated exceptions.

In conjunction with the naval treaty was a treaty limiting the use of submarines and prohibiting their employment for the destruction of merchant vessels. All the nations present joined in the declaration that any commander of a submarine sinking a merchant vessel in disregard of the rules of international law, which were recited, should be held to be a pirate and subject to the consequent personal punishment awarded by all nations to the crime of piracy. In this treaty also was contained a clause inviting all nations to join in the prohibition of poisonous gases in war.

Two Chinese treaties completed the number of six which represented the total work of the Conference. One of these treaties arranged for a new tariff for China, calculated to give her a much larger revenue than she now is enabled to derive from that source, and the other was an agreement among the signatory powers to recognize China's political and territorial integrity, and was otherwise devoted to the maintenance of the open door and the prevention of special rights to be acquired by any of the signers. In addition the Conference passed several resolutions, as has already been said, which will be very beneficial to the liberation of China and the establishment there of a strong and generally recognized free government. By these resolutions foreign post offices in China were abolished, the abolition to take effect within a year; provision was

made for investigations which would lead to the extinguishment of the extraterritorial jurisdiction, and some other minor resolutions of less apparent importance, but all beneficial to the Chinese Republic, were adopted. The advance thus made in helping China to a stable government and thereby settling a number of outstanding and irritating questions was a service to the general peace of the world of very great moment. We have had no international agreement which has practically accomplished as much for the peace of the world as the work of the Conference which met at Washington, although it applies only to the Far East and to the Islands of the Pacific. These treaties have been ratified by China, Japan, Great Britain and the United States and only await the action of the other powers, which no doubt will soon be taken, for the exchange of ratifications.

There were also some important treaties, not made by the signatory powers of the Conference, but growing out of the Conference, which were quite as valuable as those which the members of the Conference signed themselves. One was the treaty between Japan and China, which was due to the good offices of the United States and Great Britain and by the terms of which Japan withdrew from Shantung and thus wiped out the unfortunate agreement in regard to that great province which appeared in the treaty of Versailles. Another treaty was that between the United States and Japan which settled the questions in regard to cables, growing out of the possession of the Island of Yap, and the Japanese mandate for the former German islands in the Pacific, north of the Equator. These two treaties, each having only two signatories, have been not only ratified, but ratifications have been exchanged. They are now in effect and the Japanese troops are being withdrawn from Shantung.

Since the conclusion of the Conference the representatives of Chile and Peru have met in Washington and through the good offices of the United States and the very

able diplomacy of Secretary Hughes, have reached an agreement which it is believed will put an end to that long-standing difference between these two important nations on the West Coast of South America. This has been comparatively little noticed perhaps in this country except by persons who closely follow our foreign relations, but there have been few negotiations affecting South America which have had a greater importance than this agreement which has just been completed between Chile and Peru.

It is also to be noted that this administration has provided for American representation on the commission which is to investigate and if possible bring to an end the hideous conditions created by the Turks in Northern Asia Minor. Wherever the Turks have power there are massacres and the destruction of populations seems certain to follow in their footsteps. There never has been a worse example than that now shown in Anatolia, Armenia, and the Northern part of Asia Minor. It is too early to predict how much will be accomplished by this commission, which represents Great Britain, France, Italy and the United States, but it is at least a beginning of serious efforts to endeavor to put an end to the outrages which give such a tragic and sinister significance to events on the southern shore of the Black Sea.

Under this administration also, very recently, the United States has recognized the Republics of Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania and Albania,—a real service to the settlement of some at least of the evils which beset Central Europe.

This is but a brief statement of what has been done by the present administration in the great field of international relations, but anyone who reviews it dispassionately will see that we shall look far, as has already been said, for any administration which during the same period has rendered such large and conspicuous service to the welfare of mankind and to the security of the world's peace.

LIVING WITHOUT THINKING

By GEORGE SANTAYANA

A LEARNED man is apt to overestimate the scope and importance of the subject in which he happens to be versed, but Professor Watson in his "Psychology from the standpoint of a Behaviorist" rises entirely above this prejudice. In fact, he runs to the opposite extreme and seems to reduce his subject to a modest minimum. Thinking, according to him, is simply "sub-vocal" speech, feeling is visceral effervescence, character is bodily habit, nothing goes on in any man not essentially observable by others, and psychology gathers only statistical laws of behavior, because there is nothing else in human life to discover.

Does Professor Watson, then, deny the existence of the human mind? It would seem so, if we take him at his word; yet, I hesitate to attribute that opinion to him and this for two reasons. One reason is verbal. He does not deny the existence of mind in his own sense of the word "mind," but only in the sense which everyone else gives to it. This is an old trick of reformers who are more conservative in their vocabulary than in their ideas. When they are on the point of discarding something that has a familiar or a hallowed name, they hasten to transfer that name (lest it should be missed in their works) to some other object in which they still believe. In this way, the words God, freedom and immortality may come to mean almost anything in the mouth of a philosopher. In the mouth of Spinoza for instance, one of the greatest and most honest of them) we may almost say that immortality meant mortal-

*"Psychology from the Standpoint of a Behaviorist," by John B. Watson, Professor of Psychology, The Johns Hopkins University, Philadelphia and London; J. B. Lippincott Company, 1919.

ity, freedom meant necessity, and God meant matter. This sort of equivocation is a consequence of the fact that modern philosophy is theology attenuated rather than science filled out. Of late years, the Pragmatists, instead of announcing boldly that there is no such thing as truth (which is what their doctrine amounts to) have maintained that truth is verification; and the New Realists, whose system excludes the existence of consciousness, have preferred to say that consciousness is that portion of the material world on which some animal is reacting. In strict logic, nothing can be anything else; but we all commonly say that a table is wood, or that sound is vibrations, meaning that such is the substance or the origin of these objects. Such slippery use of language is inevitable and involuntary but it becomes confusing when we try to reflect or venture to dogmatize.

If Professor Watson, without transferring the name of thought or of feeling to anything else, should be satisfied with asserting that their entire basis is found in bodily habit and that only this bodily habit can be perceived externally or can be caught in the net of science, I for one should heartily agree with him. Perhaps this is really all he claims; for he assumes that if mechanisms enough could be discovered running on while we think, his case would be proved. I believe that such sufficient mechanisms exist, and that they do all the work and even do the thinking, although they are not the thought. The larynx does the talking, the ear and brain receive the consequent vibrations; but I mean and hear what I am saying and therefore I am a mind as well as a body.

In the effort to remember or express my thoughts, or to imagine those of other people, I am consequently driven to indulge in quite another sort of psychology, very far from scientific. A picture of human experience rises before me (called up and carried no doubt by my verbal habits) a sort of autobiography of man or universal historical novel, composed and recomposed continually. It starts with scraps of reminiscence in which conversation abounds; it goes on

to find dramatic expressions for what various persons have felt, might feel or ought to feel; and it ends in formal history, theology, poetry, and fiction. Such literary psychology, in a warm sympathetic mind, may become very exact and very plausible; but there can never be any evidence that it literally reproduces anything that has ever existed before. The interest of it does not lie in its fidelity to actual facts, but in its inward humor and vitality. Who cares whether Cleopatra in Shakespeare utters the actual sentiments which that mummified queen of Egypt may have uttered when alive? The truth of literary psychology is graphic truth, like that of William James's descriptions of experience, or of Bergson's appeal to our fundamental sense of merely existing and lasting, in the midst of infinite vibrations and a universal flux. We applaud such expressions of experience when we feel that they hit off just what we might imagine ourselves feeling under the pictured circumstances. Of course, there is nothing scientific or final about them, and the next literary psychologist will naturally express things differently, though perhaps no less truly. Eloquence, reflection, pleasant conversation, and witty fiction can refine sentiment and fancy in all of us, as the fine arts can refine the senses. They kindle in us those high lights of thought which alone are communicable or worth communicating. Literary psychology, though not a science in method, constitutes our knowledge of the human mind and of the moral world. I should accordingly learn, if I could, my scientific psychology in Professor Watson's school, and accept the limits which he sets to it; but for my insight into what goes on in people's mind I should turn to my private experience, to the novelists, to the poets, and to the ladies.

The other reason why I should hesitate to affirm that Professor Watson denies the existence of the human mind goes much deeper and involves the whole confused heritage of modern philosophy. Although he disparages philosophizing and disregards the problems involved in his own doctrines, I am convinced that he could never have reached

these doctrines nor accepted them, if he had not tacitly assumed a general philosophy and one which, in my opinion, is false. This philosophy is that species of idealism or empiricism which teaches that experience is identical with its objects. Professor Watson is very wide awake and he makes no bones of assuming that the rest of us also see, hear, and feel as he does; otherwise he could not appeal to us to accept the evidence of scientific psychology proving that all we know of ourselves is the way we behave. We do, then, observe ourselves and others behaving; and this antecedent wakefulness or lucidity on our part, which surveys all things so grandly, is presupposed throughout. We must be minds, if we can come to the conclusion that we are only habits in matter.

Professor Watson, I should say, is implicitly an idealist; he fuses the light of thought and the actuality of experience with all the objects which he mentions and which he only *seems* to regard as existing materially. He does not need the human mind in his world because his world is already in the human mind: as at the theatre we need not be addressed by the actors or be admitted on the stage in order to know what is going on, because the whole play is addressed to us from the beginning, and is only a play. If it were real life, this clairvoyance on our part would be impossible: we should not dominate the scene, but should see it, at best, as the characters themselves might, each with his perspective and limitations. And then it would be indispensable that the actors should not be puppets but should have minds of their own: an invisible item which, so long as we were spectators on the other side of the footlights, did not concern us, and might be non-existent.

Apart from these technical questions I find Professor Watson's book impressive and almost ominous. In its style, illustrations, humor, and outlook it has a very strong American flavor. We catch glimpses of a breezy, active, healthy, sensible society. Everyone works, everyone helps, everyone typewrites. Indeed, the chief test of proficiency, and

of behaviorist psychology, seems to be how many words an hour, for how many hours, a person can typewrite without error. It is evident that what recommends this science especially is the use in organizing work and in getting as much work as possible out of everybody. A wonderful future seems to open before us, in which everybody will be wound up to do a great number of things, always the right things, all of them perfectly, and all of them on time. We can almost see Congress hypnotized by the "laryngeal activity" of some professor of behavior, and decreeing how many human animals shall be bred to cotton-picking habits, how many shall be turned out as living gramophones (popularly called singers) how many as sub-vocal talkers (popularly called thinkers), and when each shall be set to fall in love, and when to run down smoothly and die. For we learn that if only the right situation is arranged, such habits as may be wanted can be established at will; and there is no such thing as fatigue, only, efficiency temporarily reduced, and easily restored after short intervals of organized rest.

I foresee a behaviorist millennium; countless millions of walking automats, each armed with his radio, will cross and recross a universal telephone exchange, all jabbering as they have been trained to jabber, never interfering with one another, always smiling, with their glands all functioning perfectly (which *is* happiness) and all living to a sunny old age, when instead of vocal behavior before one another, or sub-vocal arithmetic at a desk, they will separately indulge in pedal behavior before a pianola, or will typewrite, at the vertiginous rate of life-long experts, pages and pages of short lines (which *are* poetry). Truly a wonderful exhibition, which for all I know might last forever. But alas! I was never brought up to behave, and when I *think* of that exhibition, my ill-regulated language-habit leads me sub-vocally to add these two syllables: what for?

THE SOVIET NEWSPAPERS

By LEO PASVOLSKY

BY some twist of luck I happen to be one of probably very few persons in the United States—in fact, in the whole world outside of Russia—who have the opportunity and the patience to read more or less regularly the Soviet press, *i.e.*, the newspapers published in Moscow, Petrograd, and other cities of Soviet Russia. Not only are these newspapers hard to get, but they are very difficult to read intelligently and, consequently, with interest, unless one has followed consistently all the intricacies and numberless ramifications of the communist experiment in Russia. Paper is too scarce and time is too precious in Soviet Russia to be wasted either on elaborate explanations or on sufficiently frequent summaries.

I have been reading these newspapers for the past three years. The Moscow newspapers are as familiar to me as is the *New York Times*, which I read religiously every morning, or the *New York Evening Post*, which I read—not quite so religiously—every evening. For this reason, perhaps, it is a matter of particular interest to me to watch the reactions of those of my friends and acquaintances who have a reading knowledge of the Russian language, when I show them these Soviet newspapers for the first time.

Every person who had never before seen a Soviet newspaper invariably experiences a shock of astonishment, a sort of a puzzled feeling, which is succeeded by veritable bewilderment, upon reading through a few numbers. No matter what their feelings toward the Soviet régime and toward communism in general happen to be, all those with whom I have attempted this experiment inevitably show signs of complete amazement.

I can readily understand their feelings, when I recall my own early experiences with the Soviet newspapers. The first time I obtained a really thorough look at these newspapers was in Paris at the time of the Peace Conference. The borders of Soviet Russia were then tightly closed, and very few copies of the papers found their way outside. Quite by accident I stumbled into several bundles of Petrograd and Moscow newspapers in the Russian Division of the American Commission to Negotiate Peace, and after obtaining permission to go through them, fell to the consumption of this hitherto unobtainable fruit.

As rapidly as the poor print and the then unfamiliar simplified spelling just introduced by the Bolsheviki would permit, I went through the files of those newspapers. After several hours of this, my head was in a complete whirl. Everything I had heard about conditions in Soviet Russia seemed weak and pale by comparison with what I had read in those newspapers, told by the Bolshevik leaders themselves for their own home consumption.

So eager was I to get the exact text of some of the things I had read in the newspapers, that I obtained permission to have certain articles and extracts copied. In my search for a Russian typist, the only person I could find was an emigré with decided leanings toward Bolshevism. None other was available, and with rather distinct misgivings I set him to work on the papers, anticipating the long and weary hours of comparisons to see that he had not done any "editing." But after a couple of days' work on the papers, my typist rushed over to me, thoroughly aroused and in a state of highest excitement. He was holding in his hand a copy of the Moscow *Izvestiya*, pointing to the items that I had marked for copying the day before.

"Just look at this," he said to me. "I had no idea it was like that. If only half of what they write here about themselves is true, then they are the greatest scoundrels——"

My poor typist could not continue coherently for the excitement that nearly overwhelmed him. I really had a

great deal of trouble in verifying the copy of that day's work, for my typist's nerves were in pretty ragged condition, and his funny-looking typewriter of some European make could not possibly correct the vagaries of his typing.

Since that time I have learnt to pick apart many of the tricks of propaganda of which the editors of the Soviet newspapers make a distinctive feature of their work. I have become used to expecting the most cynical of self-revelations and the rankest of "muckraking" as a regular part of the Soviet press. And it now almost amuses me to see a novice at the game, so incredulous when I describe these papers to him, react to them with as much violence as his temperament would permit.

II

There are three principal "national" dailies in Soviet Russia, besides a number of smaller publications. What is the general nature of these newspapers, their peculiar make-up, their distinguishing characteristics?

Of the three large dailies, all published in Moscow, each represents a very important phase of the régime for which they serve as the mirror. They are different in appearance, in tone, in degree of extremeness. One of them cannot be substituted for another, because there is very little duplication. They really supplement each other, and it is often difficult to read one without reading the others since they abound in cross-references back and forth and in most violent and involved discussions and altercations.

The largest and the most important of the three is *Pravda*, which means "the truth." It is the official organ of the Central Executive Committee of the Russian Communist Party, which is the real ruling group in Russia. In tone and in manner *Pravda* is the most violent and extreme of the three. It is usually printed on better paper, and oftener than the others has four pages, instead of the customary two. Its first page is taken up by signed articles, dealing with a variety of subjects and written mostly by active communist leaders. Following the articles, are the news of the

day, presented very briefly and covering really very little ground. It is oftener possible to learn of various occurrences from their discussions in articles, than from actual news reports.

The second in importance is *Izvestiya*, which, in the exact translation of its long and elaborate title, means "the bulletin of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee of Soviets." As its name thus indicates, the *Izvestiya* is the official organ of the Government, since the Committee of Soviets is nominally the highest governmental institution. It is more moderate in tone, much less violent than the *Pravda*, except for the highly excitable leading article by its editor, U. Steklov. It is much "drier," more official than the *Pravda*. It carries, in very small type, all the important official decrees.

The third is *Ekonomicheskaya Zhisn*, the Economic Life. Just as *Izvestiya* is the political organ of the Soviet Government, so *Ekonomicheskaya Zhisn* is its economic organ. Originally it was the official newspaper of the Supreme Council of National Economy and of the Commissariats of Finance, Trade Industry, and Supplies. In the course of 1921, however, when the work of these Commissariats and of all the other governmental institutions dealing with economic matters became co-ordinated under the general supervision of the Council of Labor and Defense, the *Ekonomicheskaya Zhisn* became the official organ of this Council. It is the most moderate in tone and the most serious in manner of the three principal Soviet dailies. It deals exclusively with economic matters, abounds in statistical reports, and is really the most important source of information there is regarding the life of the country.

There are also smaller newspapers in Moscow and in other cities, but, except that in their editorial talent and in technical equipment they are vastly inferior to the three "national" dailies, they conform quite close to the general composite type of the three.

It is not in the external appearance of these newspapers,

however, that lie their greatest peculiarities. The really important impression one gets, judging the papers externally, is that of shortage of paper, evidenced by the fact that there are usually but two pages to the daily edition and by the compactness of the print. Until very recently the newspapers carried no advertisements, save official notices. They were not for sale, but for selected distribution. The circulation of each was stated on the paper itself. *Pravda* still circulates to the extent of 300,000 copies; *Izvestiya*, 275,000; and *Ekonomicheskaya Zhizn*, 44,000.

The really peculiar interest of the Soviet newspapers lies in their content, in their manner of dealing with the problems of the domestic affairs and in their tone in the presentation of the general world situation.

III.

If you read the Soviet newspapers for any week, consecutively from day to day, you get the impression that everybody connected with the Soviet régime is either a thief, or a grafter, or something even worse. All the officials take bribes or engage in some sort of illicit operations in contravention of the laws of their own government. None of them is efficient or even conscientious. None of them seems to be at all careful of what he is doing. There is not the least co-operation among the various departments. Somebody is always accusing some department of inefficiency, or carelessness, or criminal negligence. Then somebody else comes back and defends the department that is being attacked. And this goes back and forth all the time, while almost every article either expresses or implies an utter amazement that, with things as they are, some inexplicable miracle still keeps the régime in power.

Reading these papers you sometimes forget yourself and begin to marvel at the freedom of the press that there is in Soviet Russia. Surely there is not a country on earth in which such attacks on governmental departments, institutions, and officials would be tolerated. In the freest of

countries men would be brought into libel courts or thrown into prisons for writing a hundredth part of what these Soviet newspapers publish. But after you have gone far enough in this growing admiration for the frankness and the apparent daring with which the Soviet newspapers denounce and attack their own government, you catch yourself:

"But good Lord! These are not opposition papers. These are the official organs of the very government that is being 'muckraked' in them. What they write, they write about *themselves*. The dirty linen they thus flagrantly display in public is their *own* linen."

And then you begin to wonder, not at the frankness and the daring of the Soviet publicists, but at their utter, unprecedented, almost inconceivable cynicism, at the sheer indecency of the thing, when you regard their writings either from the readers' or from the professionally journalistic viewpoint. And apart from this, it must be remembered that the men who write in these newspapers are all officials in the very government and the very institutions about which they write. Personally, when I envisage this aspect of the situation, I always think of how much preferable is the scoundrel who at least does not stand on the street corner and calmly relate to all those who care to listen to him just what sort of rascality he and the others who are working with him are doing at that particular time.

The opponents of the Soviet régime are often accused of maligning that much discussed régime. But can any critic or even maligner of the Soviet régime ever think out such a perfect piece of "muckraking" as, for example, an article in the Moscow *Pravda* of June 9, 1921, entitled, "The Secrets of the Soviet Industries," and written by U. Larin? The author of this article is a prominent member of the communist party, the former President of the Council of National Economy and now an important member of the Council. He begins his article by saying that if he were to tell all he knows about the state of affairs

obtaining in the bodies that have the management over the nationalized industries, from the point of view of inefficiency and criminal negligence, the books about the secrets of the Madrid court, which are so popular because of their scandalous content, would pale into insignificance. And then he calmly proceeds to tell some of the things he knows.

Here is another instance. The Moscow *Izvestiya* of October 28, 1921, in discussing the question of the apparently incorrigible looting of the government warehouses, explains that this is due to the fact that those who are put in charge of these warehouses, as guards and superintendents, are so poorly provided for by the government that they cannot exist on their allowance. Unless this is remedied, says the article, "the more honest among them will run away, while those who remain will steal or will take bribes for permitting larger sharks to loot the warehouses." Similarly, in discussing the very important question of the carrying out of the policy of leasing out industrial enterprises, recently introduced by the Soviets as their panacea for the breakdown of industrial production, *Ekonomicheskaya Zhishn* of October 18, 1921, describes the conditions of lease worked out for Moscow. These conditions are such, the official economic organ of the Soviet Government assures us, that the leases will be taken out either by fools or by those who are certain of cheating the Government in the matter of taxation.

It is said by the apologists for the Soviet régime—who must find some way of justifying the course that these official organs pursue—that this frankness is a sign of a sincere desire on the part of the régime to correct the abuses that have grown up. Yet I find that when I compare my notes on any particular abuse for any length of time, say for the past three years, the same complaints and the same accusations are merely repeated over and over again, without anything being apparently done about it. The thing seems to have become a sort of special forensic exercise,

which makes the official Soviet newspapers of today very much like the small faction organs of any revolutionary party during the imperial régime. Written by the same men, these small factional sheets have merely become expanded into great "national" organs. But their tone and spirit have remained the same. They still must breathe a spirit of uncompromising opposition, and they still cease to be interesting the moment they stop attacking and abusing everything under the sun.

There are other features in the official Soviet organs that make them essentially like the fire-breathing party organs of pre-revolution time. The first is their presentation of the general world situation, while the second is the relative importance they assign to fact and to theory, especially when the latter is a subject of heated discussions and polemics.

I have often wondered what the people in Russia, even the more intelligent among them, must feel about the general state of the world, being compelled as they are to learn about it only through the Soviet official press. I have caught myself on a number of occasions, when laying aside a batch of Soviet papers, feeling a little bit doubtful as to whether or not there is already social revolution in Western Europe and even in the United States. The reports in the Soviet press have so often been insistent on that. I have asked many Russian refugees about it, and one of the answers I received struck me as particularly interesting. A refugee was telling me that he had had several opportunities for leaving Russia, but passed them by, because, as he would say to himself each time, what is the use in fleeing from the social revolution in Russia when it is more apt than not to catch up with you no matter to what country you flee? So great is the hypnosis of the carefully edited propaganda sheets.

On the second point, I remember a number of the Moscow *Pravda* last summer, dividing its first page as follows: the first column devoted to the famine, the fearful

ravages of which had then just become apparent in all their horror; part of the second column, devoted to a frightful epidemic that was then ravaging many parts of the country; and the rest of the huge sheet devoted to the debates at the Congress of the Third International on the subject of whether or not a certain German communist leader, who had dared to oppose the Central Committee of his party, was a true communist or not.

IV.

As instruments of propaganda, calculated to hypnotize their readers into believing any impossible things they write, the Soviet newspapers are bound to remain veritable monuments of that sort of literature. As channels for the most amazing "muckraking" and of scarcely conceivable cynicism, they have also assured for themselves a more or less lasting fame—or infamy. But when we cast both of these aspects aside, there still remains another: the Soviet newspapers are today the most important sources of information about the communist experiment in Russia, and historically will have an even greater importance in this regard.

The apologists for the Soviet régime, again in order to defend some of the startling features of the Soviet press, claim that much of what they write in the way of adverse criticism is deliberately exaggerated for definite purposes. For instance, when the government wants special efforts to be put into the work of railroad repair, the newspapers publish all sorts of exaggerated stories about the catastrophic character of the state of transportation in Russia. Consequently, claim the apologists, nothing that is published in the Soviet newspapers as unfavorable to the régime should be taken as a true picture of the situation.

There is no doubt that there is some truth in this assertion. To distinguish between the true statement of facts, the deliberate exaggerations for effect, and the natural tendency of the Soviet publicists to criticise most violently

everything and everybody is not the easiest thing in the world. And yet it can be done and is being done by persons who are sufficiently interested in the Russian situation to give it the careful study and attention that its magnitude and ramifications warrant.

Here is an excellent illustration of this point.

The Moscow *Pravda* of October 19, 1921, gives an official report on the amount of foodstuffs gathered by the government for the period ending October 1, 1921, in comparison with the corresponding period of 1920. In 1920, under the system of requisitions, the government plan called for the delivery to the governmental food-gathering agencies of 416 million pounds of foodstuffs. The amount actually delivered was thirty-six and a half million pounds, or 8.8 per cent of the amount expected. In 1921, under the system of food tax, the government plan called for the delivery of 202 million pounds, and the actual deliveries amounted to a little over thirty million, or 15.2 per cent of the expected amount. Now, it is clear, of course, from the mere comparison of the two figures of actual deliveries, that the amount of food gathered by the government in 1921 was only five-sixths of the amount obtained in 1920, yet the report chooses to compare merely the two percentages and states:

"Therefore, the success in obtaining foodstuffs by means of the food tax is twice as great as by means of the requisitions."

This is a rather striking illustration, but it shows clearly the sort of scrutiny that makes it possible to cull out of the Soviet official press the most extensive body of data on the situation in Russia that can be obtained from any source. The explanation of the report concerning the success and the relative merits of the two systems of food gathering is obviously propaganda. But the two figures of actual deliveries, thirty-six million for 1920 and thirty million for 1921, are facts, which, incidentally, cannot be obtained any other way, except through these official organs, which serve

as the clearing houses for the official information of the governmental departments and institutions.

The "muckraking" and the cynicism of the Soviet official press usually disgust me. Its propaganda either amuses or exasperates me. Yet I read these papers with unflagging interest and attention, for they unfold to me, more clearly than anything else could have possibly done, the picture of the most tragic, yet fascinating, drama in the history of the world, which goes under the name of the Russian communist experiment.

A LADY SEATED

By ISIDORE SCHNEIDER

She makes a flower of her hair,
A knot of candid symmetry.

From the driven wavering of her hands
I know the blood scalds her fingertips
And that she is familiar with her breast.

Trees trample past her window
The wind yawns waiting for her doors
Even the daylight darkens like reproof
Solemnly withdrawing from the walls.

The tapering twilight dandles on her eyes
Her lips twang like drowsy birds
And one observes the rootlike slumber of her knees.

The ebbing smile is shallow on her cheeks
A spent diurnity quivers on her hands.
The cloud of her dress has subdued the glamour of her skin.

The drip of minutes perseveres;
She passes through time as through a rain
Maintaining still, her fastidious despair.

Untouched by the likely trivial of her thought
Perfection reaches the casual sculpture of her body.
To see her is an urge to find a death
To tamper with her breadth without the mutilation of awakening,
And subtly petrify her, giving back
To Pygmalion his squandered Galatea.

ENFORCING THE DRY LAW

By WAYNE B. WHEELER, LL.D.

THE negotiations now pending between the United States and certain foreign countries concerning prohibition enforcement raise the interesting question as to how far the United States is justified in calling upon other nations to co-operate in the enforcement of the laws of our country, and how far the representatives of the United States in foreign countries can properly lend their aid to this effort.

The direct and best method for securing effective co-operation from other countries would be through treaties. This would settle all controversies concerning the rights of these foreign vessels that are bringing beverage liquors into the United States.

The Supreme Court of the United States recently took an advanced step with reference to the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. Our treaties with England and former statutes specifically recognized the right of foreign nations to ship liquor through this country to other nations. It was claimed that these treaties safe-guarded such ships in spite of the Eighteenth Amendment. It was argued that the liquor in question was not to be sold or used in this country and that the shipment through the country was not importation, exportation or transportation as contemplated by the Eighteenth Amendment. The Supreme Court said in the case of *Grogan v. Walker*, May 15, 1922, U. S. Adv. Op. No. 15, Page 511:

"The Eighteenth Amendment meant a great revolution in the policy of this country, and * * * upset a good many things on as well as off the statute book. It did not confine itself in any meticulous way to the use of intoxicants in this country. * * * It is obvious that * * * the Amendment meant to stop the whole busi-

ness. They did not want intoxicating liquor in the United States and reasonably may have thought that if they let it in some of it was likely to stay."

This makes clear the right of the United States to deal with the liquor traffic as it desires within its jurisdiction.

When we go beyond the three-mile limit on the high seas, the authority of this nation is not so clearly defined. The recent controversy over the sale of liquor on American ships has brought this to the forefront. The former Justice Department ruled that American ships are within the jurisdiction of the United States even though on the high seas and the sale of liquor on such ships is prohibited. It is believed that Attorney General Daugherty will reach the same conclusion in the case pending before him. Much of our difficulty, however, arises from the fact that foreign ships outside the three-mile limit operate as rum-running vessels and furnish the bootleggers on the three-mile limit border with their supply. There are two remedies for this. The first one, suggested by the shipping interests, would prevent any ship from entering our harbors that sells beverage liquor on the high seas. This is considered by some a rather drastic remedy, but it would put American ships and foreign ships on the same basis from the standpoint of liquor sales.

The second is to extend the jurisdiction of this country beyond the three-mile limit. For the purpose of protecting the revenues of our country, we have since 1799 fixed the limit of our jurisdiction twelve miles from the shore. Other nations have extended the limit various distances. Norway in September, 1921, enacted a law extending the jurisdictional limit to ten miles to prevent the smuggling of liquor into Norway. The vote in the Odelsting on September 21, 1921, was 54 to 35. The bill passed the Lagthing on September 30th by a vote of 17 to 14.

These safeguards would be stronger, of course, if buttressed by treaty provisions. This does not mean, however, that the United States cannot remove many of the difficul-

ties of law enforcement without these treaty provisions. There are many reasonable and precedented lines of approach to prevent the illegal activities which are a menace to the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment.

The issuing of the passports is in the discretion of the Secretary of State under Rev. Statutes Section 4075. This power can be used in many ways to help enforce the Eighteenth Amendment. Mr. Baird, Secretary of State, in his General Instructions May 1, 1886 (Wharton's International Law Digest, Volume II, 469), held that passports would not be granted to persons engaged in violation of the laws of the United States. The Secretary of State has the right to refuse a passport to anyone whom he has reason to believe desires a passport to further an unlawful or improper purpose. (See rules governing the guiding and issuing of passports September 12, 1902.) (Also the ruling of Mr. Hill, Assistant Secretary of State, November 4, 1898.) The largest possible discretion is given the Secretary of State in the issuance of passports.

In 1879 passports were denied those who were planning to go abroad to proselyte for the Mormon Church. The Secretary of State sent circular instructions to all ministers abroad to request all proper assistance from the government to which they were assigned in suppressing the proselyting for the Mormon Church. It was held to be inconsistent to issue passports to persons who were undoubtedly Mormon emissaries even if they were American citizens. Inasmuch as polygamy was a crime in the United States, these regulations were promulgated in the strongest possible form to suppress any activity which would tend to break down the law of the land.

Further restrictions on the passports of those who are constantly going from this country to Bimini, the Bahamas, and other places used as a base for violating the laws of the United States would be a great help by bringing about the better enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment.

The obtaining of information with reference to the move-

ment of commodities in commerce is one peculiarly within the province of Consular agents. It would seem to be within the authority of the State Department to secure from our Consular and other representatives in nearby foreign countries information from customs officers showing ship clearances and especially those obtaining clearance papers for ports of the United States and information concerning the clearance of all ships transporting liquor.

It is recognized that it is highly important that matters of foreign relation be confined to the activities of the Department of State, but instructions to the representatives of the State Department to obtain this information and the designation of certain officials in that department to receive and co-operate with the Prohibition Department would greatly aid the officers of this branch of the government in their efforts to enforce the law. The Federal Prohibition Department could then check up and find out the purpose for which these liquors are brought here and keep clear surveillance of them.

Prohibition enforcement would be strengthened if diplomatic agents in foreign countries should be instructed to respond promptly to appeals for information concerning consignees of liquor exportations from the United States. In many instances these shipments are made from the United States into a foreign country and then re-shipped here for illegal purposes. The data concerning these consignees' occupations and information concerning their financial responsibility and their general reputation would be of service to the Department.

If the government could circularize all of our ministers abroad to request all proper assistance from the governments to which they were assigned to support the United States government in preventing proselyting for the Mormon Church, it seems appropriate that these same diplomatic agents could properly request co-operation from these governments in securing this information concerning the exportation and importation of liquors in that country.

The customs officers in many of these foreign countries are conspiring with rum-running ships in bringing liquor to the United States in violation of the law. In some instances two or more sets of clearance papers are issued; one will be to a port in the United States, and the other will be to some foreign country, which will carry the ship along our shores. If any investigation is made the clearance paper will be used which will serve best the purpose of the outlaw ship in evading the law.

Section 4309 of the Federal Statutes declares that "Every master of a vessel, belonging to citizens of the United States, shall, on his arrival at a foreign port, deposit his register, sea-letter, * * * with the consul, vice-consul, commercial agent * * * at such port," and that it shall be the duty of such consul, vice-consul or commercial agent to deliver to the officer of the vessel clearance papers if such officer has complied with the provisions of certain laws while in that port.

Doubtless the laws of other countries are similar to this. These double clearance papers or any scheme endorsed by the customs officers to make it easier to evade our laws is not justifiable. At least our own representatives in these countries could secure from the customs officers much of the information needed to prevent the continuance of this smuggling trade.

While foreign nations cannot be expected to enforce the laws of the United States yet it is proper to request that the agents of these governments shall not conspire with those who are violating the laws of our country. To this end it might be proper to request some instructions from foreign governments concerning a greater respect for the laws of this country when the ships of those foreign nations are within our jurisdiction.

All along the coast, foreign vessels infest the harbors and ply within the three-mile limit. When officers of the law attempt to enforce the law on these vessels, where there is a clear violation of the law, they meet with opposition on

the ground that the ship is foreign territory and these officers have no right to interfere with it. It is not justifiable for the owners of foreign ships to claim immunity from arrest under these circumstances and appeal to their diplomatic agents here to have their vessels released when caught in unlawful practices. There are precedents which would justify the State Department entering into diplomatic correspondence with the representatives of these nearby foreign countries, seeking to have their governments direct their efforts to prevent such practices.

The United States, as a nation, seeks to assist in the prevention of practices which would be detrimental to the welfare of neighboring foreign states. Congress, by Act of May 16, 1884, Ch. 52, 23 Stat. L. 22; provided for the punishment of persons within the United States counterfeiting the notes, bonds or securities of foreign governments. This was held by the Supreme Court to be a proper exercise of legislative power in the case of *U. S. v. Argona*, 120 U. S. 479, 30 L. Ed. 728. This country received representations from the Mexican government with reference to the existence of a counterfeiting establishment at St. Louis, alleged to be engaged in the manufacture of counterfeit Mexican money, to be exported into Mexico. The State Department instructed the District Attorney to co-operate in the suppression of the practice. (See the correspondence of Mr. Livingston, Secretary of State, to Mr. Slidell, United States Attorney, April 16, 1832, 25 M. S. Dom. Let. 75.) Upon another occasion the United States brought to the attention of the Belgian government the counterfeiting of certain stamps and coins of the United States; see the correspondence of Mr. Tree, Minister to Belgium, with Mr. Baird, Secretary of State, March 30, 1888, and May 11, 1888, For. Rel. 1888, I, 42, 43.

Counterfeit government blanks for the withdrawal of liquors have been printed and are being printed in foreign countries and used here by illicit vendors of liquor. These blank forms are such good imitations that it is difficult to

distinguish them from the genuine government blanks. There is no reason why other nations should not extend the same courtesy to the United States in this regard as we have already extended to them with reference to other counterfeit matters.

The foregoing are a few of the many things that are authorized to bring about a greater respect for law and its enforcement between the nations. No nation can afford to take a position that it will aid violations of the laws of other countries or stand idly by and see these laws violated by citizens of their own country. Disrespect for national law was one of the great causes of the recent World War.

All the nations of the world are facing the menace of lawlessness. A country that will condone lawlessness by its citizens when the lawless act is committed against the laws of another nation will find it more difficult to insist upon the enforcement of its own laws. Respect for law at home and abroad is essential to the progress of civilization.

PORTRAIT OF A LOVER

he was chivalrous,
he discovered pathos,
he lived on the moon, amid its wastes
in his good fur coat of despair;
his beloved grew kittenish,
her smile was traversed by a hint
of her carnivorous ancestry,
her eyes prowled through the menace of evening,
and she stroked his forehead;
he accepted the thin oasis of her perfume,
and they sat benignly fanning each other.

—By LOUIS GRUDIN.

THE WAR AGAINST TRADE UNIONS

By MATTHEW WOLL

TRADE unions are too much engrossed in the constructive extension of their own movement to give serious consideration to the anti-trade-union experiments of the anti-trade-union employers. Chambers of Commerce, "open shop" associations, "American plan" associations, shop committees, works councils and all other specimens of the company union species—these phenomena look much alike to the trade unions and are regarded as employer organizations and devices to hinder the vanguard of the American wage-earners from thoroughly organizing American industry on the basis of trade union collective bargaining and whatever employee representation in management may be necessary to protect the workers in their contribution of life and skill to industry.

Shop committees as at present constituted are specifically an institution brought into operation by the anti-trade-union employers for the definite purpose of speciously granting employees certain superficial forms of labor organization with none of the outstanding advantages of bona fide trade unions. They are operated, as their originators designed them to be operated, by the employers, for the employers.

During the depression shop committees have worked just the same as every other instrumentality of the employers' anti-trade-union schemes worked and will ever work—in the interests of the employers and against the interests of the workers. The reason for this is fundamental. It could not be otherwise. For the shop committee system is fathered by those employers and employers' associations who are undertaking to maintain industrial autocracy rather

than recognize the necessity for the underlying principles of industrial democracy which animate the present day trade union movement.

The trade unions seek substantial control over all those industrial conditions which directly or indirectly affect the workers' lives. Collective bargaining through voluntary negotiated agreements has long since passed the experimental stage and is recognized by the thinking public and the more democratic minded employers as the best means for the protection of the workers as well as for the larger welfare of the owners of industry. Through their freely elected officials, responsible only to the worker constituents who choose them, the trade unions are the only instrumentality with which the workers meet the employers on at least an approach to that equality which is necessary for equitable bargaining. The anti-trade-union employers are opposed to trade unions in general and collective bargaining in particular. But due to the persistence of trade union agitation and education, and the economic impetus incident to the war of 1914, these ideas spread among the workers until they became the normal demand. These fundamentals of trade unionism were also given a more definite status by the National War Labor Board, which declared as fundamental the right of the workers to organize and held that collective bargaining is the surest method to secure maximum output and a minimum of industrial unrest. The Board also established shop committees, voluntarily administered by the workers, to adjust purely shop disputes, with the provision for appeal to the Board, none of whose economic security depended upon the appellants, thus assuring at least the probability of impartiality. The trade unions co-operated with the War Labor Board in the development of this democratic form of shop committees.

It is evident that the collective-bargaining and shop-committee policy of the War Labor Board encroached upon the autocratic control of industry hitherto imposed by the employers. With the end of the war and the dissolution of

the War Labor Board employers attempted to re-establish their autocratic control of industry, outlawed during the war as contrary to the public interest. They did not abolish the shop committees. They retained the form established by the War Labor Board, changed the name to "works councils," limited the right of representation to those within the plants, and usually provided that the board of directors, or a group dominated by the management, should be the appeal body. In so far as collective bargaining was admitted in principle it was seriously limited by managerial dictation. In short, the shop committees initiated by the War Labor Board and approved by the trade unions for the protection of the workers were turned by the employers into spurious shop committees having the form of workers' organizations but in fact being employer-controlled for the benefit of the owners of industry.

We have unquestioned confirmation of this statement. The National Industrial Conference Board is the official mouthpiece of the organized employers. In 1919 the Conference Board published a compendious book on "Works Councils in the United States," the term "works councils" being considered as preferable to "shop committees." The book gives this definition of the function of employers' works councils:

"The works council is intended as one means of gratifying the desire of the workers for a share in the adjustment of his work conditions; as a method for lessening labor difficulties, of allaying industrial unrest, of increasing productive efficiency; and as an opportunity for informing employees on production, technical, and economic questions."

This is purely an employers' objective. And quite naturally, when we ascertain the character of employers who are experimenting with it. The Conference Board states that out of 81 employers who were included in the works council census practically all of them operated anti-trade-union establishments. Among these concerns is the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company, whose company union organized by the Rockefeller interests after the strike of 1913-14 has now become a "works council."

When we turn to the functions and activities of these works councils we are at once struck with the extent to which they are merely the rubber stamp instrumentalities of the employers. The rights which the workers have are determined by the employers, not by the workers. The works council employers grant; the works council employees accept. In its works council book the National Industrial Conference Board states that the employers concede "such matters as hours of work, wages and piece rates" as proper subjects for the councils to consider, but adds that "shop discipline, hiring, promotion, discharge, dilution and apprenticeship," as well as "everything forming a part of the terms of employment," are found "less frequently" among the activities of the councils.

Absolute authority to hire, suspend and discharge employees are among the methods always used by employers against trade unionists and others who take an active part in efforts to improve the conditions of the workers. The employers back of the works councils still reserve this drastic authority. It is indeed an integral part of the works council scheme. In 1920 the National Industrial Conference Board published a "Works Council Manual." The introduction declares that the manual is "intended for the practical use of the employer who has definitely determined to introduce a works council in his establishment," and includes a works council constitution. Under the brief section consecrated to the "powers" of the council we find that although the employees are given "equal voice in voting power" with the management in considering "policy" questions relating to "wages, hours of work, and other conditions of employment," nevertheless the company reserves "exclusively" for itself the "right to employ and discharge," as well as the unlimited "direction of the working forces," with the proviso that the company hirers and firers shall not discriminate against employees because of their membership in labor unions or against employee representatives

on works councils on account of "any action taken by him in good faith in his representative capacity."

Of course this provision against discrimination is of no protection to the worker without a strong trade union to enforce it. The employer who wishes to get rid of an annoying employee representative does not name that activity as the reasons for the discharge; there are many others which a versatile anti-trade-union employer can use. An employer who wishes to discharge a vigorous member of a trade union does not state that the man is discharged because of his membership in the union. He can make use of a dozen subterfuges, such as "interfering" with his fellow employees by asking them to join the trade union.

As a typical illustration of this National Industrial Conference Board works council constitution, the one established by the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company stipulates that:

"The management of the works and the direction of the working forces, including the right to hire, suspend, discharge or transfer, and the right to relieve employees from duty because of lack of work, or for any other legitimate reason, is vested exclusively in the management, and, except as expressly restricted herein, these rights shall not be abridged by anything contained herein."

A reservation to the management of this drastic character deprives the works council of its economic independence and makes it the puppet of the management to approve management policies even in those matters in which the management "concedes" the employee a "voice" and even a "vote." When we add to these reservations the information given by the National Industrial Conference Board that a "majority of the plans" contain provisions by which the company defrays the expenses of the works council and in "many instances" pays the employee representatives for time lost on works council duties, it is doubly clear that the entire shops committee and works council institution is an anti-trade-union employers' desperate undertaking to give workers a paper independence while tying them to their tasks by the employers' unrestrained control over the work-

ers' right to earn a living by their own labor with adequate control over all those working conditions into which the workers necessarily enter in their contribution of life and skill to industry.

The trade union movement—with its collective bargaining, with its officials elected by the workers and paid by the workers, and hence responsible solely to the workers—is the only organization capable of safeguarding the workers against employer tyranny and securing for them those constitutional rights to which as citizens they are entitled and to which their historic mission predestines them.

NOSTALGIA

By GUSTAV DAVIDSON

The fields are fresh and green
After the June rains.

The day sets to a close;
The birds are melodiously still.

Where are you at this moment,
Beautiful and remembered ones,
Loves of my life,
That I yearn again for the nearness of your worshipful young bodies,
The pledge of your lips?

I look out of my window over the fields
Fragrant and green after the June rains.
Somewhere, close by, an Immortal is singing
From "La Juive,"
Incomparably, as of old. . . .

I look for you,
Loves of my life,
Over the fields that the June rains have made
Fragrant and sweet.

The day sets to a close;
The birds are melodiously still.

EUROPE AS IT IS TODAY

By OTTO H. KAHN

EVER since, in the spring of 1919, the proposed principal conditions of the peace treaty became known, I have done what was within my feeble capacity to advocate reconsideration or mitigation of certain aspects, and to point out the grave results inevitably bound to follow insistence upon, and attempted realization of, these conditions. The course of events has borne out, only too fully, these predictions. No more shortsighted and destructive "settlement" was ever inflicted upon the world, from the point of view alike of friend and foe, than the so-called peace treaties with Germany, Austria, Turkey, Hungary and Bulgaria.

I had occasion, during my stay in Europe, to visit Austria. Whatever the degree of punishment and atonement justly due for the crime of their Government in unchaining the war, nothing more tragic can be imagined than the utter misery of that gifted and amiable people who have been one of the civilizing forces among the nations, and to whom the world owes so much in the field of science, music and literature. It is appalling to contemplate, especially, the dreadful conditions among the middle classes, their semi-starvation and, in some cases, actual starvation.

Forced, by the treaty of St. Germain, into economically almost impossible frontiers, hampered and crippled by its terms (even though some of these have since been mitigated or suspended) the Austrian people are singled out, less, really, by design than by bungling on the part of the treaty makers, for particularly cruel and hopeless suffering. Forbidden, in defiance of the famous doctrine of self-determination, to measurably relieve their economic conditions by affiliation with their neighbor, Germany—a prohibition

defensible in itself, but vitiated by a treaty which has rendered Austria impotent to stand alone; harassed, humiliated and maltreated by other adjoining states on whom they depend for their trade and for some of the very necessities of existence, they are deprived even of the possibility to escape from their wretchedness by emigration, because they cannot afford the means to emigrate over-seas, and the doors of the neighboring Danube States are closed to them. At the same time, millions of their brothers—again in defiance of that assumedly sacrosanct doctrine of self-determination—have been torn away from their Austrian allegiance and placed under the domination of Czecho-Slovaks, Roumanians or Italians.

* * * * *

And yet there are still persons of professedly liberal tendencies to be found in America, who prate about the "liberal" spirit of the peace treaties and who unctuously give thanks that the treaty-makers of Versailles, St. Germain, Sevres, etc., departed so beneficently from the ways of old diplomacy. Presumably, such defenders, like my good friend, Mr. W. L. Saunders, who recently in a published statement charged me with "tory" tendencies in my attitude toward the treaties, are not fully acquainted either with the general purport of these treaties, their deviation from solemn declarations repeatedly made during the war by the allied spokesmen, their non-conformance to the plighted faith of the armistice terms, or the calculated meanness of their details.

As against such persons, I have not met a liberal in Europe—however sweeping in his condemnation of the guilt of Germany, however insistent on the very limit of just and feasible atonement for the past and security for the future; however appreciative of and sympathetic with the rightful claims of the heroic defenders of right and liberty, on whom the war imposed such unspeakable suffering and sacrifices, foremost among them France, with all of which

sentiments I associate myself wholly—I have not met a liberal in Europe who does not denounce the treaties and looks upon them as nothing less than a calamity.

The tragedy is that President Wilson had both the true vision of a wise and just peace and the power to enforce it, but failed deplorably in realizing that vision.

However, it is little use to indulge in lamentations over what has been done, except in the hope of aiding to bring about a recognition of the facts, and from and through that recognition, remedial action, as far as still possible.

* * * * *

Such as Europe is today, America has been a strong factor to make her, through our participation in the war and through President Wilson's part in the peace negotiations. We cannot, in decency or in wisdom, disregard that responsibility. The European nations—both our comrades in the war and our former enemies—have confidence in our disinterestedness and well-meaningness. They have got themselves into a snarl which, hampered, as they are, by racial animosities, jealousies, apprehensions, considerations of domestic policy, and so forth, they find the utmost difficulty in disentangling. They urgently need and ask our co-operation, less even in a material sense, than as helpful counsellors and guides. It seems to me both our duty and our advantage to heed that call.

That does not mean giving up our enviable position of freedom from entanglements in Europe. I have always been opposed, and am opposed now, to our joining the League of Nations in the form and meaning in which it came to us from Versailles. The League ought to have been a matter of growth, of evolution, of elastic adaptability, instead of the rigid, cumbersome, pedantic, complex code which, by the fiat of a few men, emerged from the conclave in Paris in the summer of 1919. It ought to have been entirely separate and distinct from the war-settlement, instead of being made an instrument to guarantee and execute ill-conceived peace terms.

Owing to the inherent faultiness of its conception and the disingenuousness which taints its very creation, it has proved itself impotent to deal with the most pressing and vital problems for which the world craves a remedy, and to aid, even measurably, in bringing about that spirit and fact of peace and settlement and fairness and reconciliation among nations, which it was ostensibly destined to promote. In the single important matter which it was called upon to adjudicate since it came into being, *i.e.*, the settlement of the German-Silesian frontier, its proceedings and verdict are open to question on the score of the method of procedure and of judicial impartiality.

* * * * *

Venturing, in all modesty, to offer some constructive suggestions, I would say that what it seems to me we could and should do, consistent with American traditional policies, with the spirit of the verdict of the last Presidential election and with altruism, duty and self-interest, is this:

1. I believe it would be well if we were officially represented on the Reparations Commission (on which we have always had, and now have, an admirably qualified but unofficial delegate) and on kindred commissions destined to settle controversial questions and to aid the recuperation of Europe, *but involving no tangible commitment to America.*

2. While opposed to our joining the League of Nations in its present form, I wonder whether we could see our way—with all due reservations—to being represented informally and unofficially in the meetings of the League of Nations and its various committees. It is conceivable that from such contact there might result such a readjustment of the constitution and nature of the League as to give it the character of an association with which we should be justified in establishing official connection.

3. We should deal in a large-visioned and liberal manner with the debts due us from the Allied nations. We might begin, it seems to me, by discriminating between, on the one hand, the advances made by us for direct war-mak-

ing purposes and, on the other hand, those used otherwise during the war and those made after the armistice. I would utilize at least the first portion of those debts to aid in bringing about that change of attitude and conditions in Europe, which is indispensable if the world is to be again on an even keel. I would not relinquish any of our claims as a free gift but only in consideration of, and in return for, measures leading to the elimination, as far as possible, or at least the prompt and essential mitigation, of the circumstances and conditions which keep Europe in unsettledness and turmoil.

I feel convinced that such a bargain would be a good and profitable investment and would not only result in securing a valuable moral asset for America, but would be of distinct material benefit to us. The purchasing power of the European market may not, for a certain length of time, be wholly indispensable to our manufacturers—though it undoubtedly is to some of them—but it is absolutely indispensable to the prosperity of our farmers, because they have no other market for their surplus.

This whole matter of debts and claims and demands between the various nations, is interrelated. The recently published note of Lord Balfour has set forth the real situation with commendable frankness and perfect lucidity. It asks nothing from us; it simply points out the facts. It is for us alone to draw conclusions from undeniable premises.

These reciprocal debts and claims, in their undiminished magnitude, hang like a millstone round the neck of Europe. Their effect, unless the situation is alleviated, will be progressively troublesome to all nations concerned, the claimants only less than the debtors.

I realize that this is a problem from tackling which the timidity and opportunism of the political mind recoils. It calls for the pressure of enlightened public opinion. I am convinced, when the moral and practical elements of that problem come to be fully understood by the American people, that their verdict will be in favor of helpful, constructive and generous action all round. To aid in restoring

the consuming and purchasing power of Europe, is to aid the prosperity of America.

Mr. Kahn spent three months in Europe, and in the course of his travels had occasion to confer with the leading statesmen, financiers and economists abroad.

THE INFANTA

By ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH

Blazoned upon the shadows
In her stiff gorgeousness,
One hand upon her boar-hound's heavy collar
The other on the shoulder of her dwarf
The Infanta walks among her flowers.

As she passes they seem to hold themselves like courtiers
Brightly at attention.
The fountain bows before her weary eyes,
The black cypresses murmur obsequiously,
Everything grows hieratic at her coming,
Even the toad she startles by the hedges
Seems to hop pompous as a chamberlain.

Wearily the pale blue eyes of the Infanta
Wander over the trimmed magnificence of her roses,
Gently, as though reading from an unseen document,
She praises their beauty.

THE MURDER OF RATHENAU

By DR. KARL HELFERICH

(German Minister of State)

THE murder of Rathenau has thrown a dazzling light on conditions in Germany. Such a criminal act, perpetrated upon so prominent a personage, causes alarm even among those by whom the sufferings of a whole people pass unnoticed. And yet, political crimes have their origin not only in the individual disposition of the perpetrator, but generally also in existing conditions. It may therefore be useful to outline the German situation briefly in the light of this act.

The world has not realized as yet what the lost war and the peace treaty of Versailles have made out of Germany.

Prior to the war, Germany was a country rivalled in its prosperity only by the United States of America. The population of Germany during the forty-three years of the German Empire (1871-1914) increased from 40 to 68 millions. The growing productivity of German labor created not only free scope but increasing wealth for this almost colonial growth. Our production of pig-iron rose in these forty-three years from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to almost 20 million tons; it exceeded in the end the production of pig-iron of the United Kingdom by nearly 3 to 1 and remained only about $\frac{1}{3}$ below that of the United States of America. The value of our foreign trade (export and import) rose from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ billion dollars. The consumption per capita of sugar rose from 6 to 22 kg. (1kg. equals 2.2 lbs.) of cotton from 2.8 to 7.6 kg. The national wealth of Germany increased from at best 36 billion to more than 80 billion dollars, and in the last years before the war increased by about 2 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ billion dollars annually. The national income has about doubled within the twenty years preceding the war (from

5½ to 11 billion dollars), the average income per capita increased from about \$100 to \$160. Labor wages especially have had their full share in this development. Thus, wages of miners in the Ruhr district increased from \$215 in 1888 to \$440 in 1913.

The favorable economic development was accompanied by a similarly progressive evolution of social and political conditions. Legislation for the protection of labor and social insurance had reached as high a standard in Germany before the war as in few other countries. Law and order and the security of people and their property were absolutely safeguarded. No country in the world had officials that were abler and less corruptible. The Reichstag was elected by universal, equal and secret ballot without any limitations; in fact, the most liberal ballot in the world. We had the monarchy, of course, but the *absolute* monarchy existed only in the eyes of foreigners who did not know our conditions, and in the speeches and newspaper articles of our German radical parties who needed the "German absolutism" just as they needed the "German militarism" for their agitation. You, in the United States, do not want to be judged abroad by the picture your I.W.W.'s gratuitously present to a listening world. Any attempt to govern in conflict with the representatives of the people was impossible in Germany even in Bismarck's times, and utterly unthinkable under the chancellors of softer fiber who succeeded Bismarck. Even those who did not know the inner political situation in the Germany of the Kaisers, should have realized that the tremendous economic progress which Germany accomplished in that epoch could have been achieved only by a free, and never by an enslaved people.

With the victorious war of 1870-1, and the resulting re-achievement of her national unity after centuries of division and humiliation, Germany had regained in the council of nations the prominent place which behooves a great people. The German then ceased to be the "Pariah" among the nations of Europe. If his sense of importance sometimes

got the best of him, this was a natural and obvious reaction from the suppression of many generations.

Compare with this picture the situation of to-day!

In the field of foreign politics, Germany to-day is nothing but an object. Germany is powerless against any injustice and any insult. The "universal" reduction of armaments proclaimed by Wilson, which was one of the points accepted as a foundation of the peace, has been put into operation as against Germany only. The army which was left us, is considerably smaller than the armies of Belgium, Poland and Czechoslovakia. Is it surprising, if the national sense of honor flames up under the daily humiliations, especially in those circles which by tradition and education see the highest treasure in the national honor? Cannot Americans who hold America dear "first, last and all the time," imagine the sufferings of a patriotic people, bullied and tormented beyond endurance and beyond any reasonable necessity?

By a further breach of the promises made at the Armistice, German land and 5 to 6 millions of Germans who had no more fervent wish than to remain with Germany, were torn away from Germany. The word of Wilson that parts of nations must not be bartered away like pawns, has become a cruel mockery as applied to the German people. In the annexed districts, the Germans are being made outlaws, deprived of their property and ill treated; they are being expelled in masses without any consideration, even from such territories which—like Upper Silesia—belonged to Germany before Columbus discovered America; even before William the Conqueror set foot upon the British Isles. Is it surprising if not only those who are directly affected, but everybody who has a trace of patriotism left, try to stand up against such abuses?

The Peace Treaty of Versailles has burdened Germany—contrary again to the solemn promises at the Armistice—with the heaviest contribution in the history of the world and at the same time it has chained the German people,

hands and feet. The peace, therefore, according to Clemenceau, has become a "continuation of the war by different means." It reduces the elbow-room of Germany's population by at least 20 millions, who, if the nations do not change their minds, are sentenced to starve to death or to kill one another. The murdered Rathenau himself, prior to the acceptance of the London Ultimatum, wrote:

"Germany shall never be able to fulfill what she has promised. She shall year after year whine and beg, excuse and promise, and the others, according to the dictates of their own interest at each time, will appear merciful, cruel, threatening or destructive, and have the right to any repressive measure or torture."

Rathenau saw correctly: We are being whipped with ultimata and sanctions. We are being divested gradually of our sovereignty. Our administrative bodies are being interspersed with inter-allied commissions of control. The financial administration of the country is being placed under the jurisdiction of the committee of guaranty. Finance and customs offices and even private enterprises are being meddled with by foreign functionaries. With the aid of a German administration whose program it is to prove by an attempt at fulfillment the impossibility of fulfilling the contributions imposed upon us, our economic body is being drained, our mines and factories, our urban real estate and partly even our fertile soil are being transferred to foreign ownership. The value of our money sinks to bottomless depths under the pressure of the payments to be effected monthly to the "Reparations Commission" and "Clearing Offices." At the time of the London Ultimatum (May, 1921) the mark was quoted in New York 1.7 cents, to-day (29 of July, 1922) it is only 0.16 cents. The fall of the internal purchasing power of the German currency is correspondingly heavy. The prices of all necessities of life are to-day about seven times as high as a year ago. Labor succeeds in having its wages raised to some extent under political pressure, but the broad ranks of the intel-

lectuals and middle classes, who form the nucleus of state and society, are being crushed pitilessly.

Is it surprising, if the socially declassed, exposed to hunger and misery, lapse into despair?

In sharp contrast to this distress and misery is the wastefulness of those risen from the gutter "the newly rich" who are in many cases of foreign blood; and the high living of the foreigners coming to us from countries with strong currencies; also the luxury displayed by our military and civil oppressors. The common soldier and most obscure official of an Entente Commission receives a higher salary than a department head in the office of a German Minister of State. Every non-commissioned officer and subordinate official of an Entente Commission is better off than a German Minister of State. The inter-allied Army of Occupation in the Rhineland alone, which is twice as large as the German garrisons at the time of the "Militaristic Empire," costs us yearly \$430,000,000; the entire expenditure of the Empire for its own needs (including army and navy) do not reach 125 billion paper marks—equal 220 million dollars. The cost of the foreign occupation of the Rhineland is therefore almost twice as high as our own entire expenditure. I have stigmatized this state of affairs in my speech in the Reichstag on June 23rd, the day before the assassination of Rathenau, as the most unheard of satrapy and the most unscrupulous sweating which has ever been imposed upon a country.

Is it surprising if in view of such conditions the despair of those who feel themselves deadly wounded in their national honor, who have lost their social foundations, who see themselves and their families sentenced to go under in misery, breaks all bounds and at last degenerates into insane and criminal acts?

In the organ of the Catholic Centrum party, to which belong Chancellor Wirth and the labor leader and former Prussian Prime Minister Stegerwald,—a man who certainly could never be accused of excessive nationalism, and who certainly would not excuse any crime,—was printed

yesterday the following: "We have no statesmen who dare to tell our people the naked, comfortless truth. Instinctively, however, the German people understands its condition. Humiliated and dishonored in the family of nations, the German people is nevertheless exceedingly sensitive and touchy in its foreign relations.

The hatred towards Ersberger and later towards Rathenau is really a psycho-individual transposition of the grief and exasperation of a people wounded in its most sacred self-consciousness."

The German people used to be calm and thoughtful. Attempts for political reasons on the lives of prominent men hardly ever occurred, at any rate they were much less frequent than with the Slavic and Romanic races. If the national and social desperation now seeks relief in such crimes, it must partly be attributed to the demoralization which set in, especially among the German youth, resulting from the war and still more from the overthrow of all authority and discipline through the revolution. One of those primarily connected with the assassination of Rathenau is a student not yet 21, another a high school boy 17 years old.

Trying to explain the murder should by no means be mistaken for an endeavor to excuse it.

I was indeed always opposed to Rathenau's "Policy of Fulfillment." I considered as unfortunate the statement made in his first speech as Minister that there was no absolute impossibility of fulfillment, that it was only a question of "how deep a people should be allowed to sink in its distress." I saw in his Wiesbaden agreement with M. Loucheur not a mitigation but rather an aggravation of the German situation.

He returned from the conferences at London and Cannes with an optimism which was presently refuted by the facts. However, Rathenau was the towering intellect of the administration; he was a cosmopolitan of broad education and great ideas, and above all, a staunch patriot. I got the im-

pression during his last weeks that he had learned from bitter experience, and had approached my standpoint in the question of reparations. In the last private conversation I had with him, a few days before his assassination, he expressly admitted the justification of my demand (made after the failure of the negotiations for a loan with the Morgan Committee) that the German Government should not make any further purchases of foreign exchange for payments to the Entente; as long as exchange exceeded 260 marks to the dollar. He told me that this proposal hit the nail on the head and that he had fully supported it in the Cabinet sessions. In view of these impressions, I spared Dr. Rathenau in my speech in the Reichstag which was subsequently linked with his assassination; indeed, I expressed my friends' and my own gratitude to him for the position he had taken in matters of the Saar territory and the Rhineland. However, weighty information about the Finance Minister's far reaching tendency to yield in negotiations with the Guaranty Committee elicited a sharp protest on my part.

By thus lifting the veil from these negotiations, I hoped to force the Administration to demand a revision of the London payment plan, but my intentions were frustrated next day by the murder of Rathenau.

The events following the assassination throw no less dazzling a light upon conditions in Germany than the act itself.

A thoughtful government, equal to its task, would have found in the act a motive for an appeal to all decent elements to unite in an attempt to unroot the disease of which the murder was a symptom. Chancellor Dr. Wirth, however, chose a different way. He used the crime—abhorred and condemned as it is by all decent men and all political parties—in order to resume the war cry previously issued by the socialist leader Scheidemann: "The enemy is at the right" (the right meaning the conservative and bourgeois parties).

A merciless agitation against the opposition parties and their leaders was unleashed. The Reichstag witnessed unheard of scenes; deputies not only of the strict opposition (Deutsch-Nationale Volkspartei) but even of the semi-governmental "Deutsche Volkspartei" were brand-marked as "murderers" and bodily threatened. The official Prussian News Bureau did not hesitate to accuse me of "social and political relations" with a student suspected in connection with the murder. The only "proof" was a motto dedicated by me for the colors of a national young men's club; this motto was in no way connected with the crime or its perpetrators. The student suspected, who had in a subtle way worked his way into the young men's club, had been expelled 1½ years previously from the Deutsch-Nationale Volkspartei on account of embezzlement. The Berlin Police Department tried to induce me to leave the city after the arrest of the student, stating that my personal safety could no longer be guaranteed. A notice given to the press in connection with this unsuccessful attempt to intimidate me caused the "news" of my "flight" to be telegraphed broadcast. As a matter of fact, I did not miss a single day in the Reichstag. Demonstrations were organized all over the country and degenerated in many places into serious disorders. A number of dead, numerous cases of ill treatment to peace loving citizens, pillage and destruction were the result.

The Administration proposed—ostensibly "for the protection of the Republic"—special laws which were much more drastic than Bismarck's "Anti-Socialist Law" that had been so violently opposed by the liberal and radical parties. A court, one third to two thirds of whose members are party politicians not belonging to the judiciary, is created by these special laws, which furthermore interfere with the traditional, and constitutionally affirmed, rights of the Federal States. These special laws were passed under the pressure of the "street." Countless opposition organs have since been suppressed, perhaps a dozen of them

for no other reason than having reprinted the article of the American Fred W. Elven, Editor of the Cincinnati "Free Press," who criticizes the conduct of Chancellor Dr. Wirth from the standpoint of a citizen of your great Republic.

This policy, as was to be expected, aggravated the differences existing between the political parties. And still worse: An accentuation of the friction between North and South resulted. The Government of Bavaria, the second largest federal state, refuses to approve and put into operation the special laws.

German currency has suffered a new break through all these happenings. The value of the dollar in Berlin rose on the day of Rathenau's assassination (June 24) to about 350 marks as against 332 on the preceding day. It remained steady till June 28. Then serious disorders followed, caused by a strike willfully started, which led to the suppression of all Berlin newspapers (save the socialistic organs). Under these impressions, the dollar reached on July 7th the rate of 545 marks. After violent fluctuations, a further advance to almost 600 marks has occurred within the last few days. Thus, we face a new break of our currency which by far exceeds all previous shocks.

In view of this state of affairs, Messrs. Lloyd George and Poincaré again wish to negotiate about Germany; not about Germany's recovery, but about the payments to be squeezed out of her. Maybe new ultimata and new "sanctions" will be the result. If so, a new reduction of Germany's ability to pay will follow, bringing the 60 million people in the centre of Europe nearer to the fate which threatens them, and which must pull the other European States down into the abyss likewise.

Can America remain a disinterested spectator? America, and America alone must decide this question. But in order to be able to do so "*en pleine connaissance de cause*," America must also know the German point of view. May these lines succeed in placing it before your people's judgment.

THE LA FOLLETTE VETO

By NOEL SARGENT

THE American Federation of Labor has set the seal of its approval upon the following constitutional amendment proposed by Senator La Follette:

"If the Supreme Court assumes to decide any law of Congress unconstitutional, or by interpretation undertakes to assert a public policy at variance with the statutory declaration of Congress, which alone under our system is authorized to determine the public policies of government, the Congress may by repassing the law nullify the action of the Court.

"Thereafter the law would remain in full force and effect precisely the same as though the Court had never held it to be unconstitutional."

The supporters of the proposed amendment have compared it to the legislative overriding of the Presidential veto. It will be immediately noticed, however, that while the overruling of the Presidential veto requires a two-thirds vote that no provision for other than a bare majority vote is made in the La Follette proposal.

Senator La Follette and his supporters would have us believe that the power of the Supreme Court to declare laws unconstitutional is a "usurped" power, one which it was never originally intended that it should have. In other words, it is claimed that when John Marshall in the famous case of *Marbury v. Madison* announced that acts of Congress could be held null and void he did so without any express or implied warrant from the Constitution.

Of the fifty-five members of the convention which framed the Constitution, only thirty-nine took an active part in the proceedings. Twenty-five of these, beyond the shadow of a doubt, believed that the courts should, and would, have the power to declare unconstitutional acts null and void.

So the courts in declaring laws invalid have only exercised a power it was the intention of the constitutional convention to give them. (For specific proof of this and the following statements see a study by the author in the *American Law Review*, September-October, 1917.)

Not only was it understood in the Constitutional Convention that the judges were to have this power, but it was known in many of the state ratifying conventions. Hamilton in *The Federalist*, No. 78, said it would be the duty of the Federal judiciary "to declare all acts contrary to the manifest tenor of the Constitution void." Wilson, in the Pennsylvania convention, declared: "If a law should be made inconsistent with those powers by this instrument vested in Congress, the judges . . . will declare such law to be null and void. . . . Anything, therefore, that shall be enacted by Congress contrary thereto will not have the force of law." Luther Martin's letter to the Maryland legislature said the judges could determine whether "any laws or regulations of the Congress . . . are contrary to, or not warranted by, the Constitution." Marshall, in the Virginia convention, declared the Constitution gave the judges power to declare void a law passed by Congress and "not warranted by any of the powers enumerated." The same ideas were expressed in many of the other ratifying conventions. There was no nefarious attempt to "put anything over" and to deceive those voting on its adoption as to the power of the judiciary over legislation.

The following quotation from the London *Public Advertiser* of October 8, 1789, demonstrates that it was early known abroad that our Federal courts were to have the power of declaring unconstitutional, laws passed contrary to the language and intent of the Constitution. "Extract from New York—The judicial power is established for the benefit of foreigners and will be a check on any encroachment by the state or the United States on the Constitution. They have the power of declaring void any law infringing it."

The advocates of the proposed amendment do not scruple about the truth of arguments made. Thus, the socialist *New York Call* in its issue of June 17, 1922, says that "in no other country in the world does a judicial body exercise a legislative veto." That fact alone, granted its truth, would prove absolutely nothing as to the merits of what is termed the "judicial veto." But the statement is untrue. While the federal courts in Germany (before 1918) did not, as a rule, declare unconstitutional laws void, yet certain German jurists asserted that the German court of last resort should decline to enforce unconstitutional legislation. ("Constitutional History as Seen in American Law," H. W. Rogers, page 12. See also volume 48 of the *American Law Review*, pages 247-250).

Some Swiss jurists claim that the federal courts cannot enforce a law passed by the Legislature if in conflict with the Federal Constitution (Rogers, p. 12). This is a theoretical right only. In practice it is not exercised and legislative supremacy prevails.

In Belgium "jurists are said to claim that a law violating the Constitution ought to be treated by the court as void" (Pierce, "Federal Usurpation," p. 200). A Paris dispatch in the *New York Herald* of September 25, 1921, reports that the highest Belgian court had ordered "scratched off the books" a law passed in the spring of 1921 and signed by King Albert which imposed a fine on barbers operating their shops Sunday mornings.

Countries which follow the American doctrine to an appreciable and considerable extent are Canada, some of the Latin-American republics, Norway and Australia ("Judicial Supremacy," by Haines, pp. 7-11). It is often denied that this power is exercised in Canada. But see (Bourinot's "Constitutional History of Canada," p. 160, and volume 48 of the *American Law Review*, pp. 250-253).

Should the Supreme Court possess this power, even though it was not usurped? This involves a consideration of our form of government. Do we desire an unwritten

constitution in America—one which can be changed at will? And if a constitution can be changed at the will of a legislature it is as well unwritten as written. Or do we desire a written constitution which will secure the popular will, but a popular will which is both matured and deliberate?

The purpose of a "written" constitution is two-fold. First, it lays down fundamental principles of government subject to change only by definite process, which renders it certain that any change will be a deliberate expression of the will of a majority of the voters. In the second place, such a constitution provides, by checks and balances, against encroachments of the legislative, executive or judicial branches upon either or both the other departments. The framers of the Constitution were well aware of the dangers of legislative, executive or judicial control, as they had at different times been exemplified in the various countries of Europe.

How can the Constitution be kept intact? Only by making it impossible to perform acts contrary thereto. Let us, for the moment, imagine it otherwise. The Constitution forbids the Legislature to pass certain measures. But all acts of the Legislature are to be subject to no effective review. That is, the Legislature is to be the judge—the interpreter—of the document which is to bind it.

Only by allowing the courts to determine the constitutionality of legislative acts can the American Constitution be made supreme. The Legislature could positively abuse the Constitution; the courts could only negatively do so, being unable to frame and pass laws. The Legislature must be held to its delegated powers.

The Constitution is the basis of all legislative authority. "Congress, no more than the state legislatures, have power to pass laws repugnant to the Federal Constitution. . . . Every act, therefore, of Congress . . . which is repugnant to the Constitution of the United States is necessarily void. This we must regard as a clear and settled principle

of our national jurisprudence" (Duer, "Constitutional Jurisprudence," p. 120). The logic of the above statement is easily seen. "Government under our system is not absolute, but a delegation or agency created for certain purposes, and must keep within the limits of the grant" (Hare, "American Constitutional Law," I, p. 121). Unless there be some power to prevent it any act of Congress which is unconstitutional will become law—will supersede the Constitution—will mean legislative supremacy. The Constitution would bend to every governmental exigency; would be varied and blown about by every breeze of legislative humor or political caprice.

"Were there no power to interpret, pronounce and enforce the law, the government, if it did not perish by its own weakness, would be corrupted by the usurpation of new powers by the Legislature, to the subversion of public liberty" (Duer, p. 111). If either the national or state government, by accident or design, should exceed its powers, there is the utmost necessity that some timely checks, equal to every exigency, should be interposed. Legislatures are the creatures of the Constitution, which is their commission. Shall the will of the creator—the sovereign people—be subordinated to the will of the creature? Legislatures must be bound; there is a fundamental law.

To prevent legislative encroachments on the Constitution is the duty of the judiciary. "Being required to declare what the law is in the cases brought before them, they must enforce the Constitution as the paramount law, whenever a legislative enactment comes in conflict with it" (Cooley, "Constitutional Limitations," p. 192).

Shall judges support a law or the Constitution? No amount of quibbling can alter the fact that this is the issue. Now the judges are sworn to support the Constitution, which declares: "This Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof . . . shall be the supreme law of the land." How can

judges, sworn to uphold the Constitution, do otherwise than refuse to execute laws not "made in pursuance" to that document? The courts, as interpreters of the law, must preserve and defend constitutions as inviolable acts, subject to change, not by the Legislature, but only by the people through the amending process.

Nor does this mean a supremacy of the judiciary. Such a power, when given in the form and exercised in the mode provided for in the Constitution of the United States, is clearly judicial. The judges decide if there is a conflict between a law and the Constitution. If so, they refuse to execute the law, considering themselves bound by the Constitution.

Law must rest upon justice and reason. To establish this we have a fundamental law—the Constitution. All legislation should harmonize with this paramount law. To allow the Legislature to determine its own power would be an abuse of government. In no better place can the power of passing on the constitutionality of laws be lodged than with the judiciary. "In exercising this high authority, the judges claim no judicial supremacy; they are only the administrators of the public will. If an act of the Legislature is held void, it is not because the judges have any control over the legislative power, but because the act is forbidden by the Constitution, and because the will of the people, which is therein expressed, is paramount to that of their representatives expressed in any law" (Cooley, "Constitutional Limitations," p. 195).

The judiciary, as expounders of the Constitution, confine the legislative branch to its delegated sphere. This can be no subversion of the true principles of democratic government. In performing this function the judiciary are carrying out the fundamental social contract—the Constitution.

Legislatures often represent mere transitory whims of public opinion. Political caprice should not be allowed to change fundamentals of government. As President Butler

well said recently: "The power of judicial review and protection is distinctively American and without it we should be swept hither and yon in the swiftly shifting tides of mere opinion." Nor does Congress always represent public opinion. The bonus is favored, for instance, to secure the good will of a small minority of the public. Under Mr. La Follette's proposal every law could add to our Constitution.

Senator Tracy of Connecticut well expressed this view in the United States Senate January 12, 1802:

"What security is there to an individual, if the Legislature of the Union or any particular State should pass a law, making any of his transactions criminal which took place anterior to the date of the law? None in the world but an appeal to the Judiciary of the United States, where he will obtain a decision that the law itself is unconstitutional and void, or by a resort to revolutionary principles, and exciting a civil war."

And Senator Ogden of New Jersey on February 3, 1802, said:

"Suppose the Legislature should pass bills of attainder, or an unconstitutional tax, where can an oppressed citizen find protection but in a court of justice firmly denying to carry into execution an unconstitutional law?"

In a great speech on the same day Senator Ross of Pennsylvania declared:

"The gentlemen ought to recollect that there is no apology in this respect between our national Government and that of Great Britain. There an act of Parliament can change the constitution. Here the written constitution, established by the people, restrains the Legislature to the exercise of delegated power, and fixes immutably certain bounds which it may not pass. If it should rashly exceed the delegated power, our judiciary, sworn to support the Constitution, must declare that the great irrevocable statute made by the people shall restrain and control the unauthorized acts of agents who have exceeded the limits of a special authority."

If our government was worth creation and martyrdom it is worth preserving. But this preservation should not be for the exclusive benefit of any particular section or group. There are certain fundamental guarantees and rights which we should all, farmer, worker, merchant, banker,

industrialist, or professionalist, seek to protect and preserve. These guarantees and rights are expressed in our Constitution. It is now sought to make these guarantees and rights subject to elimination or modification by any Congress at any time. What American but can think of many Congresses of the past (to say nothing of the present) whose power to make laws overriding all constitutional privileges and protections would have been dreaded? (We might, conceivably, praise what we now condemn, the inability of Congress to agree on important laws of any kind.)

The *Christian Science Monitor* in an excellent editorial of June 17 declared:

"As it is the function of the Congress to enact laws, so equally is it the function of the courts to construe and apply them. It is an unreasonable assertion, as made by the Senator, that five of the nine justices of the Supreme Court are really the rulers and dictators of the people. The important fact should not be overlooked that the courts have no power to initiate legislation or to impose their own arbitrary decrees. Their office, as the interpreters of the will of the people, is as essential and as vital as that of those to whom has been delegated by the people the brief authority to represent them, for a period, in formulating those legislative policies which they believe beneficial and helpful."

What is the real cause of the present agitation? It rests in the belief of certain politicians that such catering to the votes of certain elements will be of personal benefit. Why do they so believe? Because the mis-leaders of organized labor and their pink-tea dilettante parlor-Socialistic friends have emphasized repeatedly that organized labor will not obey laws, will disregard court decisions, and will defy injunctions. They have taught to their followers contempt for all law and order. It is, therefore, believed that a program providing for disorder will present a strong appeal.

Do you doubt that contempt for law and public discipline is preached? The President of the American Federation of Labor, testifying recently before the Lockwood Committee, asserted there should be no remedy "by law" when labor unions break their contracts.

The American Federation of Labor in February, 1921, declared that labor unions must refuse to recognize or abide by the terms of injunctions which seek to prohibit the doing of acts which *in their opinion* they have a lawful and guaranteed right to do or to compel acts which *in their opinion* they have the same right to refuse to do.

"This is the only immediate course through which labor can find relief, and this course it proposes to pursue * * * be the consequences what they may."

Some of the consequences of such policies have already been made apparent. Among the causes of the horrible massacre at Herrin, Illinois, we must list the continued denunciations of all legislation and courts, and statements that laws and court decisions would not be obeyed, by the President of the American Federation of Labor and other "labor" mis-leaders. They have implanted in their followers a belief that "labor" is above the courts and law and order. What is more natural than that men with such beliefs should endeavor to make their own laws and to enforce them by bloodshed and torture and cold-blooded murder?

What if the La Follette amendment passes. These leaders will persuade their followers that all power of the courts is gone, that controlled legislatures will protect them and that they will be fully protected in all efforts to establish and maintain class control of industry. And politicians would pander more than ever to selfish groups possessing votes.

VIEW

By WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

The moon
ovoid
in the black press
sits
hugging his knees,
gone with thought
above
the ringed city.

THE MYSTERY OF NUMBERS

Some data collected for the benefit of accountants, as well
as the public

By WILLIAM C. CORNWELL

THE profession of accountancy is one of the oldest in the world. This is because it is founded upon figures or numbers, which go back to the very beginnings of creation. I have been interested in tracing its antiquity. Its history runs along with that of trade, and in the dim back ages, when trade was merely barter, it had probably not reached a scientific basis except in very exclusive channels, but 400 or 500 years ago, in Italy, the scientific principle of accountancy was undoubtedly well understood, as shown by published works full of practical knowledge of the subject, in Venice and other trade centers.

The origin of figures or numbers is buried in the remote past and is surrounded with mystery. In fact, if we investigate the works of able philosophers like Pythagoras, who lived some 600 years before Christ, we find that even to them, who had brought numbers and theories of numbers from Egypt, the source and beginning of their use was so far distant that they attributed the invention of them to divine Creatorship concurrent with the beginning of the world.

Many people today are aware of the fact that the number theories, revived by Pythagoras from the deep investigations of Eastern philosophers, form one of the most interesting and fascinating studies. They are made the basis now, as they were then, thousands of years ago, of prophecy as to future events and of development in individual characteristics. Their use in different combinations, as in names, is claimed to have an effect upon the life and fortunes of the individual possessor.

Pythagoras and his valuable scientific investigations are well worth consideration. Living, as he did, some 600 years before Christ, he is an outstanding figure among intellectual investigators of the world, and to him is due the solution of many of the geometrical, algebraic and numerical problems which stand as the foundation of each of these branches of mathematics.

Bringing from the Far East, after twenty-two years' sojourn in the mysterious Eastern atmosphere, a superior knowledge of mathematics, he founded a school based upon this knowledge, which he kept secret. This secret or occult knowledge was used, it is said, to furnish revenues to his school by means of calculations for the citizens of that time, and in that sense this school of Pythagoras was a body of scientific accountants.

But the investigations of this great philosopher went beyond merely mathematical science, which branch, however, he developed to a point where it became the foundation of much of the modern study. They were in possession of many well-worked-out propositions, including the theory of numbers, and the doctrine of harmonical proportions. It is considered probable that they had an abacus (a table with sliding balls for intricate calculations) little inferior to the Arabic system of arithmetical notation.

Apparently having worked out the theory of the divine creation of numbers, the Pythagoreans held them to be the substance of all things in the elements of the universe. Each number had its virtue. Something fundamental was also discovered in odd and even numbers, in square numbers, and the like. Harmony, or music, consists in number; the soul is the harmony or number of the body; the universe has also a soul.

It will thus be seen that in addition to all the useful results of the practical and intensive studies of Pythagoras and his followers in the material world of mathematics, they did not stop here. Their studies were carried up into the higher world of philosophy and idealism. That the solutions were

equally reasonable it may well be surmised, but the unfortunate wholesale destruction of the records of the Pythagorean School has left the world in the dark and necessitated us to carry on again the astute investigations which these mind-masters perfected, and to plod slowly again towards the light.

This fascinatingly interesting study of numbers from the occult standpoint (occult meaning dark or hidden), is not confined to one country or one time, but, as I have said before, goes back to the farthest point in history of written thought, of which we have any knowledge. In all countries and in all ages we have records of its importance, and it is invariably a component part of all of the religions of the world.

Wisdom is universal and has nothing to do with time, place, race, nor creed. The science of numbers is symbolical of this universal wisdom, and, therefore, must be incorporated into all things which are based upon it.

The question of how figures came about and how language evolved, and what relation these various symbolical marks which constitute letters and figures have to the thoughts of man, and why one language should be so different from another and yet have the same meaning, and various questions of that sort, bring to the mind the vague understanding of what symbolism in numbers may mean. Considered from that deep and shadowy standpoint, it seems almost impossible of explanation. And, in fact, many scholars and philosophers have devoted their lives to the task of attempting to elucidate it.

But we can look at it also from the standpoint of our modern scientific discoveries, and can possibly get a slight explanation as to its actual workings.

Such theories and explanations, from the modern standpoint, as here follow, are gathered from authoritative sources and voice the present-day opinion of those who have given earnest study to the subject.

It is held that the effect of numbers is dependent upon the vibration of sound, numbers being symbols, each, of a certain rate of vibration. Letters are the same as numbers, except that there are more letters than there are numbers (as we know, there are only nine numerals, and all other combinations of numbers are a combination of the same nine numerals), but in different alphabets there are various numbers of letters—as in English 26, in Hebrew 22, etc. 26 and 22 are naturally more than 9, and, therefore, when we finish with our 9, we take up another 9 which we can call, “in the second degree,” and so on until we have finished the alphabet.

For example: The English alphabet, up to the letter “I,” has 9 letters. Then the letter “J” would be called Number 10, and the letter “K” Number 11, and so on to the end of the alphabet, counting 26 letters. When we come to “J” we find that the numerals of 10, being one and zero, added together, make only *one*, just as the numerals of 11, added together, make only *two*, and the numerals of 12, added together, equal *three*. In a like manner, the numerals of “V,” which is the twenty-second letter, added together, equal *four* (22 equals 2 plus 2 equals 4), and the numerals of “W,” added together, equal *five*.

In that way we have divided the alphabet into three distinct parts of nine numerals each, minus the final letter which does not exist and which would be the twenty-seventh; and we have what we call three degrees of 9. These letters are supposed to vibrate, each one according to its numerical value, but in a slightly different way, according to its degree. Thus the letter “E,” the letter “N,” and the letter “W” are all vibrating to a certain rate which the numeral 5 typifies, only in the first, second, and third degree of that numeral.

Incidentally, while speaking of 5, there is an interesting fact about it, in relation to these letters. If one takes the letter “E” and the letter “N” and the letter “W,” and writes them in spencerian script it will be found that, except for

the way in which they are placed upon the paper, they are identical in shape.

This is a peculiarly interesting exposition of their similarity. Other letters do not lend themselves so readily, but the likeness is there nevertheless.

We are all familiar with the effect upon matter of the vibration of sound. If a person would ask, offhand, if one believed that the vibration of sound *could* change the form of material substance, one might possibly, without thinking, say "No; I do not believe that it could." But we know that it can and does, as in the case of the phonograph records, which are impressed in various shapes and forms and depths by nothing whatever except the sound waves beating upon the soft wax. In this way we see that if wax can be impressed by sound waves, then other things can, to a greater or less degree. Therefore, it is neither illogical nor unintelligent to assume that the shape of the human body and the character of the thought might also be affected by these same vibrating waves of sound.

That is the theory upon which the science of numbers is based; that each figure is a symbol of a rate of sound vibration, and that sound vibration being repeated constantly, as in the name of an individual or a city or a word, causes actual physical results upon those things with which it comes in contact.

It would be extremely interesting to take some concrete examples of numerical values, for instance in an individual name, like the following (these calculations were obtained from an able student of the modern science of numbers): In finding the numerical value of a name, the letters of a name are added together, according to the number of each letter in the alphabet, and the total reduced to a single digit.

For instance, the name "MARY." The first letter "M" is the thirteenth letter in the alphabet—"A" is the first—"R" the eighteenth—"Y" the twenty-fifth. Adding these: 13, 1, 18, 25, we have a total of 57. 5 and 7, composing this number, are added, with the result 12. 1 and 2 (of 12)

added, equal 3. If the name of the person is, say, MARY JONES SMITH, each name is treated in the same manner, reducing the letters of each name to a final figure, and these final figures (the numbers of each name) are again added together until one single digit is the result. And that digit is the number which the individual expresses in his or her life. Then, to find the inner hidden nature of the individual, the vowels of the various names are added together.

In using the birthday, the day, the month and the year are all added together until one digit is the result. That will show the path in life which the individual must travel in order to become successful. The month is figured by its place in the calendar—January being the first and December the twelfth; June is the sixth month.

Then, in the tables which have come down from very ancient times, of what each number signifies, is specifically given the mental qualities which invariably accompany the possession of any given number by an individual, and it is remarkable—almost startling—how accurately it works out for each person; that is, how accurately the final numbers describe the past actions, the present qualities and the future probabilities of the individual whose number has been discovered.*

The Cabala of the Jews is the name of their system of numbers, based on the same principle as that which was taught to the Greeks by Pythagoras. We can easily see that number belongs to no period of time, but must have originated at the beginning of all things. Each language in the world being different, its vibratory effect must necessarily also be different, which might possibly have to do with the differences in the various peoples of the world. It is a thought worth contemplating.

Without following further the theories of this belief, it must be borne in mind, as has been said, that the numerals up to 9 each represent some quality. They also geometrically apply. From the straight line *one* (1), similar lines, all of equal length, are added, 3 forming the triangle, 4 the

square, and 5 a five-sided figure—a pentagon—and this is the symbol of man, because it is the first form which lends itself to the drawing within it of the figure of a man, which the reader can himself see if he draws a pentagon with five equal sides and places within, the head, arms, body and legs.

Five (5) then, symbolizes the figure of the man—just the body, without mental qualities—Man, with his five symbolical senses and his five fingers and toes to interpret his ideas, but without a sense of love, which comes with 6, or inspiration in art which comes with 7, or achievement and power and leadership and responsibility which comes with 8, or, finally, the power to tear down, destroy in order to rebuild on a higher plane, as in 9—and 9 being the last number and final, with 10 comes a new birth and a new beginning, but with man established in the world.

I hope that what I have set down may lend some color to the sombre columns of figures which professional accountants are constantly running up against and which they so easily reduce to informing expositions showing the financial condition of individuals and corporations, but which the ordinary layman usually regards with more or less aversion, estimating them to be dry as dust and full only of dreariness.

*Anyone caring to work this out will find, in the books published on the subject, the different qualities each number stands for.

EX RUSTICO FIT NITIDUS

By DONALD CORLEY

Fair August came afield today
 A woman tall and sumptuous,
 Marigolds adorn her tea-gold hair
 Of sun-forged cloisene bound with green
 A presence neither grave nor mirthful
 Yet smiling with an ancient mystery
 And warmth of heart and contentedness. . . .
 The lazy vagrant winds with heat-scarves play
 And hedge-men crickets chant a noonday song.

HOME RULE AND DIRECT PRIMARIES

By HON. JOHN F. HYLAN

PROPER city government is as necessary for the welfare of a country and the prosperity and happiness of its people as proper state or national government. This is especially true of the modern city, with its enormous and constantly-growing population whose needs of every-day life are rapidly increasing and whose demands for urban conveniences and luxuries are insistent.

We want the best government for the cities that we can get, but to secure it we must go farther than electing capable and intelligent and honest men and women to serve as municipal officials. We must clothe these officials with the power which will permit them to discharge properly their official responsibilities.

There are two cardinal points that should be observed in city government. One is that the government must have a policy adapted to the needs of the people governed; the other is that the people themselves, through their duly elected representatives, must decide what those needs shall be. That means self-government in the city without dictation on purely local affairs and functions on the part of the state government.

The importance of self-government for the city is apparent when we realize the importance of the city in its relation to the entire nation. The city is the center of civilization because it has become the center of population. This is especially true in America, where the growth of cities has been remarkable. In the last fifty years the urban population of the United States has expanded from 21 per cent of the total to 50 per cent of the total. In that half-century

we have changed from the type of a rural democracy to the type of an urban republic.

With the growth of population fundamental changes have taken place in the city. Today the city has become an industrial and social unit with requirements often entirely distinct from the state and the nation. Local problems and conditions have arisen within its borders which no one living outside the city can fully appreciate or understand.

As the city grew and its needs grew, the doctrine of municipal autonomy increased. The idea of what came to be known as "home rule" became the demand of the majority. The essence of this demand centered on the point that in primarily local affairs the city should absolutely govern itself.

In many states this demand for home rule has been recognized and broad local powers have been granted either by constitutional amendment or statutory enactment. Among the first of the states to grant municipal home rule were Missouri, in 1875, and California, in 1879, and soon after thirteen states had largely increased the governing and administrative independence of their cities.

The complete adoption of the home-rule principle in our cities has, however, been delayed by the manipulations of self-seeking private corporations. These corporations have recognized that the city can be only as independent as the state will permit it. With the aid of their henchmen in public office, they have seen to it that a proper measure of self-governing power has been denied to the city. It is not surprising, therefore, that many of our municipalities have come more and more under the influence of these corporate interests even to the point of actual domination.

There is scarcely a large city in this country the municipal officials of which have not been obliged to wage an incessant battle against the corrupting and degrading influence of public service corporations that are determined to control the municipal government and the property of

the people and to shape municipal governmental policies to suit their own ends. That has been the poisonous virus which has been permeating practically every one of our larger cities from the top to the bottom, and from the centre to the circumference.

In nearly all the large municipalities in this country the cities own and control the water supply, but the other utilities such as telephone, gas, electric light and power and transportation are, for the most part, under the direction of private interests which see to it that their concessions pay large dividends to the stockholders. These private interests have always been more interested in dividends than in the comfort and convenience of the public. This, despite the fact that the people of the city own the franchises. These franchises are virtually contracts.

A generation or two ago, when the cities and towns were much smaller than they are today, the practice of granting franchises was started. At that time the character of the franchise was not so important as at present, perpetual franchises often being granted by the legislatures to then existing utility companies.

Notwithstanding that the value of these franchises was constantly increasing, the old methods of giving them away practically free were continued. About thirty years ago the great value of these free gifts was beginning to be fully appreciated by the corporation interests, growing wise by experience. So we find securities being issued far above the actual value of the property.

In order to continue their hold on these grants, the big corporations went into politics. They wanted to have their city contracts renewed free of charge; they wanted to avoid taxes and regulations; they wanted to guard against competition, and, most important of all, to forestall municipal ownership.

How well these corporations have protected their private interests during the past years is seen in the huge values of the franchises which they still hold. In nearly all the cities

with more than ten thousand inhabitants these values are greater than the city's debts; and in the City of New York the value of the franchises of public service corporations is roughly placed at a billion dollars.

In passing, it should be pointed out that if the legislature at Albany had not been so ready in the early days to toss perpetual franchises to public service monopolies, and the municipal officials of those days had not surrendered the city's rights and privileges or permitted them to be seized by private corporations, these rights, privileges and franchises would today be bringing millions of dollars into the treasury of the City of New York with all that this means in the way of a reduction of the tax burdens of the people.

While it may be safely stated that the tendency of American political theory is essentially democratic, it may be added that the practice would be equally democratic were its progress not halted and hampered in the cities by the control of the states.

The states at the present time are keeping the cities from advancing to their full development. The determination appears to be to keep the cities in complete subjection. This oppression by the states is, of course, resented and as a result a continuous warfare goes on between the states and their larger cities. The larger cities are the sources of the states' greatest revenue, the City of New York, for instance, paying about 70 per cent of the cost of the government of the state. The enormous municipal revenues are very convenient for employment in purely private and local needs of the many rural communities. Hence, rural legislators will not permit such cities to shift or throw off the state yoke. To make sure that the City of New York does not secure relief through its own legislators, care has been taken to prevent the city from having that proportionate representation in the legislature which its almost 60 per cent of the total state population rightly demands. And, so, the City of New York must forever knock as a suppliant

upon the legislative gates for power and authority to act as a municipal corporation.

The condition of dependence of our cities upon the states for power to initiate and carry out programs of local improvements is one of the greatest barriers to municipal progress. Yet, effective and economical municipal administration is impossible of accomplishment without such power.

There is no denying the sovereignty of the state. Nor can it be denied that the local needs of a community are best known to the citizens of that community. The requirements to meet those needs, it will be admitted, are also best known to the local citizens by reason of experience and personal contact. The people of the city, therefore, have as much right to determine their own policies and administer their own affairs as the people of the state or nation have in their respective spheres.

Our local government exists for the fulfillment of local needs. It touches the lives of the people more intimately than does the national or state government. That is why we elect municipal officials to minister to those needs. These officials are elected in accordance with the prevailing public opinion and they are both responsive and responsible to the local electorate. The people control them and look to them for the protection of the public interests.

In the last mayoralty election in the City of New York more than 755,000 voters, representing in round numbers some two million families, chose certain agents to administer the public affairs and to guard the public welfare. It was in the belief that the popular will should be carried out that these public officers were elected.

But consider the anomalous position of the elected local officials of the City of New York—the Board of Estimate and Apportionment—who are accountable to the people of the city for the proper conduct of municipal affairs, but who are at the same time robbed of their powers and duties by legislative usurpation—all in the form of law.

In the past two years minority special interests and their legislative tools at Albany have taken from the elected officials of this city the control of all public utilities, including the city-owned subways. A state-appointed commission has been empowered to say what rates of fare the people shall pay on the transit lines and on the subway lines, which were built and paid for by the people themselves. Not only this, but the residents of the City of New York must submit to the exactions which private monopolies may make for gas, electricity and telephone service because the control over these utilities has passed into the hands of another state-appointed commission.

The dilemma, therefore, facing the local officials of the City of New York is this: The people on the one side demand that the will of the electorate be made effective, while on the other hand the legislature has stripped or denied these officials necessary power faithfully to execute their trusts. As the control over the city's transit system and waterfront facilities, as well as public utilities, has been wrested from the duly elected local officials and invested in Albany-appointed agents, responsible to none, there are no official shoulders upon which the City of New York can directly place the responsibility for the mal-administration of these functions or the dissipation of the funds involved.

If the super-imposed state commissions badly administer the affairs of the people of the City of New York, there is nothing left for the people to do but to submit to it willingly or otherwise. If there be official dereliction upon the part of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, it would mean that the offending local officials would be put to the sword of popular disfavor. No such check is placed upon the irresponsible Albany-appointed bodies, for their breath of life comes not from the people, nor is their right to function dependent upon the popular will.

If there is one undeniable fact, proved time and again in the cities of the United States, it is that an unrepresented and irresponsible external authority, superimposed upon

the people of a city against their wishes and protest, has never demonstrated capacity, through lack of first-hand knowledge, or, possibly, for more ulterior reasons, to administer local affairs efficiently and economically and in the best interests of the people of the locality affected. This form of vicarious government has never been productive of good or effective municipal rule; on the contrary, it has opened the door to extravagance, inefficiency, the imposition of unwarranted burdens upon the backs of the people, and the creation of a spirit of unrest among the people by the flouting of the will of the majority.

The protest of the people against government for the benefit of private interests is not limited to the inhabitants of the City of New York. It is rapidly spreading throughout every city, town and village in the United States. This wave of democratic sentiment is coupled with a demand that national, state and local governments be freed from the domination of special influences, that there be an immediate end to the placing of irresponsible intermediaries between the people and their elected officials and that there be a prompt cessation of the subversion of government to serve private ends.

Now, realizing that these evils of outside and invisible governments are seriously handicapping the people of New York and other large cities, thinking men and women, who have the public welfare at heart, are giving serious consideration to every possible remedy.

One of the first remedies, as a primary condition of effective local government, should, of course, be home rule for the city. This, among other things, means the granting to duly elected local officials of the right to work out independently all strictly municipal problems, to meet every local need as it arises, and to carry out the responsibilities of their respective offices without legislative hamstringing or the obstruction of superfluous, super-imposed, state-created boards and commissions.

The idea of home rule is advocated by men and women

in all political parties whose sense of public service rises above partisanship and who recognize that the basic American doctrine is that government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed. As a first essential the people should have a right to nominate as well as elect their own representatives, and this condition is possible of attainment through the direct primary.

The history of the direct primary leads through many years of political struggle. It began with a demand for a change from the corrupt political methods and had its origin in the rapid development of urban conditions and of political parties. Small groups of spoilsmen had obtained control of the cities and were serving their own selfish purposes in politics. One of the first demands was for the Australian ballot system, for the short ballot and for direct primaries.

For one hundred years no changes had been made in the nominating methods of the country, although the character of the country and the theories of government had radically changed in that period. But political fraud and corruption were becoming so flagrant that men in the two great parties demanded reform. Discussions in this direction began in 1860 and continued through the '70's and has continued on to the present time.

Following the Australian ballot law and the regulation providing for the election of delegates came the urgent demand for the people to choose their candidates directly. This demand became known as the direct primary movement. The new movement, however, made little progress until the close of the '90's, when Robert LaFollette strongly portrayed the evils of the old convention plan and advocated the benefits and advantages of the new system. In the dawn of the present century the idea had spread from one part of the country to the other, until today it is recognized by all thoughtful and honest voters as the proper method of selecting municipal and state officers and in some places

it has been applied to Congressional selection and even to the Presidential.

The opponents of the direct primary have time and again sought to have its operation set aside by the courts, but the courts, in an almost universal series of decisions, have held that regulation of the primaries was within the authority of legislation.

There is no denying that the direct primary is democratic. It is a political weapon of defense which should never be wrested from the people.

If the people are accorded the privilege of voting for candidates and thus are acknowledged to have the common sense and intelligence necessary for the exercise of that right, it is an absurdity to say that this intelligence could not be exercised in the selection of the candidates for whom they are to vote.

If the voters of a political party may be entrusted with the choosing of delegates to a convention which delegates in turn choose the candidates, is it not reasonable to say that these voters have sufficient intelligence and discrimination to select the candidates in the first instance?

To make the popular will effective the right of nomination must go with the right of election. A corporation-dominated legislature of the State of New York apparently did not entertain this idea when, in the past two years, it practically nullified the direct primary law. This legislature decreed that delegates to a convention shall decide who shall be the party's candidate for state and judicial officers.

Whatever the defects and evils inherent in the direct primary law, that law was incomparably superior in its operation and more capable of securing a true expression of the will of the electorate than the old boss-ridden convention system of nominations, which has too often done violence to the fundamental principles of democracy.

The right of the people to rule over their own affairs is the foundation-stone upon which our representative system of American government has been erected. But so long

as the cities of our states are constantly subjected to the onslaughts and incursions of the legislature under the prod of private influence, civic degeneracy, instead of advancement, must be the lamentable consequence. So long as the cities of our state are throttled and strangled by legislative strong-arm methods, municipal progress will be impossible of accomplishment. Not until our municipalities are given untrammelled freedom to work out their own destinies will there be genuinely representative government and the complete fulfillment of municipal purpose.

FUGITIVE

O fugitive from the body's carnivals,
The golden revolution blunders over you,
And rings its strong, bronze harmony through your being;
You draw the blinds to hide
Dishevelled midnight,
And the blind wind feels along your curtains
And fumbles darkly at the latch. . . .

O fugitive from the body's carnivals!
You will see all the gaunt trees stretched to God
Like pleading hands in one vast crying;
The sound of the wind in the leaves will be
Like silence in your ears and you will feel
The arm of loneliness stealing around you
Under the tattered cloak of the rain,
Till out of the dream of living,
Out of the mirage of sleep,
You have achieved the music of a dim snowfall on white marble
A singing oblivion
In a luminous wilderness of frost. . . .

THE FARMER AS A BANKER

By EARLE W. GAGE

THE generation-old dream of the American farmer will soon become a fact, indeed. Soon he will have paid back to Uncle Sam the last dollar of capital advanced to establish the twelve Federal Land Banks, serving the 4,108 co-operative national farm loan associations of the United States. The tiller of the soil will thus add banking to business, and have under his own control a system of finance capable of meeting the needs of agriculture, and which may well become the basis of an enlarged system answering short-term credit needs, as the Federal Farm Loan system presently, through these units, provides long-term loans on land and buildings.

Although co-operation has made immense strides in agricultural America in recent years, the establishment of the 4,108 co-operative national farm loan associations, serving practically every farm community and section of the country, outstretches any previous achievement in this direction.

Co-operation is in no sense a new idea, but it remained for the permanent establishment of the co-operative Federal Farm Loan system to give to the American farmer a co-operative agency national in extent and service. Prior to the advent of these associations and land banks, co-operation thrived only in limited areas and served farmers producing only specialized products, such as apples, cotton, oranges and tobacco. Thus, the present co-operative banking system of the American farmer stands as the first successful milestone of his united effort on a nation-wide basis.

Many have advised that the American farmer is incapable of team-work, yet he has builded this, the greatest of all co-operative institutions, in slightly over four years'

actual operation of the system. He owns the stock and assumes all the liability on a co-operative basis, and has successfully answered the ancient financial problem of the tiller of the soil. Working together as one body, thousands of farmers have solved problems impossible of achievement on individual lines.

For many years prior to the establishment of the Federal Farm Loan system, it was apparent that, unless more means was provided to supply money for agricultural purposes, on a long-term, amortization plan, and at low interest, agricultural development in the United States would not only cease, but the whole industry would degenerate.

The farmer had hitherto been the ultimate goat, to whom the money lenders successfully passed the buck of high commissions and fat interest rates. Practically alone of all industrial leaders, the farmer was the only one who did not control the money he produced, and was forced, under the prevailing system of finance, which was in the hands of outside interests, to pay what was asked.

With this mill-stone about his neck, the farmer struggled on for the generation after the Civil War, farming becoming less and less profitable, and more and more discouraging, until in 1916, after every conceivable plan had been considered, Congress borrowed from Europe a plan, which had proven successful there, and attempted to so modify it as to meet the need of the American farmer. This plan, so modified, is known as the Federal Farm Loan Act, approved July 17, 1916.

Those who would aid the farmer to salvation in money matters well appreciated that in this, as in all other agricultural problems, it was a matter for the farmer to himself execute. To establish the system, a temporary board was appointed to officer each of the twelve Federal Land Banks, whose term of office should terminate upon the final payment into the treasury of the money advanced to the farmer to capitalize these banks.

When we consider that the American farmer owns an

\$80,000,000,000 enterprise, with a yearly business of more than \$20,000,000,000, we soon appreciate that this tiller of the soil is a business man of no small means. And like all other business men, the farmer requires available finance, plenty of it, when he needs it, to carry on this great business of producing food and clothing.

When we look on the debit side of the farm ledger we discover that the 12,000,000 farmers have mortgages aggregating \$8,000,000,000, and that the annual interest on these calls for a tribute of more than \$600,000,000 a year or \$50,000,000 per month. Statistics recently collected show us, that whereas, the city merchant, the broker and other business man, whose security is not as stable as that of the farmer, enjoyed interest rates of from four to six per cent., the farmers of the country, on the average, pay from eight to ten per cent. interest, and large commissions for their loans.

It is slight wonder that the co-operative Federal Farm Loan system has proved immensely popular everywhere, more especially in the high-interest, short-money sections, where it makes possible farm loans at six per cent., and with amortization repayment as low as one per cent. of the principal sum, over periods of from five to 33 years time. The former loan system meant that the farmer must repay the loan "out of himself," and that if he were to survive under its lash, he must reduce his standard of living, and that of his family. The co-operative loan permits this same farmer to repay the loan "out of the farm," its payments being so liberal and nominal, as to permit of repayment from crop proceeds.

Many have wondered that the American farmer, our greatest prime producer, has not long since become our capitalistic class. America is the only continent in the world with large agricultural holdings where the land-owning folk are not the capitalists. In Germany, in Great Britain, in Denmark, in France, and even in Japan, to own land is tantamount to having wealth; to be a farmer is to belong

to the most powerful class in the country. Why is it that the American farmer, with this same agricultural leadership, does not likewise enjoy the same position as farmers of these foreign lands?

When we set about answering this question, we at once discover that we are in the center of one of the most perplexing problems of the hour; possibly the most vexing and complex of the many reconstruction problems facing the United States to-day; problems that have seriously menaced our agricultural industry ever since the close of the Civil War. We face the manifold problems of farm credits and farm markets. No class of business men in the United States pays a higher interest rate for the money he borrows than does the farmer, and he receives barely 40 per cent. of the market price of his produce when he disposes of it.

As America, as a continent, is no longer surrounded by the atmosphere of sweet and contented remoteness from the rest of the world, but must face a world audience in competition in all lines, so also, our greatest business man—the farmer—must compete with farmers of all other countries, not only in foreign markets, but also in our markets.

Farmers of Europe, because of their superior loan organizations, have for a generation been able to borrow money upon the same basis as commerce, business and industry; during the same period our American farmers have paid nearly twice as much, and then have been only inadequately financed.

The coming of the co-operative Federal Farm Loan system changed all this, and though millions of farmers yet remain outside the pale of its service, yet the system has not only saved millions in interest and commissions to its members and owners, but has opened a wide avenue of tremendous possibilities for the future. In slightly less than five years actual operation, under restricted administration, half a billion dollars of loans have been made upon the co-operative principle, and thousands of individual farmers

had their business securely financed for a long period of years. Linked with the new era of co-operative marketing, the coming of the farmers' co-operative loan agency presents the one golden rainbow on the country's horizon.

At present, agriculture is on the decadence. I say decadence in the term that agriculture is not now a growingly popular industry. Right now there are two persons in the city and town to the one upon the soil. Our urban population has increased 34 per cent in the past decade. Our rural population has increased by 11 per cent. Ten per cent of our national population now reside in three of our large cities; 60 per cent live in small towns, and but 30 per cent reside out in the open country, upon our farms, and are producers of food and clothing. Yet, we meet men every now and then who say that they cannot see for the world why farming should not be the most profitable and enjoyable of industries. There must be some reason for the decadence of farming, and there is.

The unsatisfactory, haphazard marketing system, now in vogue, is one of the most discouraging items, while the eight billion dollar mortgage load the farmer carries seems to be the last straw.

The banker is educated in banking; the farmer is trained in farming. We can not expect that the banker will appreciate the vital needs of agriculture when he depends upon city trade for his greater business. Of the 7,613 National Banks, book records of 1,247 showed extortionate rates charged farmers for loans. These same banks, while charging the city merchant, manufacturer, store keeper, railroad operator and promoter anywhere from four to six per cent. interest, were at the same time charging the farmers they served anywhere from 18 to 60 per cent. interest.

The highest rates charged farmers were found in Texas, Oklahoma, North Dakota, Georgia and Alabama, although 12 per cent was considered very moderate in the Rocky Mountain section.

In other words, if a farm boy wished to become a city merchant, he could go to the average bank and secure a loan at from 4 to 6 per cent. If, however, the same farm boy wished to become a farm operator, the banker looked with disfavor upon him, and charged him several times as much for the use of the same money. These statements are not manufactured to paint a pretty picture, but are taken from sworn statements filed by officials of these banks, with members of Congress who investigated the matter.

We need no longer, it would seem, wonder why it is that the modern farm boy goes to the city instead of remaining on the farm. For every dollar loaned on farms, six dollars are loaned on city real estate. For every \$2.50 loaned on farm lands, \$97.50 is loaned on factories.

The railroads of the country seem to believe they face a most grave future. All our railroads put together employ only 2,500,000 men—our farms employ 12,500,000. The railroads support 10,000,000 people; the farms 40,000,000, and feed not alone their own population, but the whole country, as well as millions abroad. Nevertheless, through the regular finance channels, our farmers can borrow only one dollar to the ten the railroads borrow.

It was lack of farm financial support at the close of the Civil War, and the resultant evils attached, that were responsible for the mad rush to the cities. Our agricultural industry has never overcome that handicap. At the close of every war in history, it has been noteworthy that money, ready liquid fluid, rushed to the aid of industry and commerce, leaving the farmer to trail his own flocks, pursue his plow, seed his field, harvest his crops, as he might. The farmer has been forced to shift for himself, and without an organization through which to meet his needs, or with which to equip himself to cope with existing conditions, agriculture suffered.

Just as there were selfish commercial and political interests that would have deprived the American farmer of this much-needed finance, when the Farm Loan Act was passed,

so also now, as the farmer-owners of the co-operative Federal Farm Loan system are about to come into ownership and control of the system they have created, under government supervision, there is a minority who would defeat the farmer of the enjoyment of his business.

The war seems to have given a few in this and other countries a conception that a super-governmental state should be created for all things individual. First, some would have had the government own and run the railroads. It was well that the radical element did not prevail in that. Then, not content to permit the natural laws of supply and demand to dominate the price of farm produce, a set of radical leaders would have the government guarantee a fixed price on all farm produce. The sane and sound business farmer prevailed in that test, and the super-governmental plan passed into vapor.

Because the Federal Government, through its politically-appointed directors of the farmers' land banks, first engineered these banks, there is a minority who would continue this plan, despite the fact that the capital of the banks is owned by the farmer-borrowers, and the liabilities are all assumed by these farmers. Every farmer who has secured loan service through the Federal Farm Loan system has been legally forced to subscribe to capital stock in these banks, and assume the liability, with the promise that when he had paid back to the Federal Government the advanced capital of the banks, he would come into control and management of them. Of all the radical recommendations made in either America or Russia, the most unique is the one which would have the farmer capitalize a banking system, assume the liabilities, guarantee the bonds which make it possible, and then permit outsiders, especially political appointees, manage and dominate the system, rather than the farmer-owners.

During the period of the war, when the Government was selling war bonds, Farm Loan Bonds, bearing greater interest and enjoying greater confidence with investors, sold

at higher prices, and Secretary McAdoo recommended in 1918, that Congress authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase \$200,000,000 of these farm bonds, to keep them out of the market, and give Liberty Bonds the right of way. This was authorized.

Now, because the Government still holds these \$138,000,000 of bonds, worth more to-day, by the way, than the day the Government bought them, and upon which the farmers have promptly paid the interest, there is a small minority of politicians and free-thinkers who would have the Government continue to dominate the farmers' banking system until these bonds have been completely repaid. As they are for a term of 20 years, this would mean the farmer would be deprived for a period of sixteen years of property rights on his banking system, since his bank directors would be selected for him by a politically-appointed board.

* * *

Since to deprive the owners of any banking system of the fullest property rights and expressions would be unconstitutional, not to say un-American, and since farmers and others in this country do not care to have the Federal Government become banker and baker, but rather permit private capital and initiative to perform these fundamental acts, there seems slight justification for any belief that the radicals will win the day, and place the Federal Farm Loan system under political control.

THE COTTONWOOD

By HENRY BELLAMANN

Quivering day
Flooding out to the white rim of sky,
Quicksilver wash among the shadows;
Stillness crowding upon the house.
Outside the window, green leaves
Stir in their noon sleep
And—
Singing mirage of silence—
A sound of rain in a dusty land.

AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE

SOME months ago the editor of *THE FORUM* called attention to the injustice that was being done Senator Truman H. Newberry with the result that there rolled into the office protests from a number of well-intentioned but ill-informed people who, without any particular knowledge of the facts in the case, felt that Senator Newberry represented something that was evil and therefore should be condemned. One attractive correspondent, to whom we took the trouble to write the facts, replied frankly, saying that he knew little about the law of the matter or the evidence, but inasmuch as Senator Newberry had opposed President Wilson, he felt that he was a bad man. It is this kind of reasoning that is at the base of most of the world's trouble to-day—pure emotionalism—and a lack of regard for clear thinking.

The present Secretary of State is a man who has, above all other qualities, the power of just and keen analysis and it is this characteristic that makes him at the present time the anchor to windward in our public affairs. His recent letter on the Newberry case, in which he shows that Senator Newberry has been most unjustly treated is, therefore, welcome, and if Secretary Hughes would take the trouble to go into some of the other problems that to-day are confusing the public mind we feel sure that he would gradually begin to straighten out some of our troubled statesmen and politicians as well as the people who are looking to them, without much success, for light and guidance.

• • •

Nothing emphasizes as sharply the chaotic mental condition at which we have arrived than the frequently heard statement that what the country needs is leadership. The more one hears this the more one wonders what has become of the brains of the country and why Senator Smoot worries about the decline in the number of sheep, when there are so many humans

ready to take their place. What the country needs is clear thinking, brains and character, and what those who pitifully call for leadership are doing is blatantly admitting their own deficiencies in this regard and pitifully calling on someone else to supply the lack.

An incident in the Roosevelt Progressive campaign in 1912 gave us an insight into the point of view of many of our statesmen of to-day. That movement was supposed to be, and was, a revolt of men of ideas against stupid party bosses, but it naturally attracted, because of the magnetism of Roosevelt, many men of many minds. Among them was a prominent Tammany politician who had quarreled with his party. At the time we were an ardent admirer of the capabilities of Bainbridge Colby, then a leading Progressive and believed he should be nominated by the Progressives for Governor of New York State. In the course of an industrious personal canvass, we went to the former Tammany man and asked him whom he favored for Governor.

"I'm for the man the leaders favor," he answered, following the formula that he had grown accustomed to for years.

"But," we insisted, a little bit surprised to hear in this Temple of Purity the hackneyed catch words of machine politics, "you are one of the leaders and your decision will help settle the question."

"Yes," he replied, "but the big fellows will tell us who they intend to nominate."

"But, in this new party, everyone is to have a voice, and surely you have your own opinion."

"I have," he admitted boastfully, "but I am not going to say anything until 'they' pass the word."

"But, that is the old condition of things," we argued; "you are now one of those who make up the voice of the party, and you must express your own opinion."

"No," he insisted, "*they* will slip us the word in time."

The cry on the part of statesmen and politicians for a leader, the demand on the part of business men for leadership shows how thoroughly we are saturated with the old party system. Hundreds of the men who are cry-

ing for leadership could be leaders if they only had the patience and were willing to take the trouble to think clearly and had the character and courage to express themselves forcefully instead of waiting for someone else to do their mental and spiritual leading for them.

• • •

When he comes back from Brazil, we hope that Secretary Hughes will have something to say about Senator Lodge, for here, too, there is an opportunity for clear thinking and vigorous expression.

There should not be the slightest doubt about his re-election for Henry Cabot Lodge has been one of the great men of the United States Senate, and if in the last year he has been unable to lead his party in the upper chamber, he was able to lead them in 1919 as ably as it has ever been marshalled. It is amusing to read diatribes against him in the very papers that for years talked of Lodge's scholarship and Lodge's intellect, because the editors differ with him on the matter of international affairs. Massachusetts has never been more ably represented than it has during the last six years by Senator Lodge. She will be false to her traditions if she does not give a great testimonial vote to the man who, when the country was confused as to its international policy, was in the front of the fight against the League of Nations and our embroiling ourselves in the European chaos.

If Senator Lodge did not inaugurate the fight as did Miles Poindexter, if he did not hit the same sledge hammer blows of Senators Borah and Johnson and George Moses, he was nevertheless the one who marshalled the party forces, who moved on with a due regard for public opinion and finally with great good temper and suavity of method accomplished what President Wilson himself at his best considered an impossible achievement. It must be remembered also that Senator Lodge did this at a time when his party was divided. To Henry Cabot Lodge more than to any other individual the Republican party owes its great victory in 1922.

DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

*ROMANTIC CAREER OF A GREAT RAILROAD PRESIDENT**

I HAVE read the two volumes of this work twice. Each time I have been fascinated and the mental exhilaration that came to me cannot be adequately described in cold type. It is a story of adventure, of American courage—it portrays vividly in every line resolute, forceful American character, the heart and soul of a very real American. The volumes should be read by every American boy, every boy in college or just leaving college, every boy in public or high school or just leaving those schools to enter business or professional life. Every boy born of foreign parents should read them, every boy landing on our shores should grapple them—for they teach the American way, the only way that has made this country great in the eyes of all the world. Every college professor, financier, railroad executive, every railroad employee—even the humblest—every labor union leader, soap box orator, socialist, all sorts and conditions of our citizens should, if possible, read, mark, learn and mentally digest these two volumes. I wish I were wealthy enough to send them into every school, church, college, home in this great favored land of ours. They tell us what a poor boy even with a limited education, but with sound courage, persistence, force, keenness may accomplish in this same favored land of ours—may accomplish for himself, his family, his country, indeed for all the people. It is a wonderfully fascinating and truly engaging work. For my part I do not feel that I may differentiate between Mr. Harriman as the founder of the Boys' Club in New York or as the great railroad rehabilitator and reorganizer of the Illinois Central, Union Pacific, Central Pacific, Southern Pacific, and other vast enterprises. The Boys' Club gives us a humane picture of a very human man. Although born the son of a poor Episcopal clergyman at Hempstead, Long Island, Mr. Harriman was practically all his life a New York boy. He began business life at 14 at five dollars a week in a Wall street broker's office. Later when he had accumulated by energy, work, brains, a fortune of over a hundred millions, he said: "My capital when I began was a pencil and"—tapping his head. And during his 62 years of life he found ample time for fishing, club life, shooting, tennis, golf, the militia, boating, the theatre and opera; but he found no time for loafing, watching the clock or boozing. As a boy pupil at Trinity School he had encountered the rough street boys of Manhattan and had many a scrap with them, in which he more than held his own. Those scraps, when he began to get upon his financial feet,

*"E. H. Harriman," by George Kennan. Houghton-Mifflin Co.

led him to believe he should do something for the boys of New York. In 1876 he enlisted the help of financial friends and opened the Tompkins Square Boys' Club, the first organization of the kind in the United States, if not in the world. All the members were of foreign parentage, although most of them had been born in the United States. Mr. Harriman was an accomplished athlete and boxer. In time there was a gymnasium for the boys, a swimming pool, a ball field was started and later Mr. Harriman became the pioneer of the boys' camps which now dot almost every State in the Union during the summer months. Libraries, concerts, musical training, dancing, amateur plays came along in due time to develop the artistic longings of the boys. In the forty-six years of the club's existence, it has, more or less, formed the tastes and moulded the character of about 250,000 street boys, and through them it has exerted an enlightening and ameliorating influence over the whole foreign-born population of the great East Side of New York. "If you're president of railroads people say you're a bad man," said James Fioldo, fifteen years of age, a member of The Boys' Club, in the New York *Herald* several years ago, and he added: "They say things like that about Mr. Harriman, but we know they ain't true. If they were he wouldn't treat us boys the way he does. Nobody makes him—he just does it himself." Moulding the characters of 250,000 boys! Which was Mr. Harriman's greater usefulness as an American citizen? Starting these 250,000 boys aright so that they could have the education, the gimp, the sand, to bear life's burdens and to confront life's problems and obstacles? The evening I read about Mr. Harriman's Boys' School I strolled out for a breath of fresh air. At a corner, yawping, yawping, yawping, was a soap box spouter, yawping alleged economic and social tenets which would have wrecked those 250,000 East Side boys. "Yawp your head off, you confounded fool," thought I; "those 250,000 boys are like a Niagara of American sense against your flapdoodle." Who may estimate the value to all the races making up this nation of Mr. Harriman's work as the organizer of that Boys' Club? Who may value its future work?

And Mr. Harriman's work as a railroad executive? Well, through the building up of his railroads he developed billions and billions of dollars of farm and other investment values in that mighty empire adjacent to and beyond the Father of Waters. One citation of Mr. Harriman's work may suffice for all. I am quoting Howard Elliott, himself a great railroad executive, in his "The Truth About the Railroads." Mr. Elliott wrote:

"Mr. Harriman found the Union Pacific insolvent, dismembered, decrepit, its sources of revenue curtailed, without important alliances, friendless. He left it financially powerful, its severed members restored, its roadbed and equipment renewed and of the highest type, dominating traffic conditions in a wide territory and with alliances and influence extending

from the Atlantic to the farther shore of the Pacific, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Great Lakes and even across the Canadian frontier. The property which had seemed to his predecessors to be fit for nothing more than to be a continuous object and means of political and financial intrigue, he transformed into a wealth-creating and disseminating machine of the highest efficiency. The transportation-buying public, those who travel and those who ship, has seen efficiency of the highest degree substituted for inefficiency of the lowest order; the Federal Government has collected millions which seemed hopelessly lost; and shareholders have received gratifying returns upon their investments. Rates have been lowered and wages raised, traffic has multiplied, and the region served has acquired prosperity without precedent. To Mr. Harriman, more than to any other single agency, is due the fact that, to an extent unknown before,

"Through the veins
Of that vast empire flows, in
Strengthening tides,
Trade, the calm health of nations!"

The comments of Mr. Kennan on the late President Roosevelt, Professor Ripley and the Interstate Commerce Commission of that contemporaneous time in the controversy with Mr. Harriman may not be agreeable reading to the friends of those interested either as to politics or a railroad investigating matter.

—EDWARD G. RIGGS.

THE BUILDING OF AN ARMY*

HOW a force of a hundred thousand men became three million; how raw, untrained, human material was procured, assembled and moulded into a formidable weapon of war; how this was done in less than twenty months is the interesting—nay, almost miraculous—tale told by Dr. Dickinson in his recent book, "The Building of An Army."

While the volume will captivate and instruct the military man, it should prove almost equally fascinating to the layman. Free from technicalities, written in every-day English, the reader is carried swiftly along through the mass of discussions, addresses, debates and investigations that resulted in the formation of the American Expeditionary Force. It is a detailed account of the whipping together of one of the greatest military organizations of all time.

Dr. Dickinson prefaces his account by showing the need for a settled army policy. So long as the country is faced with foreign relations, with the duty of protecting its citizens and their interests abroad, with the maintenance of order at home, it is compelled to recognize in its army a

*"The Building of An Army," by John Dickinson. The Century Company.

real requirement. But the questions of its size and how it shall be constituted are as continuous and debatable, Dr. Dickinson says, as the National life itself. He gives the opinion of members of Congress, Administrative officials, military experts, and public persons who speak for important groups. While not attempting to solve so complex a problem, he supplies the rank militarist, the ardent pacifist, as well as the mere student of disarmament, with abundant materials and arguments for each to support the cause that haunts the corridors of his heart's desire.

"The Building of An Army" is timely. It is authoritative. It could not well have been written sooner and be kept free from bias. Neither could certain sources of information have been tapped for data not easily obtainable when hatred and envy still rule. The book is a valuable addition to The Century New World Series. **ARTHUR A. CROSBY.**

A PLEA FOR ITALY*

THE War and the Peace Conference brought out more clearly than anything else the misunderstanding that has existed between the United States and Italy during the last few years. That such a misunderstanding should exist is unfortunate and doubly so when it is realized that Italy's greatest desire nationally and privately, was to secure our friendship.

*"Immortal Italy," by Edgar Mowrer. D. Appleton & Co.

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PORTER SARGENT
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Cut off from outside communications by the War, neglected by her Allies who disliked her for what they termed her shiftiness and her double-dealings, Italy remained aloof for the first three years of the War, suffering and in great need. Then came American participation and aid, American food, American Red Cross, and last but not least, American sympathy. All the gratefulness and thanks of a nation that knows how to be grateful was poured out to us and the United States had obtained a friend to do with as she wished.

Then came the Armistice followed by the assembly of the Peace Conference in Paris and the visit of Wilson to Rome. The fever-pitch of enthusiasm was at its height and Italy paid the representative of the United States the highest honors it could heap upon a single man. Into this demonstration of one nation toward another Italy had thrown her all—her chivalry, her gratitude and above all, her friendship, and when she saw that it was not returned and that her representatives in Paris were being neglected and spurned, the inevitable reaction occurred. Love turned to hate, gratitude to cold disdain.

Mr. Mowrer, who has lived in Italy throughout the War as a Correspondent for a Chicago newspaper, and has learned to know and love the Italian people, has tried to remove the misunderstanding in his "Immortal Italy." The ambition of the author is that the American and Italian peoples might be drawn together in ties of friendship by mutual understanding and he feels that the best way to arrive at such a friendship is by telling the one nation as much about the other as will easily be understood.

It is a great object and one that is worthy of success.

—RONALD TREE.

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

DR. KARL HELFFERICH, German Minister of State, was Vice Chancellor and Financial Minister in Germany during the war and previous to that time was President of the Deutsche Bank. He is the author of several books on economics.

EARLE W. GAGE was an officer of the Ashville National Farm Loan Association and is an expert in farm finance matters.

HON. HENRY CABOT LODGE, United States Senator from Massachusetts, is the Republican leader in the Senate. He is the author of "Life and Letters of George Cabot," "Short History of the English Colonies," "Life of Alexander Hamilton," "Life of Daniel Webster," "Hero Tales of American History," etc.

NOEL SARGENT is a graduate of the University of Washington and later was a Fellow in Political Science at the University of Chicago. He taught at the College of St. Thomas and the University of Minnesota. At present he is Manager of the Open Shop Department of the National Association of Manufacturers.

WILLIAM C. CORNWELL is a banker and author. He was one of the founders and first President of the New York State Bankers Association Committee which organized the American Institute of Bankers and was its first President. Mr. Cornwell is the author of "Currency and Banking Law of Canada" (Putnam, 1894), "Sound Money Monographs" (1897) and many other works and pamphlets on financial subjects. He has been associated with J. S. Bache & Company since 1905.

HON. JOHN F. HYLAN, Mayor of the City of New York, OTTO H. KAHN, WAYNE B. WHEELER, MATTHEW WOLL and GEORGE SANTAYANA have contributed to previous issues of THE FORUM.

The Forum

OCTOBER, 1922

GEORGE MEREDITH
(WITH SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS)

By ARTHUR SYMONS

I.

I NEVER met George Meredith: I was fated never to meet him. I might have met him at Robert Browning's funeral in Westminster Abbey; the Abbey was invisible in the fog, and, inside, dim yellow fog filled all the roof, above the gas and the candles. The coffin, carried high, came into the church to the sound of processional music: I stood next to Dykes Campbell and Coleridge's grandson. After the ceremony was over and we had found our way into the street, we were told that Meredith had left the Abbey five minutes before.

In May, 1885, I wrote a signed review in *Time* on *Diana of the Crossways*, in which I intimated that the time had come for a Collected Edition of Meredith's Works. On May 30, I read in *The Athenaeum*, "Messrs. Chapman and Hall talk of publishing a uniform edition of Mr. George Meredith's novels, the great majority of which are quite out of print," which showed that my instinct had been correct. I sent Meredith a copy of the magazine and received from him this letter, at Morwenna House, Peter Street, Yeovil:

Box Hill, Dorking,
May 15th, 1885.

Dear Sir:

I am deeply obliged to you for the copy of *Time* with the remarks you have done me the honour to make on my work; and I beg you not to attribute to discourtesy the delay in my acknowledgment of it. I am distressed by the serious illness of one of my household, now lying at Eastbourne, and I am rarely at home.

Believe me,

Very faithfully yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

So, as words which I keep for their significance to-day, because time has already brought in its revenges, and because Meredith's genius has conquered Time, are worthy of being partly recorded in print, I choose among them certain sentences. "Meredith's latest novel is the event of the day to a small, but very select and very devoted, circle of admirers. That it should be this, and little more than this, is a practical satire on contemporary taste more convincingly bitter than the sharpest of Meredith's purposed epigrams. Here is a man who for a quarter of a century has been producing a series of the most brilliant novels written in English since the death of Thackeray; and for the general public he is still only a name, and a name of terror." Now, this is what Meredith said of Thackeray: "A great modern writer of clearest eye and head, now departed, capable of presenting thoughtful women, thinking men, groaned over his puppetry, that he dared not animate them, flesh though they were, with the fires of positive brain stuff. He could have done it, and he is of the departed!"

In August, 1886, I sent Meredith the printed proofs of my *Introduction to the Study of Robert Browning*. He answered me in this august and noble letter:

Box Hill, Dorking,
Sept. 14th, 1886.

My dear Sir:

I have but just returned from the Continent; and let it be an excuse to you for the delay of my reply. I am honoured by the

proposal to dedicate your book to me, and accept with a full sense of the distinction. Permit me, however, to name one reserve. I should be pained by your public statement that I am the "greatest of living novelists." It rings invidiously. As to Browning, my love of him runs beside yours; yet even in his case, whatever you and I may think, the term "greatest" strikes a harsh note in many ears. Your just eulogy sufficiently establishes his high poetic worth. It seems to me that the measure of greatness belongs to posterity. As regards me, personally, there is, you are aware, a heavy opposition that would not brook the epithet. I may well shrink from superlatives of praise.

Yours very faithfully,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

I changed the terms of the dedication, which satisfied him, into this form: "To George Meredith, Novelist and Poet, this little book on an Illustrious Contemporary is with deep respect and admiration inscribed." This is his reply:

Box Hill, Dorking,

Sept. 18th, 1886.

My dear Sir:

I will not leave it to silence to say that the Dedication with which you compliment me seems in its form entirely acceptable.

Most faithfully yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

In reply to my sending him my printed book, he sent me this letter:

Box Hill, Dorking,

January 29th, 1887.

My dear Sir:

I am glad to hear from friends of the pleasure and help they have had from your book on Browning. I, too, have gone through it with advantage and with some of my old thrills of love for him. when as a boy I chafed over the reviews of "Bells and Pomegranates." You have done knightly service to a brave leader. It rejoices me to think that his following will be enlarged by your good work.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

By the next post I had a letter from Browning, written in Blangollen, saying: "It does indeed strike me as wonderful that you should have given such particular attention

to all those poems, and (if I dare say farther) so thoroughly entered into—at any rate—the spirit in which they were written, and the purpose they helped to serve.”

In September, 1887, I had printed in *The Westminster Review* an essay entitled “George Meredith’s Poetry,” which I did not sign. I am bound to admit that, having written in an almost acriminious manner in certain parts of this essay, besides giving his verse more praise than most of the critics had so far done, I committed an act that might almost be called an act of folly. The fact was that Meredith, being entirely Celtic, was always over-sensitive to the least dispraise of his prose or verse. I was aware that most of his novels had had no reviews of any note; that his unsurpassable masterpiece *Modern Love* was praised only, and most nobly praised, by Swinburne.

Modern Love is packed with a nakedly human imagination, in which the scraps of talk burn into one like the touch of a corroding acid. These self-torturing and cruel lovers have no illusions, only “tragic hints” in which “Passion spins the plot.” At times the acuteness of sensation is carried to the point of agony, at which Othello sweats words like these:

“O thou weed,

Who art so lovely fair, and smell’st so sweet,

That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne’er been born.”

“*Vittoria*,” says Meredith in one of his letters, “passes into the limbo where the rest of my work reposes.” In another, 1867, he writes: “I find, to my annoyance, that I am susceptible to remarks on my poems, and criticisms from whipsters or women absolutely make me wince and flush.” Thereupon, having read such phrases as these, I read to-day the letter I had from Meredith in regard to my reviews in entirely a different spirit from that which his letter caused me when I opened it.

Box Hill, Dorking,
September 7th, 1887.

My dear Sir:

Accept my thanks for the copy of *The Westminster Review* containing your article. I do not criticize my critics.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

That my article exasperated Meredith is certain. He had every reason for his resentment; not only that he was always, perhaps, a little uneasily aware of what was perverse and magnificent, passionate and imaginative in his genius, but of the charges of obscurity, of immorality, that were hurled against him by those reviewers who are much too apt to find these qualities where they are undiscoverable. In that year he wrote: "I read in a critical review of some verses of mine the other day that I was 'a harlequin and a performer of antics.' I am accustomed to that kind of writing, as our hustings orator is to the dead cat and the brickbat flung in his face—at which he smiles politely; and I, too; but after many years of it my mind looks elsewhere." However, as his judgment of his own sense of the value of his prose must be taken absolutely as it was written, these sentences grip with the intense strength of his will the assassin's throat. "I strive by study of humanity to represent it: not its morbid action. Much of my strength lies in painting morbid emotion and exceptional positions; but my conscience will not let me waste so much time. My love is for epical subjects—not for cobwebs in a putrid corner; though I know the fascination of unravelling them."

In mere self-defense of what I said in praise and in dispraise of Meredith I reproduce some of its paragraphs here. I have little doubt that Meredith's reputation as a poet would be greater if his reputation as a novelist were less. The world is suspicious, not always without reason, of a man with two strings to his bow. Roughly speaking, all Meredith's poems might be classed under the titles of his *Poems of the Joy of Earth* and *Poems of Tragic Life*. Between these two classes there is a sharp and sheer division.

How it comes about that the same poet's outlook on Nature should be so serene and on life so sombre, I do not profess to be able to explain. These two elements—Nature a source of joy and healing, Life a tragic tangle—form between them the substance or the basis of Meredith's poetry. His hatred of the commonplace is indeed carried to a regrettable excess; and leads him, only too often, to reject a good and obvious expression for one which is original certainly, but in Landor's words, "as original as sin." With regard to "the accomplishment of verse," in the more limited sense of the term, Meredith is curiously and exasperatingly unequal. Meredith has written lines which any poet who ever wrote in English would be proud to admit among his work; he has also written lines as tuneless as a deal table and as rasping as a file. He has written in several exceptionally difficult metres with great success; he has footed the tight-rope of the Galliambic measure and the swaying planks of various trochaic experiments.

Meredith's Nature-poetry—that which he has himself called poetry of the Joy of Earth—is unlike, so far as I am aware, any other Nature-poetry in the world. It has an almost pagan sense of the abiding life, the veiled nearness and intimacy of the great mother of us all—Earth, the awful and benignant powers of Nature. But if Meredith sings Evolution, he sings it in a lyrical rapture, and with a thrill of personal ecstasy. It is the ecstasy of Melampus, not of the Mædads. His vision of Earth is not so much of "the wild joy of living," as of the joy of living in perfect accordance with Nature, in collectedness, in simplicity, in sanity. It is almost possible to gather a creed, at least a philosophy of life, from the lyrics and sonnets of the volume of 1883; that philosophy or creed would be contained within the walls of the garden of Epicurus. Of the separate poems none perhaps is quite the equal of *Phoebus with Admetus*, classic in every sense of the term, a masterly handling of a very peculiar and really noble rhythm, never elsewhere attempted in English, we believe, save in a tenta-

tive experiment of Sir Philip Sidney. *The Lark Ascending* challenges an incomparable model; it is the highest possible praise to say of it that it may be enjoyed even after Shelley.

The *Poems of the Joy of Earth* are comprised in a single class, and may be dealt with in a single handling. But the *Poems of Tragic Life* comprise a much greater variety of tone and treatment. *Modern Love*, by far the greatest of them all, stands almost by itself as an analytical study of contemporary life and manners—it is written in fifty sonnet-like stanzas of sixteen lines—and is beyond a shadow of doubt by far his best work in verse. I have never been able to tell quite what it is that gives to these sonnet-like stanzas (with all their obscurities of allusion and their occasional faults in versification), a certain charm and power which fascinate and fasten upon mind and memory at once. Meredith has never done anything else like it; this wonderful style, acid, stinging, bitter-sweet, poignant, as if fashioned of the very moods of these “modern lovers,” reappears in no other poem (except faintly in the *Ballad of Fair Ladies in Revolt*). The poem stands alone, not merely in Meredith’s work, but in all antecedent literature. It is altogether a new thing: I venture to call it the most “modern” poem we have.

In the same volume we have a group of *Poems of the English Roadside*, studies, as they are also termed, of *Roadside Philosophers*. Here we are in a new atmosphere altogether, an atmosphere in which we can breathe more freely, under the open sky, upon the road and the heath. This little group of homely poems, to which should be added *Martin’s Puzzle*, a poem of the same period, seems to me, after *Modern Love*, perhaps the most original and satisfying contribution made by Meredith to the poetry of his time. One poem at least is an absolute masterpiece, and of its kind it is almost without a rival. There is a sly and kindly humor in *The Beggar’s Soliloquy*, a quaint wit in *The Old Chartist*, a humorous wisdom tinged with pathos in *Martin’s Puzzle*; but *Juggling Jerry*, notwithstanding

a flaw here and there in the rhythm, quickens our blood and strikes straight from the heart to the heart as only a few poems here and there can do. I said that of its kind it is almost without a rival; I may say, indeed, quite without a rival, outside Burns.

Allied to both *Modern Love* and the *Poems of the English Roadside* by the intensity of their emotion, but in tune and manner and subject removed equally from either, four or five poems, wonderfully powerful and original, form another distinct group. These are *Cassandra*, *The Nuptials of Attila*, and *The Song of Theodolinda* in the new volume. There is something fierce, savage, convulsive almost, in the passion which informs these poems; a note sounded in our days by no other poet, not even by Leconte de Lisle in the *Poemes Barbares*. The words rush rattling on one another like the clashing of spears or the ring of iron on iron in a day of old-world battle. The lines are javelins, consonanted lines full of savage power and fury, as if sung or played by a Northern Skald harping on a field of slain. Somewhat in the same category, midway between *The Young Princess* and *The Song of Theolinda*, stands a single poem, one of Meredith's most wonderful achievements, only just falling short of the very highest excellence, "the powerful and pathetic ballad," as Swinburne has justly termed it, of *Margaret's Bridal-Eve*. Swinburne, in the passage from which we quote, places it second only to Rossetti's *Sister Helen* (that was before the publication of *The King's Tragedy*) among the ballads of our time; second only, we quite concur with him in placing it; but how real and unmistakable the difference in workmanship between the two poems! *Margaret's Bridal Eve* is imagined with little less intensity than *Sister Helen*; but compared with the flawless art, the entire command of himself and his material shown by Rossetti in the shaping and perfecting of his conception, the art of Meredith appears ineffective and uncertain.

But over too much of his harvest-field an enemy, an

enemy within, has sowed tares. As in the parable, wheat and tares grow together; there is no plucking out the weeds without carrying the good corn with them; and we must leave it to Time, the careful reaper, the reaper who never errs though he is long in reaping, to gather together first the good corn with them; and we must leave it to Time, the careful reaper, the reaper who never errs though he is long in reaping, to gather together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them; but to gather the wheat into his barn.

II

Is it not part of the pedantry of letters to limit the word Art, a little narrowly, to certain manifestations of the artistic spirit, or, at all events, to set up a comparative estimate of the values of the several arts, a little unnecessarily? Art is concerned only with accomplishment, not with duration. War never destroyed Art. Art is indestructible. War, then, being accepted for a necessary evil or, if you please, an honorable necessity, it remains to be seen whether what may seem indiscriminate or injurious in its operations might not be turned into a positive benefit to the human race. That is, if *mens sana in corpore sano* is really the end and aim of existence, and the continuance of an able-bodied race the most important thing in the world. But if it is not, if the soul, and not the body, demands perfecting; if perfection for humanity means the culture of some rare essence to which the body is but a clog; then let things be as they are, and let the healthy perish on more and more numerous fields of battle, and let rickety bodies with vast brains procreate yet more rickety bodies with yet vaster brains, and let the soul refine itself to a finer and at last invisible or infinite point, and the body at last vanish altogether, cultured into extinction. The world would be ended, it is true; but humanity would have died nobly, passionless, stainless, sinless, of perfection.

One fact certainly never to be forgotten is that George Meredith conceived military training to be a thing desir-

able in every state, desirable for the sake of manhood, the self-respect, the physical and moral health of its citizens, and desirable for ourselves above all people. Therefore, I quote here a letter he wrote to me in answer to a request of mine if the story of the Guidascarpi in his *Vittoria* was a reality:

Box Hill, Dorking,
September 19th, 1885.

Dear Sir:

The Story of the Guidascarpi in my *Vittoria* is an invention. At that period such things were occurring. I knew of many complications that needed only a sharper edge to be as tragic. The Austrian officers were gallant ones and gentlemen. Italian women, before the fury of the insurrection carried their enthusiasm, liked them, even to preferring by comparison. The Italian *man* was then being born; he was, when not loathed, more feared than loved.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

As in 1887, I wrote for "The Mermaid Series," edited by Havelock Ellis, an essay on Philip Massinger, and in 1888 one on John Day, which were published by Vizetelly and Co., London, and as I was, therefore, in a sense, concerned by the way this publisher was treated, I give this letter of Meredith, not written to me, but to a friend of mine who gave it to me in that year:

Box Hill, Dorking,
June 13th, 1887.

Sir:

As the case of M. Vizetelly strikes me, it is an example of the claim of justice, which deals with hard measures, and undoes the name assumed for the legal administration of it.

The stoppage of the publication of French novels translated into mercenary crude English, appears to me to be for the good of the public.

The books implicated are not immoral, though the authors would disdain to have an English stamp of morality set upon them. The tendency of the beast is to be instructive, within a narrow range, and they do not lure the fancy to heat the blood, as one has to say of some accepted works of fiction. But the rawness of expression in certain passages of the volumes being a

stimulant to youthful tastes that are not waiting for imagination to mislead, I make no objection to the cheapness, which assists young people to get a sight of them. I think the publication was an error, and that it is amended sufficiently by the interdict. The treatment of the publisher as a criminal is an error equally great.

Yours truly,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

In 1892, the visit of Zola had its significance. Not long before then the prison doors were opened for the release of Vizetelly, who had ventured to bring out translations of *Nana* and *La Terre*; not long after that the doors of the Guildhall were opened for the reception of the writer of *La Terre* and *Nana*; and the same pens, with the same jubilation, chronicled both incidents. To the spectator of the comedy of life all this seemed merely amusing; but to the actors in the tragic comedy of letters it seemed a whole new *repertoire*. The visit of Paul Verlaine to London in November, 1883, for which I was responsible—he stayed with me in Fountain Court—was unofficial and unadvertised; his reception was in no sense a concession to success, but entirely a tribute to the genius of a poet.

My *Days and Nights*, printed by Macmillan in 1889, with this dedication, "To Walter Pater in all gratitude and admiration," contained verses which began with the year 1883 and ended with the year 1888. Before then I sent some of the manuscript to Pater at Oxford; and finally gave him the whole contents in London: which, to my astonishment, he praised as no one had ever praised me before. In a letter dated January 8, 1888, which went to six pages, he said: "In your own pieces, particularly in your Ms. 'A Revenge,' I find Rossetti's requirement fulfilled, and should anticipate great things from one who has the talent of conceiving his motive with so much firmness and tangibility—with that clear logic, if I may say so, which is an element in every genuinely imaginative process."

After the book appeared, Pater wrote a creative criticism of it in *The Pall Mall Gazette* of March 23, 1889; such praise was to me priceless, as in these sentences: "Love's

casuistries, impassioned satiety, love's inversion into cruelty, are experiences even more characteristic of our later day than of Dante's somewhat sophisticated middle age; and it is just this complexion of sentiment, entangled in scruples, refinements, after-thoughts, reserved, repressed, but none the less masterful for that, conserving all its energies for expression in some unexpected way—that Mr. Symons presents, with unmistakable insight, in one group of his poems, at the head of which we should place 'An Act of Mercy'—odd and remote, mercy's self-turned malignant—or 'A Revenge.' He welcomes, as an added source of interest in the study of it, the curious subtlety to which the human soul has come even in its passions. A certain 'largeness' Mr. Symons offers us in just the converse of this remotely conceived, exotic, casuistical passion, in that rural tragedy, the tragedy of the poor generally (the tyranny of love, here, too, sometimes turning to cruelty), in a group of poignant stories, told with unflinching dramatic sincerity. This finds its still more harshly satiric note and inverse in certain poems for the delineation of the deepest tragedy of all; often with a touch of lunacy about it, or the partial lunacy of narcotism—'the soul at pawn'—or that violent religious reaction which is also a narcotic. The finer pieces in this volume certainly any poet of our day might be glad to own for their subtleness, their dramatic hold on life, their fine scholarship; and they have this eminent merit, among many fine qualities of style, readers need fear no difficulty in them. In this new poet the rich poetic vintage of our time has run clear at last."

This is the last letter I had from Meredith, to whom I had sent *Days and Nights*:

Box Hill, Dorking,
April 10th, 1889.

My dear Sir:

I will not further delay to thank you for your volume, although with one containing matter, I like to reserve it and reflect on it before speaking. It is only recently that I have been well enough to give due attention to a book of verse.

This has the promise of a copious vigour, with the sensitiveness which moulds poetic language. Considering the youthful years you name, it is remarkable. I do not see any young writers who are equal or near to you in the race. Such passionately antithetical true collisisms as in the closing lines of "The Nun" are rare among finished poets. I think the occasional imitativeness promising, too—taking it to be earlier work. But the line of "The Tyrannicide,"

"He looked so good when he was dead,"

is too distinctively a reminiscence—or, if not, ought to have been. I suppose Leconte de Lisle responsible for saying that the merle sings "full-throated," as it flies. Neither merle nor mavis is a singer in the flight, though the merle may emit notes when quitting the bush. You do not, to my mind, render the pregnant mournfulness of the three lines of Catullus:

Soles occidere et redire possunt:

Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,

Nox est perpetua una dormienda.

But they are hard to give—and in the measure chosen. Why not have tried hendecasyllables?

"The Knife-Thrower" is done very animatedly—seems to me more your own—from observation—than "Esther Bray" and "Bell in Camp."

One must not speculate upon the direction your poems are to take. Judging by this volume, I should venture to say, some form of the dramatic.

However it may be, there is achievement already. I congratulate you on it, and hope for your assured success.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

I certainly followed Meredith's advice when I translated, in various metres, including the galliambics of *Attis*, twenty-eight poems of Catullus. There spoke the voice of the poet who was aware of the inadequacy of my first version from the Latin of Catullus. It was undoubtedly the voice of the Prophet—as it were the voice of Isaiah—that spoke in the divination of the direction in which my verse was bound to lead me; that is to say, when I began to write tragedies. The first was *Barbara Roscorla's Child* (1902), a one-act prose play; this was followed by *The Harvesters*, *The Death of Agrippina*, *Gleopatra in Judaea*,

Tristan and Iseult, which are written in blank verse. It is interesting to note that Walter Pater, who had in himself no feeling for drama, should have said in his review of my verses, that these were, in effect, concentrations, powerfully dramatic, of what we call the light and shadow of life. *J'aime passionnement la passion*, he might say with Stendhal. So, as I have loved passion for passion's sake—as one loves art for art's sake—I give here those unprinted lines I wrote in 1890, a mere fragment, which might have been meant for the beginning of a tragedy.

MOTHER: Leave me, light woman: go;

I know you not.

DAUGHTER: That mothers whom God made should be so cruel!

Oh, Mother, Mother, I'm come back to you.

MOTHER: I have no daughter: must I spurn you forth?

You must be some imposter, as I think.

That's not the face I knew—the eyes—the mouth—

God, the cheeks! She had cheeks a perfect curve,

Peach-blossom cheeks: pray God you ever had

Such down to be rubbed off! She's gone from me,

Further a long way off than dying. Pah!

Loose woman, leave me!

DAUGHTER: You'll remember soon.

I think you can't forget me an' you would!

Not one word, mother? I'm too tired to cry;

I've had to unlearn all my prayers, and now

I can't get breath for praying. Take me back!

MOTHER: I cry you mercy, woman. If I guess

You're one of those that—O they're common here—

Being tired of single sleep and pallet pillows

Take up with perfumed sheets, and after such

There's no sound sleeping in a humble bed—

You're a cast-off?

DAUGHTER: Cast-off—

MOTHER: A common harlot!

A used and crumpled up and flung aside

Useless belonging! A spoiled dish that, tasted,

Is hurried from the table! Such a thing

I have indeed beheld ere this—a thing

That might make God turn pale among his worlds—

But get you gone; my house is honest.

DAUGHTER: Oh!
 There's honesty; are any folk in heaven
 Honest? God's never honest if you are.
 Is this my mother?

MOTHER: I your mother? No.
 I have told you that I do not know you; still,
 You scarcely will believe it. You act well;
 I could have almost taken you for one
 You never can be, when you spoke just now.
 There's a small difference though. Have you ever heard
 Of a maid called Chastity? She's very modest,
 Scarce more than a young child; fair, not excelling;
 And she was friendly with my daughter: Come,
 You've never seen her?

DAUGHTER: My best friend she was;
 She ran away and left me.

MOTHER: Bring her here,
 And I shall know you, it may be; till then
 I have no daughter. Will you go away?

III

There were times when some of Meredith's verses had an exasperating sense of an abstract lucidity, which still mockingly lurks about his work. I imagine one of his desires was to tantalize his readers; which reminds me of a phrase used by an undergraduate at Oxford who had heard Mallarmé lecture: "I understood every word, but not a single sentence." Nor do I wonder; for there is so much in Meredith that is difficult and obscure; sometimes a misapplication of the jargon of science to certain of his lines, such as:

"Life, the small self-dragon romped,
 Thrill for service to be clamped."

so that those sentences I wrote on Mallarmé might be applied to Meredith "Mallarmé is obscure, not so much because he writes differently as because he thinks differently from other people. His mind is elliptical, and (relying on the intelligence of his readers) he emphasizes the effect of what is unlike other people in his mind by resolutely

ignoring even the links of connection that exist between them."

I have now come to a point when I must explain the other reasons besides those I have mentioned which prevented me from meeting Meredith. In 1898, *The Fortnightly Review* printed *A Note on George Meredith*. I began by saying that he is a poet, who is not in the English tradition, a seeker after some strange, obscure, perhaps impossible, intellectual beauty, austere and fantastic. I said that he has one vision of a world in which probable things do not always happen, and that words are to him as visual as mortal images. Remembering perhaps those Pater had written; that to Rossetti "Life is a crisis at every moment," I said: "And as every sentence is to be an epigram, so every chapter is to be a crisis. And all the characters in his novels are to live at full speed, without a moment's repose; their very languors are to be fevers." After speaking of the intricate web of his plots, spiders' webs that must never be broken, and how his stage is crowded with figures not one of which he will neglect, I said: "Meredith is, in the true, wide sense, as no other English writer of the present time can be said to be, a decadent. What decadence, in literature, really means is that learned corruption of language by which style ceases to be organic, and because, in his pursuit of some new expressiveness in manner, deliberately abnormal, Meredith's style, unlike many self-conscious styles, is alive in every fibre. Not since the Elizabethans have we had so flame-like a life possessing the wanton body of a style."

The genius of George Meredith is unquestionable; he was as great a creator, in fact a greater creator, than any other English novelist, yet his consecration is not, I think, quite explicable. Our literature has not a more vividly entertaining book than *The Shaving of Shagpat*, nor has the soul of a style been lost more spectacularly. And with this fantastic, learned, poetic, passionate, intelligent style, a style which might have lent itself so well to the making of Elizabethan drama, Meredith has set himself the task of

writing novels of contemporary life; nor can it be wondered that every novel of his breaks every rule that could possibly be laid down for the writing of a novel. Why has his prose so irresistible a fascination for so many of us, as it certainly has? I find Meredith breaking every canon of what are to me the laws of the novel; and yet I read him in preference to any other novelist.

Meredith first conceives that the novelist's prime study is human nature and his first duty to be true to it. Moreover, being an artist, he is not content with simple observations; there must be creation, the imaginative fusion of the mass of observed facts. The philosophy of his seeking is only another name for intuition, analysis, imaginative thought. He has comprehension of a character from height to depth through that "eye of steady flame," which he attributes to Shakespeare, and which may be defined in every great artist. He sees it, he beholds a complete nature at once and in entirety. His task is to make others see what he sees. But this cannot be done at a stroke. It must be done little by little, touch upon touch, light upon shade, shade upon light. The completeness, as seen by the seer or creator—the term is the same—must be microscopically investigated, divided into its component parts, produced piece by piece, and connected visibly. It is this that is meant when we talk of analysis; and the antithesis between analysis and creation is hardly so sheer as it seems. Partly through a selection of appropriate action, partly through the revealing casual speech, the imagined character takes palpable form; finally it does, or it should, live and breathe before the reader with some likeness of the hue and breadth of actual life. But there is a step farther, and it is this step that Meredith is strenuous to take. You have the flesh, animate it with spirit, with soul. If this is an unworthy aim, condemn Shakespeare. This is Meredith's, and it is this, and no other consummation, that he prays for in demanding philosophy in fiction.

The main peculiarity of Meredith's style is this: he

thinks, to begin with, before writing—a singular thing, one must observe, for the present day. Then, having certain definite thoughts to express, and thoughts frequently of a difficult remoteness, he is careful to employ words of a rich and fruitful significance, made richer and more fruitful by a studied and uncommon arrangement. His sentences are architectural: and it is natural in reading him to cry out at the strangeness. Strange, certainly; often obscure, often tantalizing; more often magnificent and sombre and strong and passionate, his wit is perhaps too fantastical, too remote, too allusive; partly because it is subtly ironical; perhaps most of all because it is shrewdly stinging to our prejudices. Still, everywhere, the poet, struggling against the bondage of prose, flings himself on every opportunity of evading his bondage. It is thus by the very quality that is his distraction—perhaps because he always writes English as if it were a learned language—that Meredith holds us, by the intensity of his vision of a world which is not our world, by the energy of genius which has done so much to achieve the impossible.

SECRET GARDENS

By HENRIETTA JEWETT KEITH

Behind that brave, unscalable facade,
That each soul fronts the world with, so to guard
Its inner house of individual life,
Apart, inviolate from the outer strife. . . .
Beyond that screening wall, what flowers fair
Grow in the secret gardens tended there.

From journeyings over stony, arid plains
Of life's necessities, its sordid gains,
We come, each pilgrim to some inner shrine
In these still gardens; where love's rose divine,
Reddens; where grow lilies white of prayer,
Forget-me-nots, that tender memories bear,
The calling bells of hope, and some last smile
On broken stalk we tend—fading the while.

THE STATUS OF THE TEACHER

By WALTER H. DRANE

ACCORDING to a decision of the board of trustees of one of the leading medical hospitals, the maximum surgical fee is to be \$1,000 and the charge for professional visits to the hospital is not to exceed \$35 per week. Commenting upon this ruling, a current periodical commends this action as most salutary and economical and urges that, in the interest of fairness, similar action be taken by other hospitals. I read this, and then I gasped; for I happen to be a teacher and, like thousands of others of my profession, after years of study and expensive preparation, my maximum fee is—well, not quite that much for several months' work.

When a small boy, I had as a chum another boy about my size and age. We were desk-mates at school. I found him no smarter, nor bigger, nor stronger than I. He was just an ordinary boy, like myself, and had to study just as hard to learn. Grown to young manhood, we both entered college. After graduation, my friend decided to study medicine and, with three more years in a medical school, entered active practice. I chose to become a teacher and, in preparation for my work, spent five more years in the graduate schools of leading Universities, taking three degrees. Recently I visited my quondam boyhood chum. He is a physician in a southern city. I dined in his elegant home and, after dinner, he took me for a drive over the city in his limousine. Confidentially he informed me that his annual income from his practice was \$20,000 and that it was his intention soon to retire. Again, I gasped; for, with all my preparation, costing in money far more than his, with my experience and hard work thrown in, my income

since graduation would total but little more than that. I do not know, but I would guess that my status in this regard is about that of the average American teacher.

A little later, I had an experience which suggested a possible explanation for this. It became necessary to have a minor operation performed upon my little boy. The operation consumed about ten minutes of the surgeon's time and his fee was \$50. I remarked to the surgeon that it would take me several days to earn enough to pay for his ten minutes' work. "Oh," said the surgeon, "perhaps you studied the wrong thing when you were in college." So that is the explanation; quite satisfactory to the surgeon, no doubt, but, to the teacher, a melancholy comfort to say the most. But it does not explain.

Now, I would not join the ranks of the croakers. I shall be frank enough to acknowledge that, in the instances cited, the personal element may have been the determining cause. I know full well that, as a general rule, ability along any line deserves a liberal reward. I would not argue that doctors, and men of the other professions, are paid too much; but such disparity between their earnings and those of the teachers, whose work requires at least equal ability and talent, calls for an explanation which really does explain.

The foregoing are by no means isolated cases. They are typical and might be duplicated many times from all the professions. A doctor looks at your tongue, feels your pulse and writes a prescription. He charges you one dollar, and maybe plus. His fee is for his knowledge and skill. All very true and as it should be. A teacher examines the mind and soul of a boy. He carefully determines his needs, prescribes the treatment which will develop him into an efficient citizen, and then labors for weeks and months to bring about that development. He employs a knowledge and skill as difficult to acquire, as profound and as varied as those employed by the doctor. Suppose he were to charge one dollar for each prescription and should ask \$35 per

week for professional visits to each patient, a la doctor. Then we suspect, somebody else would gasp. But why should they? While we must not underrate the value of the services of the doctor or those of any other profession, are not the services of the teacher equally as valuable? Then why should there be such disparity in the rewards accorded to each?

I am taking the viewpoint solely of the teacher; but this question is of vital importance to every man and woman in America. Bismarck once said, "Give me control of Germany's schools and, in a single generation, I will make of Germany what I please." Perhaps the World War was a demonstration of the truth of this reputed utterance of the Iron Chancellor. At any rate, I do not fear a challenge for the assertion that the life of our nation and our civilization depends more upon the work of the teachers than upon that of any other class of workers, for that is a truism. Neither shall I trouble the reader with citations of examples to show that the teachers' contributions to social, industrial and religious progress have been large and important. This fact is too well known. Our welfare in its every phase is vitally involved in the status of the teachers for their work is basic in its importance. I am principally concerned just now, not with trying to prove what is admitted, but with seeking to discover an explanation for the present economic and professional status of the teacher as compared with that of the other professions.

Perhaps a glance at history may throw some light on the subject. Even the casual reader must be impressed with the fickleness of society in its estimation of the value of different kinds of service at different times. Some centuries ago, the ministry was the leading profession and received the most liberal rewards. Priests and bishops reaped rich harvests from the sale of absolutions while lawyers, doctors and other professional workers toiled in poverty. We are all familiar with the abuses to which this led. One class of workers was rewarded out of all proportion to the value of

the services they rendered and grew rich at the expense and to the impoverishment of every other form of labor. It bred a vicious social disease, an economic elephantiasis, which brought ruin upon all. Then followed the Reformation and revolution. The church was bereft of its secular power and the ministry was left begging. It has been begging ever since. The State assumed control of government and the lawyer rose in importance as the chief factor in governmental administration. Science, too, gained a new impetus and, with its advancement, the medical profession grew in favor and prestige. In more recent times, other professions of a scientific nature, such as dentistry, engineering and pharmacy have claimed recognition and all have established themselves in popular estimation and upon a stable economic basis. But though, during all these centuries, the teacher has nobly played his part and though he has really done much to create the demand for the services of these other professions, the real value of what he has done has been underrated. While others earn princely rewards by making use of much of what he has contributed to scientific knowledge, he is left with the meager pay of an hireling and must take that or go begging.

Shall we blame society for this, or is the teacher himself to blame?

Glancing back again at history, we observe that society, if we may thus personify men in the aggregate, has always been the purchaser, while the professions have been the vendors of their services. Society, like a shrewd bargainer, has sought to buy as cheaply as possible and would keep the law of supply and demand in unimpeded operation. To meet this, the professions organized and assumed the prerogative of placing a value upon their own services. But they could not do this unless they created a legitimate demand for their work, maintained their professional solidarity and compelled a recognition of the value of what they had to offer. They have established, and enforce,

codes of professional ethics in regulation of their attitude toward their professional brethren and in their relationship to the public at large. They fix their own prices for their service, you can take it or leave it alone. Thus society has been made to recognize the value of their work and to reward it accordingly. But the teachers have never thus organized. There is no such thing as a teaching profession in the sense of the professions of law, medicine and engineering. They have no legal existence or status. True, there are educational societies and associations without number, but their energies are expended mainly in technical discussions, appointment and reports of committees and in passing resolutions. They enforce no code of professional ethics and they take no steps to enforce a general recognition of their profession as such or to fix the charges for their services. They remain disunited and do little toward improving their status as a body of professional workers. A glance at the code of any state will show much legislation in the interests of lawyers, doctors and the other professions, but few laws indeed for the protection or the advantage of the teachers. They have put forth little effort to influence legislation in their favor. They have remained supinely content to take what is given them. Society, true to its instincts, takes them at their own valuation or rather society itself fixes that valuation since they place none upon themselves, and it will continue to do so until they do.

The teachers observe no code of professional ethics towards each other. They recognize little obligation to their fellows. No matter what sort of treatment may be accorded one of their professional brethren, it apparently is a matter of small concern to them. There is a general rush to get the vacant place of a fellow teacher, but he may hope for little comfort or assistance from his brethren, he must take care of himself as best he may. Having no professional standards to meet, save such as his own conscience supplies and his ambition may dictate, the average teacher seems to feel that the conduct of a fellow teacher

has little relation to himself. Apparently it gives him small concern that the standards of his profession may be lowered by the misconduct of a fellow teacher and that thereby lasting injury be worked to its standing in popular esteem. He is too busy trying to get or to hold a position to worry about that. Thus he and his fellows become the victims of political manipulation; they are at the mercy of cliques, boards and organizations whose interests are often foreign to those of education and who often seek its exploitation for their own benefit. We need hardly cite examples of this, nor need we mention the almost infinite harm it all does, not only to the teachers, but to education as well. It is indeed a very serious matter for us all. But the teachers can do more to remedy it than anyone else. In fact, we may go further and assert that, if the teachers do not remedy it, then it will remain as it is. The teacher will continue to be what he is now: an industrial slave.

I have had something to do with college and school administration for many years and have thus had an opportunity to get an inside view of the teacher's real status. Let it become known that a position is vacant and immediately a flood of applications pours in from all quarters. Letters of recommendations, photographs of all sizes and presentments, litter your desk, and to delve into such a mass is indeed a task. Teachers' agencies, hungry for a fee, trot out their candidates dozens at a time. Such a situation to me oftentimes is discouraging. Of course, first of all, I am thinking of the teachers, but not altogether so. How can education maintain its place as a dignified profession when its votaries are placed in such an attitude? A teacher is not regarded, nor is he treated, as a member of a learned profession; he is rated as an hireling, he is a victim of political and commercial traffic. He must become industrially free, but he himself must win that freedom.

I am well aware of the usual arguments advanced in support of the teacher's meager pay. It is maintained that the work of teaching is philanthropic in character and that

the consciousness that he is doing good, contributing to the general well-being and advancement of society and of his race, this is his chief reward. Be it parenthetically noted that this argument is usually advanced by those who are not themselves teachers. The doctor, the lawyer and the engineer may lay just claim to the same kind of reward, but they make no reduction in their fees because of that fact. The argument is too trivial to merit serious notice. The teacher naturally grows a little weary of listening to such "high words on an empty stomach." Along with the other professional workers, he is worthy of his reward, material as well as that of an approving conscience, and he feels that he should have it. But he needs yet to awaken to professional self-consciousness, to realize that to win those rewards he must exert his power as a member of a great corporate body of professional workers. Of him it must not be said, "He saved others, himself he cannot save."

In the matter of organization and the regulation of charges, it must be admitted that the other professions have the advantage of that of teaching. They deal more with things material and the need for their services is more immediately felt. They are, therefore, more readily accorded the right to their status and permitted to fix their charges for their services. We are all more at the mercy of the doctors and the lawyers and they are, therefore, in a position more to dictate. One feels his appendix and knows that he stands in need of a surgeon at once to save his life. A sense of gratitude for the restoration to life and health makes one willing to pay, or to try to pay, the surgeon whatever he may choose to charge. We are brought also fully to realize immediately the value of legal services, not only to ourselves individually, but to society in general, and we readily grant to the lawyer his fees. But the labors of the teachers are made manifest in things invisible and in blessings long deferred. He is trying to build character; he is working not so much for the present, but for the future, and he is, therefore, expected to take much of his

reward in invisible things and in blessings long deferred. Thus far he has been content to accept the popular verdict. But it has worked harm, both to himself and to society. It has lowered his efficiency and it has taken away from him the opportunity for rendering a larger and a better service. So much the greater need for organization on his part that he may place himself before the world in his true attitude, and that he may convince others of the reward that he justly merits. The idea is all too prevalent that somehow or other learning must come free. We should realize that for education, as for other things, we must pay the price, we must not try to get something for nothing, and in lifting the world out of this false idea the teacher must play the leading part.

THE DAY GOES OUT IN RAIN

By DAVID MORTON

Only the rain is left . . . the solid trees
Have found a fading ghostliness to wear,
And beaten hills go down on heavy knees
In cumbersome grotesqueries of prayer.
Only the rain is heard . . . the world falls still,
All her sweet noises drowned, one after one;
Earth drops away. . . no light is on the hill;
It rains . . . and rains . . . and never will have done.

Most strange to think, beyond some tavern door,
Men gay of speech are warm in lighted rooms,
Not knowing that the world, now, is no more,
That all things have gone down to grievous dooms—
And one last watcher at a window pane,
Saw the world lost in sullen, drowning rain.

A POET OF THE LEAN YEARS

By KARLE WILSON BAKER

“**A**N odd jealousy,” says Emerson, speaking of the poet’s feeling in the presence of Nature. But there is another jealousy which is quite as odd: our jealousy for the objects of our enthusiasm. It is oddly poignant, oddly gratuitous. We are ready to come to blows over the peaceful dead: to quarrel with a brother for some beloved stranger’s sake.

But the particular name which for years has haunted me in this way is not quite that of a stranger. In 1898, William Vaughn Moody was an instructor in English at the University of Chicago. I entered the University that year at the beginning of the summer quarter. I was a freshman in every sense, but I had “advanced standing” in English; and I was allowed to take English IV, a “daily theme course,” which happened to fall to Mr. Moody that summer. Some two years later, I was for a time a “student assistant” in the English department; I read themes, two or three times a week, for one of two or three different instructors. But though my sheaf of themes sometimes came from Mr. Moody’s classes, I usually received it from another assistant who was doing clerical work in the English department, and returned it in the same way. Once I took part in one of the regular quarterly contests in public speaking, for which, as it happened, the academic mill ground out Mr. Moody as one of the judges. Whenever I read of his Chicago period in the “Letters,” I smile—thinking of that brutally hot afternoon, of the anxious and perspiring orators, and of the patient and courteous young man who was about this time writing to his friend, “I am gone stark dumb. I rap myself and get a sound of cracked clay. A white rage seizes me at times, against the pottering drudgery that has fastened its lichen-

teeth on me, and is softening down by 'crisp-cut name and date.' "

But the "white rage"—or, indeed, any kind of impatience or lack of sympathy—was quite unsuspected by his students. I remember that, when the "Letters" were published, I read them first with a ludicrous shock of astonishment and dismay! So *that* was what we were doing to him, as we sat day after day in his classroom, intent upon his every word: lest that level voice, that polite and unassuming manner—half-casual, half-diffident—should lull us into "missing something." For he was an inimitable talker; and we knew from experience that the pearls were for the alert. He did not care, apparently, how harmlessly they rolled off the others, to whom the main stream of his discourse was conscientiously adapted. The best things in his talk were quite negligent and unpremeditated. They were mere sparks from the classroom anvil: startling only because it was young Vulcan at the mundane vorge, easing his cramped muscles a bit by these left-handed calisthenics.

I have yet to talk with a former student of his who did not feel, as I did, something unique in his teaching. He hated teaching, but, with characteristic justice and lucidity, he did not let that fact stand in the way of his doing it well. Thus he writes to Mr. Robinson, "I am merely paying the market rates for my bread and beer, commodities for which many a better man has been villainously overcharged." This attitude partly accounts for the respect and affection he inspired in his students; but no amount of painstaking honesty could have made him the teacher that he was. The truth is, that so thorough-going a humanist could not fail to have something of the teacher in him; he detested teaching only because it stood between him and his greater gift. By that necessary bread-winning work he was "held far from his delight." But back of the thwarted poet and the harassed teacher stood a man: that was his secret. The spill-way of a great personality will always carry more water than the full channel of a small one.

And so it has come about that, though I knew only Moody the teacher, I have come, as the years have passed, to see the singing robes of a great poet settling upon the shoulders of the obscure young man at the desk; and that without any sense of violence or incongruity. And I have come to believe that I have gained certain authentic insights into his life and work from that slight and brief association. Though he was already known to the discriminating, he had published no volume when I first knew him. "The Masque of Judgment" was published in 1900; "Poems" appeared in May, 1901. "The Fire-Bringer" was brought out in 1904; the "Collected Poems and Dramas," not until 1912, two years after his death. In 1913 came the little book edited with so fine a touch by his friend, Daniel Gregory Mason, and called "Some Letters of William Vaughn Moody"—surely one of the most distinctive volumes of letters ever published: one of the most keen-flavored and delightful.

Now, the thing that most afflicts the enthusiast for Moody's work is the perversity of these dates. Our "poetic revival"—which even the glummiest and most grudging admit to be a revival of general *interest* in poetry—is dated by common consent, I believe, from 1912. It was just around the corner when Moody died. In his happiest moments, he caught the flutter of its reckless banners and heard far-off its "silver-trumpets a-cry." What it would have done for him personally—for his satisfaction in his struggles, for the fuller flowering of his powers—is easily imagined by any reader of his letters and student of his character and work. What it would have done for his reputation, I think, is indicated by the position to which it has raised his distinguished friend and contemporary, Edwin Arlington Robinson. I have scant sympathy with that mood of criticism which would tear all rival singers to tatters, in order to dress out a chosen Chanticleer in the bloody feathers; and certainly the most jealous partisan of Moody's poetry would not undervalue Mr. Robinson's fine work, or wish him a leaf less to his laurels. What does constantly

recur to a victim of that "odd jealousy" is this reflection. If Mr. Robinson had died at forty-three, and Mr. Moody had lived till today, would the latter be everywhere recognized and deferred to as the dean of American poetry, and the former accorded an occasional polite, retrospective word in the midst of a general silence? Certainly such a state of affairs would be most unjust to Mr. Robinson, and I think the present one is at least as unfair to Mr. Moody. In other words, it is largely a matter of accident that Moody's high place in our poetry is not more generally recognized. Time, to be sure, corrects the effects of accident upon literary reputations; and Moody's work, well done, lies

"Awaiting Time, the last to own
The genius from his cloudy throne—"

Meanwhile, I lack that vast impersonal patience. I have met poetry-lovers of light and leading who fully shared my enthusiasm; and yet, in their public utterances, they preserve on this point almost "the taciturnity of Time"!

While Moody was building his reputation, Mr. Robinson was almost his only considerable rival. The bent of his genius, the drift of his mind, was completely different from Mr. Robinson's: Moody recognized the fact with a fine generosity and a self-rueful humor. He expressed his sense of it most amusingly in his letters. From his informal utterances on this point, as from all his words and acts, shines out one of his rarest and finest characteristics: his power to combine independence with kindness and candor, courage and tenacity with sympathy and tolerance. His choices and refusals were uncompromising and deliberate; if ever our rank national life, so berated for its commercialism and "crass materialism," produced dedicated spirit, it was he. The central fact of his life was the religious seriousness with which he took his work; but it was a seriousness that was entirely compatible, on occasion, with an uproarious humor, and was miles removed from the dour, defiant solemnity which is the fashion in some quarters today. His

luminous and discerning mind could distinguish between the aim and the performance, even when the performance was his own. He saw that the most intense effort and aspiration might, now and again, fail of its aim; but he saw the further fact that the aim was not in the slightest degree invalidated thereby. He never swerved from his allegiance, nor apologized for any attempt; but, when he had doffed his singing robes, he could make egregious fun of his own possible failure to achieve his aim. In short, he never wavered from what he called his "service before the high altars"; but he never found it necessary, even in defense against an unfriendly Time-Spirit, to set up a public and official cult of self-worship. And this was but part of a still more inclusive characteristic. For, in general, the whole bent of his mind was opposed to that dogma which, though tacit, lies at the root of so much of our current criticism: the assumption that the way to exalt or to restore a desirable quality is to decry its opposite. Because he adores "starkness," the contemporary critic, too often, would pass a new constitutional amendment against all softness of finish or outline, all blurring, all exuberant ornament. Having, with admirable perspicacity, perceived that the clear air of the desert is magical, he would banish jungles and Irish rain from the scheme of things entire. Moody's mind held rather to the conviction that, as William James says somewhere, it is hardly possible to have too much of a quality, if only you have enough of its opposite to balance it; or, as Emerson puts it, "All plus is good; only put it in the right place."

May I hint that this serene largeness, this candid and catholic habit of mind, with the whole philosophy it brings inevitably in its train, is the chief reason why Moody's poetry still waits to claim its true place among us? Our moment worships frankness, but it is most impatient with candor—a very different thing. And, in spite of all we may say, it is a writer's way of looking at the world which wins or alienates us, whatever our critical canons or æsthet-

ic theories. We feel faith and energy in the sentence-rhythms of a robust and tonic artist; a cynic's prepositions break from his hold and snap at us; while the very articles of a great romantic pessimist wear purple plumes, and his mere conjunctions suffer gloomy delusions of grandeur. We may force ourselves to pay due tribute to the uncongenial master, but inevitably we are drawn to our own. Now, our recent spokesmen—those specialists who set the literary fashions, and to whom the hungry sheep look up from woman's club and classroom—have not liked Moody's prevailing mood. If there is anything that is hateful to the ministers of an iconoclastic Time-Spirit, it is serenity. They find in it only smugness, cowardice, and pretense. They can smell it through the covers of a book. But true serenity—a serenity with the palpitancy of joy and the lustre of pain—is not an instinctive attitude: it is a difficult and final achievement. Because we *must* clean house, need we break *all* the furniture? The larger public (detested by so many of our cosmic housewives) will never think so.

Moody is not to be classed with the "inheritors of unfulfilled renown," in the sense that his work is more promise than fulfillment. The body of it is small, in one sense, but in another it is massive, and it is always vital and glowing. Nor am I of those who set aside his early work, like the *Masque*, as florid and flamboyant, and admit the validity only of the simpler and severer work of his later years. The latter is more flawless, perhaps, but, in a sense, it is less Moody. I think that Gabriel's songs and speeches in the *Masque* form the glowing core of his work; I go back oftenest to these; and I would keep them if—harrowing hypothesis!—I had to part with all the rest. But this does not mean that I value any the less the splendid austere power of "The Fire-Bringer" and "The Death of Eve." And it is true that his steady growth in restraint and mastery, added to the peculiar cast of his mind and the tragic fact of his death at forty-three, confirms the student in the conviction that this fine and important performance is itself a promise,

a vestibule to a much vaster, forever uncompleted edifice. For the inescapable bias of Moody's mind was toward large subjects. Nobody understood this fact better than he, or saw more clearly that such a bent was uncongenial to the prevailing mood. He met the issue, as always, with courage and humor. But the mind which, by an inner necessity, deals with large subjects, also ripens slowly. Mr. Untermeyer would have us believe that this urgent preference for major subjects is the mark of the minor poet—a beguiling paradox, one must admit. But it is more beguiling than true: it is the fine flower of one of those not infrequent occasions when Mr. Untermeyer capitulates to his own cleverness. Critics who will not be wise are punished by being made clever; and sometimes Mr. Untermeyer finds it boring to be wise. But it is not therefore necessary to admit that the giants have preferred to carve cherry-stones. The giants, on the contrary—while dropping their fair share of cherry-stones by the way—have shown a magnificent contempt for the risks involved in large subjects, whereas the poet who deliberately confines himself to small subjects is a shrewd soul, first cousin to the inventor of the modern maxim, "The bigger they are, the harder they fall." His version is, "The higher they climb, the farther they fall"; and you cannot fall far from the sky-side of a cherry-stone.

It is too much to hope that any utterance inspired by that "odd jealousy" which is confessedly at the bottom of this paper should altogether escape a tone of complaint and protest; but I think the complainant may at least be allowed to take the responsibility for any querulousness upon her own shoulders. My special pleading would quite have defeated all its ends if it left in any reader's mind a picture of its object as a wronged or plaintive figure. In one of his familiar letters, Moody writes, "Chicago is several kinds of hell, but I won't weary you with asseverations that I am being shamefully victimized by Fate; you wouldn't believe it—and, besides, it's a lie." Indeed, nothing is plainer than that Moody built his life around the healthy conviction that the

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great soul "answers its own prayers"; "deep in the man sits fast his fate." It was his lot to fall upon one of those recurrent periods when moral energy is largely locked up and dormant; when the soul, so to speak, is pupating. At such periods, this ancient belief becomes very unpopular; but with Moody it seems to have been bred in the bone. He had all the usual temptations to repudiate or evade it, but his own sound instinct was its ally. Wistfulness, "white rage," a grotesque eloquence in execration—these make half the pathos, charm, and humanness of the early letters; but the instant he feels himself slipping into self-pity, taking refuge in self-extenuation, he pulls himself together with some merciless jibe at his weakness, some rueful, contagious guffaw at his own expense. Sometimes, in those early letters, we are permitted to see a little deeper, to glimpse the sources of power. Sometimes the page is shaken or illumined by a flash of intuition, a profound pulsation of human tenderness; sometimes we catch in his tired speech the deep breath of reasoned fortitude. And this virile and honest way of taking life, persisted in through all his difficulties, could not fail to bring him to that self-realization which is the core of success. Some measure of external success he did enjoy, toward the last; and he had from the beginning his fit audience of the few who were prepared to accord him recognition. Had he lived longer, this would have ripened into the assured and liberal fame which we cannot help coveting for powers and services like his. But his friends loved him; and, dying in the first fulness of his powers, he yet lived to find himself, as he had said years before in "Second Coming," "firm-seated in his proper good." And that, for man or artist, is success. It is not he who needs to be honored, but America who needs to honor him.

COLLEGE—ONE YEAR AFTER

By ROBERT C. FLACK

FOR several years the better magazines of the country have contained many articles on education. The long controversy which began in the middle of the nineteenth century with the advancement of the claim of science to stand on a parity with the classics has become even more heated since November, 1918. Education has been one of the many things to be discussed and reviewed in the light of four years of new and world-shaking experience.

The magazines have set forth the views on education of business men, high school principals, college professors, and various literary persons of note. As far as I know, education has not been discussed in the light of a young college graduate's experience. It may be of some interest to the readers of this magazine to see the reaction in a very recent Bachelor of Arts to both the education offered by the American University and to the prolonged and diversified discussion of that education. I cannot, I must admit at once, speak for more than an exceedingly limited proportion of my college generation.

I

I graduated from Harvard a year ago last June, standing neither at the head nor at the foot of my class. In college I had concentrated in English literature, taking also considerable quantities of history, some philosophy and some sociology, some modern languages, only one course of science, and no Greek or Latin. It may be said that I occupied a halfway position in the progress of education from the old classical to the new scientific. I had taken largely what one might call the newer humanities, history,

languages and literature. I have, consequently, no bias toward either the old classical standard or the new technical and vocational standard.

Looking back on my years at Cambridge, I can see four ways in which we might have been, and a few of us were, educated. First, we were taught some degree of mental discipline, which is merely to say that we learned, more or less, how to use our own intellectual weapons and to profit by our own intellectual capacities. Superficially, the knowledge of the tools necessary in learning, the use of dictionaries, indices, reference books, encyclopedias of different sorts and all the paraphernalia of a library, lay in this phase of education. It is elementary, but essential, to learn how and where quickly to find the most authoritative information on any given subject. Such training, however, is only the necessary and fundamental basis for the mental development. The acquisition of habits of accuracy, open-mindedness and discernment; the possession of a mind as active, supple and keen as a good blade of Toledo in the hands of a skilled fencer, those we could have gone far to develop during those four years. I am not saying, you understand, that I or that many of us did avail ourselves of these opportunities; I am only stating what we might have achieved had we had the necessary talent and the necessary application.

In such training lies one, and perhaps the only, contribution that an education in the humanities can offer to the efficiency of the business man or the scientist. One of the partners of Lee, Higginson and Company, now retired, once told me that, of two boys engaged by the firm at the same time, one with and one without a college education, the one without would be twice as valuable at the end of a year. This he explained by the old doctrine that the college graduate had so much theory to forget. At the end of the second year the two boys would be about equally useful. At the end of the third, the educated boy would be many times more valuable, because his trained mind gave

him a judgment and facility in using to advantage his experience that the other boy could never have. Francis Bacon meant much the same thing when he said of studies that their use "for ability is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels and the plots and marshalling of affairs come best from those that are learned." So spoke one of the first great modern scientists.

Carlyle said that the university was chiefly valuable in teaching him to read. That, to my mind, is the second great opportunity that a college education offered us. The whole sum of man's accumulated wisdom, the story of his attempts and failures and further attempts to better his lot and that of his fellow men, all this was gathered for us to read. Before us was laid history, which, as Miss Repplier says, is the most essential of all education and literature, which is history made interesting, and often more relevant to the intellectual and mental and moral standards of its time than formal history itself. We were made to read a good deal, and that led to more, until it became a settled habit to read about not one, but many different provinces of man's accomplishment. I doubt if any single gift of the university can be more important than that of intellectual curiosity. It is, as Miss Repplier also said, impossible now even to grasp the extent of knowledge and to know the bare names of all the new sciences and theories; but, if one is to approach his own age with any power of judgment, he must have a profound and insatiable curiosity for all the records of the past. Because there is so much to know, one must not give up the attempt to know something.

For me, personally, the key to the comprehension of the past lies largely in the novels, the plays, the biographies, all the literature of the era in question. For others it lies in the dryer and, theoretically, more exact and precise pages of history. For yet others, it lies in the contemplation of the paintings, statues and monuments that represent the

spirit of that particular age. It matters little how one searches for an understanding of all the centuries that lie behind our own. The essential thing is to have an eager zest for the search, never to stop, never to say, "Now I know all that there is to know about that," and never to confine oneself entirely to any one field of learning.

The university instilled also a certain intelligence in reading. I don't mean merely that it made evident the waste of time, the futility of reading only popular novels and cheap magazines. It taught us to use some discrimination in our reading, to discover for ourselves where the personal bias of each author lay, where it was necessary to discount what he said, where necessary to supply some fact that he had omitted. It taught us to set the opinion of one author against that of another, to ascertain where each was right and each was wrong. We learned to distinguish between the statements of the northern historians that the Confederate Army was nearly as large as the Federal and the statements of the southern historians that it was about a quarter the size of its opponent. We began to understand that truth lay somewhere between the two views, and that we could discover it only by using our own judgment. We came to discern the different mental attitude of Milton and of Butler in any account of the Commonwealth, and to search for the midway position that should approximate the truth. To quote the same essay of Bacon, we read, "Not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider."

The third phase of education that Harvard offered us is undoubtedly the most essential of all. Professor Kittredge once told a class, of which I was a member, that the difference between the man with a college training and the man without was this: the educated man could, and the other could not, escape to a certain extent from his inherited and constitutional prejudices and consider a question on at least a partially impersonal basis. Naturally, this lack of bias in judgment is at best only relative. It is utterly impossible

for any human being to detach himself entirely from his personality in considering any fact of experience or weighing the two sides of any argument. The effect of the university training is to enable one, however, to discard the more obvious prejudices, the less fundamental of one's inherited and acquired concepts. The educated man is much more successful than the uneducated in attaining an open mind and a purely intellectual plane, from which to pass judgment, solely on the merits of a case. Incidentally, I suppose that Henry Adams achieved as complete a detachment as is possible from the ordinary biases of human nature. In the *Education* it is very hard to trace any particular prejudice, any habitual manner of regarding the facts of life other than that of complete and unhesitating impartiality.

With the achievement of a judicial attitude there comes a certain ability to understand and correlate the unnumerable events of the past and also the facts of present and personal experience. It is not enough to acquire knowledge, it is not enough to know what kind of knowledge to acquire; such acquisition is useless unless the items of learning can be put each in its proper relation to the others, so that all dovetail to make a unified and comprehensible whole. This is what H. G. Wells tried to do for himself and for others in the "Outline of History." How well he succeeded is a matter of opinion; at least, I think, he approached closer to a correlation of his knowledge than have the majority even of educated men.

The university provides, to review briefly, to those of its students who can be brought to accept the advantages offered, a certain extent of mental discipline; a varying interest in and desire for reading, intelligently, critically and widely applied; more or less assistance in achieving a relatively impersonal and unbiased judgment; and a faculty for correlating the facts of both learning and experience.

II

What then, after four years of education, is the attitude of the college graduate to the post-war life of the twentieth

century? Once again I must impress upon my readers that I cannot speak for a very large proportion of my class. Doubtless many of them never even realized that they had such a thing as an outlook on life, and that it was the result, unconsciously, of what they did or did not get out of their four years at Cambridge. I think I may say, however, that a considerable number of those who stopped to think at all would agree with my conclusions.

Any discussion of the graduate's attitude toward modern life must be incomplete without some consideration of the effect that youth and inexperience have upon him. Until the day when he leaves the university he has looked at the world through spectacles tinted with academic and theoretical colors; from the college window he has looked on life in a detached and critical frame of mind, judging it probably more impartially than he ever will be able to again. His youth, moreover, apart from the effect of the college, tends to make his mental attitude light heartedly pessimistic, or unthinkingly optimistic. The criticism of the business man that the college graduate has so much theory to unlearn is partially, and only partially, true. It never seems to occur to the business man that he, as well as everyone, had his theories. He calls them "The right way of doing things," but they are theories none the less, and those of each man of affairs differ in varying degrees from those of his fellows. The business man is right, nevertheless, in claiming that his ways of thinking and acting are the result of his personal experience; those of the graduate are the result of other men's thought and action. Inevitably, the attitude of the college student imperceptibly changes as his own experience modifies his preconceived notions. At graduation he is largely the product of what he has read and has learned, not of what he has done. Obviously this is not true of those men in my college generation who fought in the war; for the majority of my classmates, however, their experience in the army was not sufficiently long to affect their attitude.

Miss Repplier, in her article in the April *Atlantic*, spoke at length of the vast extent and diversity of knowledge as compared with the compactness of what men needed to know in the nineteenth century. This can easily be illustrated by a comparison of the liberal arts, the basis for the A. B. degree, in the middle ages with the liberal arts now. Six hundred years ago, Chaucer's clerk studied grammar, logic, rhetoric, arithmetic, geometry, music and astronomy. Today the undergraduate at Harvard has fifty-three different departments from which to choose his courses. The instruction in all of those departments, it is to be remembered, is given by the faculty of arts and sciences for the undergraduate as well as for the graduate student. It is not difficult to see how much chance the student has of taking "all learning for his province." Of necessity the greatest lesson of the modern university is to teach him how little he knows. It is no wonder that the student who makes a serious effort at graduation to look on life intelligently, as an educated man should, is bewildered and appalled by the extent of his ignorance and the impossibility of ever really overcoming it. Life, as well as education, is now almost too complex to be grasped by any one mind. It is hard for the conscientious graduate who has spent four years in the effort to gain a background against which he is to look at life intelligently, at once to appreciate the impossibility of ever achieving his aim. The world, once he stands outside the gates of his college, becomes a maze which appears to have no path toward an eminence from which he can comprehend it intelligently.

Since the seventeenth century men have been gradually losing their faith in revealed religion and their acceptance of religious morality as the criterion for thought and action. The Deists in the eighteenth century had little enough faith and sometimes more, sometimes less, morality. It is, of course, self-evident that morality does not depend upon religious faith for its sole foundation; for centuries, however, Christianity and the doctrines of the Church were the

cornerstone on which men built their standards of right and wrong. Then the cornerstone, for many men, crumbled and by the beginning of the twentieth century agnosticism was as common as faith among the students at both the English and the larger American universities. Stephen McKenna, in his reminiscences "While I Remember," tells how the boys at Westminster School became agnostics, and then, each for himself, built a philosophy of life in which humanitarianism took the place of Christianity, and morality was based on philosophy rather than religion. It is not for me to say which state of things is better; but it is futile to deny the fact of the change. Many of the American students graduating in 1921 faced this situation. The old foundation of morality, the old standards of thought and behavior, had largely disappeared, and each man had to replace them for himself by whatever philosophy he could discover or formulate.

Similarly, the old ideals in state and society are in flux. Church and state are separated, and both, but especially the state, are undergoing vast transformations. With the industrial revolution the ideal of church and state, one unified and harmonious whole, functioning as an earthly father for all men, disappeared. Wherever the factory system and mechanical civilization became dominant, the rôle of the state was reduced to that of a gigantic policeman, having little more to do than to keep order among its members and to protect them from foreign aggression. *Laissez faire* became the catch-word of statesmen and business men alike. By the end of the nineteenth century, and even before, the abuses of the factory system became apparent even to conservative members of society. Innumerable radical doctrines proposed to destroy the capitalist state and erect a new one on entirely different principles. Gradually the governments of the industrial nations, England, America, France, Germany, Italy, all returned to varying degrees of paternalism and regulation of the relations of man to man. The essential thing for the young graduate in all history

was simply that no theory, no practice, was as yet fixed and proved to be the right or best one. Social and political beliefs, as well as religious, were unsettled, were still on trial. Nowhere was it possible to find a position, an attitude, which was generally held to be correct. Each man had to judge for himself, and there were almost as many solutions to the problems of the modern world as there were thinking men. Authority and discipline no longer had cogency. The war added many problems to those already needing settlement, and made discussion and argument among masses of men enormously more difficult. In the spheres of religion, government and social organization the graduate looked on a world in chaos.

It would almost appear that education had made peace of mind and happiness more remote for the man who had spent four years in college than they would have been if he had remained uneducated. This must be admitted, to a certain extent, as true; always knowledge and the responsibility that comes with it have rendered light-hearted and self-centered content more difficult to achieve. To many ignorance is and will remain bliss. If, however, the world is to have any chance of escaping from the cataclysm with which vast and warring forces threaten it, if solutions are to be found to the problems of the day, if men are once more to be made reasonably satisfied with life, it must be done under the guidance and leadership of the educated men and women. It is only through a knowledge of the past, a familiarity with the true nature and the ancient roots of each modern problem, that life can once more be made tolerable to the bodies and minds of men. To the individual, moreover, a realization that he is helping intelligently to, however infinitesimal a degree, bring the world once more into control of its material and spiritual development, will offset the despair that must at times come upon him when he sees the extent of the present chaos. Ignorance is bliss, but knowledge and the consciousness of power and

understanding carry with them a pride for one's share in the work of the world which is surely a better happiness.

A. Edward Newton, in the first of his two delightful volumes on book collecting and the pleasures of a dilettante in literature, speaks of the necessity that we all feel sometimes to escape from the turmoil of the modern world to a region of content and tranquility. Mr. Newton finds his retreat in the English literature of the eighteenth century. It matters little where it be found, so long as one can be sure of finding it. The education offered to us at Cambridge opened the road to any number of quiet nooks and corners where in books we could forget the present and lose ourselves in the record of man's achievements, defeats and pleasures throughout the past. For an educated man there are innumerable byways of learning where he may wander at peace, safe for a time from the intrusion of stock markets and strikes and wars. The value of this is immense, for no one can fight even a good fight twenty-four hours of the day. Somewhere, sometime, we all have to rest and recuperate, if we are to put our best into our accomplishment.

At no time in history has the position of civilization been much more precarious than at present. Besides the natural exhaustion and waste and the hate of man for man left by the war, the variance between the interests of labor and capital threatens a worse catastrophe than that of 1914. In some countries and in certain spheres of action there are signs of improvement. Of these the Washington conference is very important. In other places the omens are not so favorable. The fall of the Briand ministry, the present coal strike, are signs, one of nationalist jingoism and aggression, the other of industrial disease. The outcome of it all is still, and will be for long, veiled in obscurity. Whether the world is to recover slowly to a state of things more or less approximate to that of 1900-1910, or whether the change from one sort of civilization to another has just begun, no one can say. If any way out is to be found, it will have to be by the men and women of education. The five hundred

young men who graduated with me had the opportunity to equip themselves for the task of aiding in this reconstruction. It is as yet too early to discover how many of them profited by their opportunity. At least, enough, I am sure, fitted themselves at Cambridge for intelligent participation in the life of the modern world to justify the effort of education.

INTRODUCTORY POEM

(*To the Volume "Nights of Sleepwalking by Daylight"*)

Translated from the Swedish of August Strindberg by Charles Wharton Stork

On the Avenue de Neuilly
A meat-shop one may spy,
And as I go to the city
I always pass nearby.

Through the big open window
Shines blood all red and fresh,
And on white slabs of marble
Steams the new-slaughtered flesh.

Today there hung by the glass door
In ruffled papers rolled
A heart—a calf's, I fancy—
That trembled as with cold.

At that my swift thoughts hurried
Where rows of windows blaze
In the Norrebro shops at Stockholm,
And women and children gaze.

There hangs in a book-store window
A small, thin-covered book.
That, too, is a heart new-butchered
Which dangles on its hook.

SHOULD THE HOUSEWIFE RECEIVE A SALARY?

By MARGARET MUNSTERBERG

THERE is a frequent complaint among housewives that, whereas their work never ends and requires just as much if not more energy and presence of mind and is certainly as indispensable as that of their freer sisters in offices and schools, they, nevertheless, receive no measurable—that is, no financial—reward. The fact that these housekeepers are being supported and have the means of their husbands, fathers or brothers, as the case may be (for short, we will call this collective concept husbands), at their disposal, seems an arbitrary and unsatisfactory compensation for their constant and thorough labors. The housewife, they maintain, should receive a clear-cut salary like any other executive official; only then will this most wearing of occupations acquire a dignity on a level with the salaried work of educated women.

But would this really be the case? Can the worth of the so-called “home-maker” ever be adequately expressed in pecuniary terms? It may be said that there are certain well-defined positions in the field of domestic science which are salaried and have their normal stages of advancement. The matrons and housekeepers of schools, colleges and hospitals, the managers of club-houses, community kitchens and the like have their careers and salaries like a lawyer, office-manager or teacher. Why, then, should not the domestic administration of the housewife be recognized and rewarded in the same systematic way? But there’s the rub. The graduate of a domestic science course will begin her career as an assistant or as the manager of a small establishment and work her way up to ever larger positions until finally she has a large staff under her direction and respon-

sibility for the work of other beginners. This is as it should be and the growing salary is an adequate means of measuring the growth of experience and responsibility. But can the housewife advance from smaller to larger establishments? Is the most gifted and energetic home-maker not bound "for better and for worse" to the chance salary or income of her husband? The incompetent little butterfly wife of a banker may preside over many servants, perhaps even over a salaried housekeeper and a social secretary, whereas the wife of a young college instructor—she who may be a brilliant college graduate and a former editor or teacher—will have to turn her unusual capacities into the performance of daily manual tasks. If the housewife were recompensed in the same systematic way as the professional domestic science worker according to the size of the establishment which she directs, then the brilliant college graduate will receive a diminutive salary compared with that of the wealthy butterfly. Moreover, the excellent home-maker for the professional man of small means has no prospect of ever expanding the scope of her domestic activities very much, and if she can do so, it is not due to her own competence, but to the efforts or good fortune of her consort. Accordingly, it is impossible to grade the salary of the housewife in a way parallel to the grading of salaries in the field of professional domestic science.

It has been objected, however, that if salaries were paid to home-makers on a professional basis, it would only be just to grade these salaries, not according to the size of the establishment, but according to the work done by the housewife herself. It requires far greater ingenuity, these objectors say, to make "both ends meet" and to make much out of little by careful planning, economy and taste than it does to let the cook order and the husband pay the bills. That is true enough, and the elastic accomplishments of the ever-ready, working housewife, of course, deserve recognition. But if a hard and fast salary system is going to be adopted, it cannot be contrary to the established customs of

the hard business world. It may require more energy and courage for the small business man to do his own type-writing, answer his own telephone calls and attend to all his affairs himself, than it does for the owner of a large concern to drop into his office at ten o'clock and dictate to a large staff of workers. But the small business man does not, from a business point of view, consider himself the superior of his more prosperous neighbor, but hopes, by dint of constant effort and intelligence, to rise to a position of equal prosperity. We cannot upset the usual values of business life if we are going to apply a businesslike evaluation to the administration of households. On the other hand, the accomplished young wife of a clergyman, school superintendent or college professor would scorn to have her household compared with a business at the bottom of the financial scale.

It thus seems impossible to fit the most essential and exacting of occupations into a system of financial recompense. Further, though the protesting housewife maintains that she works more hours during the day than her salaried sisters—does she actually work for the same number of hours every day, or has she not rather that freedom of the never-free who can take their time off when they see fit, but who must be ready for all-night vigils if an emergency demands it? Can such a state of mind—for home-making is largely a state of mind—be adequately paid at all? The work of a physician, of a college president and many other responsible professions require a state of constant readiness, and usually, too, such sacrificial services are underpaid. Inasmuch as they are paid, however, the payment is given chiefly for a certain technical proficiency. The educated young home-maker certainly does not want to receive cook's wages. Nor in the larger households is the mere administration—the management of servants, the keeping of accounts, etc.—the beginning and end of the housewife's vocation. Inspired housekeeping is not a science, but an art. The combined functions of an interior decorator, a

floral designer, a caterer, a kindergarten teacher, a social worker, a nurse and a humorist cannot make a sum total which will equal that elusive, indefinable, yet so very actual art of home-making. It cannot be measured in terms of technical proficiency, and, therefore, cannot be recompensed like the technical professions. Further, like all good art, it could never be paid enough. And as the financial reward could never be commensurate with its real worth, the practitioners of this art should recognize that it is better to withdraw their claims, and that their services, like all the best, the priceless goods of life, must be gratuitous.

SONG OF KRISHNA

By JOHN CRAWFORD

I am Krishna with my flute,
Heaven thrust me from its gates;
I bring love to any maiden,
Where she sits alone and waits.

When I pipe to you so sweetly,
To seduce you from your sleep,
You must come though you will tremble,
You will come though you must weep.

I will teach your lips to quiver
To the passion of your tears;
Subtle pains will set ashiver
Limbs betrayed to languid years.

Mad and blind and drunk of beauty,
You will flaunt your naked joy;
You will glory in dishonor:
Krishna had me for a toy!

AN OLD KINSHIP AND A NEW FRIENDSHIP

By EDITH LYTTTELTON

(Honorable Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, D. B. E.)

PEOPLE are always talking about the relations between England and America; sometimes they shake their heads and murmur forebodings; sometimes they wave flags and shout generalities: few think out carefully just what is meant by the words themselves, still fewer how a good, and not a bad, relationship is to be fostered.

There is much against us: an ancient grudge continually ministered to on the one side, and on the other an ignorant indifference. Very often, too, there is a clashing of interests, a jealousy and an envy—there is also fear.

We are so near and yet so far; we are so alike and yet so different; we mistake each other's qualities for faults, and each other's faults for qualities. The American thinks the Englishman slow and behind the times, the Englishman thinks the American superficial and hustling. Of course, neither estimates are correct.

What we really need is a broad comprehension of why we should be friends, rather than a continual and self-conscious comparison of our mutual characteristics. For whether we recognize it or no, our psychic atmosphere is the same; we aspire to the same ideals, we evolve the same laws, speaking broadly, and the same individual reaction to such laws come about. And all this is far beyond our control. There are and there will be many differences developed in response to differing circumstances, but underneath them, behind them, above them, if you will, the rhythm of our onward movement will be harmonious because it will be the same.

Need we go on our way together, because it will have to be together, bickering and grumbling and misunderstanding? Can nothing be done to explain each to each, and to keep in being the romance of a friendship which is not founded merely on utilitarian and commercial considerations? The two nations should not only be brothers in arms as they have been lately, but brothers in heart; partners in a friendship which can afford little temporary irritations and arguments; a friendship which is inevitable and not to be escaped.

From the British side an earnest of complete trust and confidence has been given in the reduction of the navy and the surrender of a world supremacy on the sea. The British Empire as a whole refuses to look upon its cousin, the United States, as a potential enemy in any circumstances whatever. The United States as a whole gave earnest of the same trust, in the abandonment of an ambitious naval scheme, already on its way to fulfillment. So far so good. It will conduce to the peace of the world, if this mutual trust is upheld. And we long for peace.

But there is more involved, much more than our several advantages and developments. In real humility let us admit to each other that, with all our faults and failings, we seem to have a more practical belief in liberty and justice than most other peoples, and this is not putting the claim very high. We seem to have been able to combine our passion for individual development and freedom, with a form of self-government, very imperfect as yet, but workable because of the law-abiding, sensible character of our race. Over and over again has this been demonstrated in our common history.

There is one major uncertainty ahead of us. We do not know how far the mixture of races is going to affect and alter those characteristics. This mixture is greater in the United States than in any of the Dominions of the British Empire, though they also are melting pots for many of the world's tribes.

If we believe that the characteristics of our mutual stock are necessary to the whole world's development; if we believe, again with a real humility, that on the whole our ideas of justice and tolerance and liberty are the best yet developed by humanity, then it is vital that we should go forward hand in hand, that we should resolve to stand together, and preserve and expand our heritage of ideas and ideals; that heritage which is due to our forefather's constant and valiant struggle for the greatest individual freedom, compatible with the wellbeing of the majority within an ordered state.

This great endeavor, which can be stated in such simple words, sums up the history of the past and the hope of the future struggles of our race. How can these traditions be best preserved and continually reformed with vitality, so that they may be adaptable to changing circumstances, and march with the race, instead of lagging behind it?

It is the children whom we must consider, that new Barbarian tribe, as someone has called them, which is going to take our places and occupy our seats; that swarming mass of invincible individuals, each one a pre-ordained conqueror over us and our generation, even though each one will himself be conquered in his turn. Everyone admits the stupendous fact that the impressions received in childhood are the strongest and most ineffaceable of all that life imposes upon us. Once give a child the notion that if he stamps and screams he will get what he wants, and in some form or another he will stamp and scream for what he wants all his life. Once give a child the belief that if he loses his life he will gain it, and much will have been done towards the making of a man. This is true of traits of character, and it is also true of the emotions and prejudices in which that character will be expressed. Does anything ever quite efface the love of the soil from which we have sprung? The Greek expressed it in words which have a haunting passion of surrender: "Give me to drink of that sweet cup, wrought of the earth from which I was made, and under

which I shall lie when I am dead." Will anything ever change the prejudices against certain people and places engendered by influences round our childhood? We are plastic material, our beings stamped and marked, if not shaped, by the first few years of our existence.

If we want to create and foster friendship between the two nations, let us say again, it is the children we must think of, and whom we must attack.

Is this being done? Speaking for England, my own country, I know that it is not. Great steps have been made in the last twenty years towards teaching a pride in the Dominions of the British Empire, but this very fact has militated, for obvious reasons besides those of time, against a similar teaching with regard to the American cousins.

The American Revolution is perfunctorily treated in the primary school text books; of course, the loss of the colonies is mentioned, sometimes the causes are briefly summarized and regret for King George the Third's pig-headedness is even expressed. This neglect has not had wholly bad results, for if there is ignorance and indifference there is at least no resentment or partisanship. But positive teaching of the inner significance of the event, teaching of pride in this manifestation of the peculiar Anglo-Saxon independence and passionate individualism—of this nothing. It is questionable whether a pupil from a village school will remember anything about Washington, except that he never told a lie, a fact which does not endear him to the ordinary child. Yet Washington was an English country gentleman who, when he built a house for his daughter, tried to make it as like an English manor house as he could. To be sure, it is not so very long ago that I had some village children to tea, and found that though they had heard of Cromwell, a picture of whose son Henry was hanging in my room, they were hazy as to the name of the reigning King of England. The fact had been taken for granted, much as the American Revolution has been taken for granted. But those children would eventually learn more about the King than his name,

whereas it is doubtful if a rural school child will ever be taught the history of the American nation, or a proper pride in that achievement of his own forefathers, which has had such stupendous results.

What is the angle from which American history should be taught to British children? The old controversies about tea duties and taxation are mere dusty excrescences on the essential fact, that the passion for freedom and individual development which led to the break is the heritage and the outstanding characteristic of both peoples. If the controversy had disclosed a fundamental difference in ideal, a different sense of honor, disparate moral standards, then, indeed, the two nations might become as foreigners to one another. But it was not so. All that is best in our common race, all the sturdy courage, persistence, love of freedom, fearlessness, found expression in the American Revolutionaries, just as it did in the Loyalists and the people at home. The children in British schools should be taught the history of the American nation as part of their own, just as American children should be allowed to claim their history behind 1775, and to realize that the qualities which made and moulded the United States were those of the very people they have been too long trained to look on as enemies.

Of course the difficulty for the United States is more apparent because of the children belonging to other races which have poured into the country. The appeal to the spirit of their forefathers means something different to these children. But if their parents have adopted America as their country and have become American citizens they should be taught the history of that country which they have made their own, and to which they have sworn allegiance. I heard Agnes Repplier begin a speech once in these terms:

"When I am taking stock of my blessings (which I do not do as often as I should), I breathe a little prayer of gratitude to the roving Englishmen who, whether as gentlemen adventurers, religious enthusiasts, or pioneer farmers, sought the distant shores

of North America and laid the foundations of our commonwealth, in consequence of which adventurous spirit I, the child of other immigrants, without one drop of English, Scotch, Welsh or Irish blood in my veins, have come into the matchless inheritance of the English tongue and of English letters, which have made the happiness of my life."

Not everyone can feel like this perhaps, but his descendants can. It should be possible to build up a pride in the history of the country, as well as a pride in the history of the race to which the child belongs. The history of the American nation as we know it now begins with the ancient Britons and their skin coracles. Columbus discovered America, said a public speaker, but he did not settle it; the Dutch, the French, settled certain portions, but English is forever the language of a new continent.

The teaching of this history would be important even if the interests of the two countries were antagonistic. But since they are inextricably bound up together, and since, in addition, the peace and safety of the world and its future development seem to have been placed in the guardianship of our common race, this question of the inculcation of mutual pride and affection becomes vital.

Not very long ago I stood upon the terrace at Mount Vernon, looking out upon the lawns and the river, my mind flooded by the wonderful sense of peace and beauty, which hovers over that place. The love and reverence of thousands have helped to charge the atmosphere there with something rare and ineffable: something perhaps the stronger and greater because it is not imprisoned in a building, or defined in a special work of art. As I was thinking confusedly of something like this, a man's voice suddenly said, "The paving stones on which you stand came from England."

Even now I can hardly understand or explain the emotion which gripped me; I could not answer or speak. "Yes," went on the voice, "it was cheaper to bring the stones out in ships returning empty than to cut them here."

"From England!" I said to myself, "from England!" If

I had been alone I think I should have stooped to ~~lie~~ **lie** them: "Give me to drink of that sweet cup, wrought of the earth from which I was made, and under which I shall lie when I am dead."

Later I saw some of the old houses on the James River. I touched the rose-red bricks at Westover, the old painted panelling of Shirley, and the same thrill went through me. Here was the link, tangible, visible, which could be touched and seen. There is not a country child in England who would not recognize these houses if he were shown pictures of them. He would not know that they stand across the Atlantic, and not in the next county, unless he were told.

People visit birthplaces and shrines and relics because they hope for a moment to get the sense of intimacy and touch, the realization of a common humanity. Will not someone send to England the pictures and the stories of the old houses? We can then show them and tell them to the children, so that they and others who cannot travel may be startled into the discovery that they are linked with the past history of the United States, in an intimate and undeniable fashion.

So much for the teaching of the past. Hundreds of suggestions can and will be made, practical, sensible, sentimental, imaginative. What can be done in the same sort for the present? A suggestion may be made in one phrase: Encourage personal contact of all kinds and in all ways. Carry Cecil Rhodes' great idea into other walks of life than those of undergraduates. Create travelling scholarships, interchange experts, champions, sportsmen, fanatics of every description and of both sexes. Much has already been done, but there are many more avenues open. Stop nowhere in the effort to bring about the material, corporeal handshake. For the corporeal touch makes a channel for the spiritual, and that is its value.

Human beings are not quick at understanding one another, unless they come into personal contact. Every kind of legend grows: such and such people are cold and

cruel, others rapacious and dishonest, and so on. Yet personal acquaintance often changes the entire attitude of these cavillers towards one another.

I once saw a man arrive at a solicitor's office to meet someone with whom he had been quarrelling for many months. He was in a state of black rage and hatred; he would not shake hands, he would hardly raise his eyes. At the end of an hour the two men were clasping hands at parting. They had not made up their differences, neither had given way, but each recognized that the other had a genuine belief in the justice of his case. Personal contact had produced psychic contact, and eventually they settled their case out of court.

The vast number of people in both nations is what daunts effort in this direction. It is all very well to talk of personal contact, one can hear everybody say, but how can millions of people be brought into touch with each other? Of course, they cannot be. But personal influence is a curiously contagious thing. It would be impossible for anyone to become a popular hero, let us say, if he never had personal contact of some sort with anyone. He must be seen or heard or he will not be felt. The world-wide popularity, for instance, of Mary Pickford, or of Charlie Chaplin, is due to the fact that they are actually seen in movement by millions of people. I believe the cinema, in Britain anyway, has already done something for Anglo-American friendship by familiarizing many people with the manners and gestures of dwellers in western towns. But, of course, to speak with anyone is also to feel the actual physical influence of personality, and is a much stronger experience than seeing a moving picture. It is precisely this kind of influence which is transmitted from one human being to another and another, widening in radius like the ripples in a pond.

Each traveller to Great Britain or to the United States may be the centre of new and far-spreading influence; each individual who tries to get into personal relations with visitors to his country is a more effective propagandist than

the man who writes or who distributes any number of pamphlets and articles. A cynic might feel that personal contact would produce the opposite result. So it might, and so it does in individual cases, but if it were to prove true of large numbers, then the sooner such a fact is faced and realized, the better. But, of course, generally speaking, the result of such intercourse is a mutual understanding and liking.

It is in this connection again that the children of the two nations are so important. Not that personal intercourse between them is particularly beneficial or necessary. It is also extremely difficult to organize. But because of the great suggestibility of children, it would make an incalculable difference if the people about them, who rear them, and, above all, who teach them, had some mutual understanding. Traveling scholarships for teachers would be of great value. A teacher who had been, if only for six weeks, in the United States, or in Great Britain, and had met with the hospitality and kindness both nations know how to give, would inevitably affect the imagination and the thought of children under his or her care.

The history of both nations can be taught as forming part of one heritage. If Great Britain's past is America's, then America's is also Great Britain's. Let us take these two strands and weave them together into a present friendship, and so make a great fabric for the future.

SEEKERS

By MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

The little path climbs to look for the sky,
And the brook goes down in quest of the sea,
And men have sought for Infinity
Apart from the common ways that lie
Where humble toil has birth,
And gold is won in the sweat of brow.
But a wise tree stands with its feet in the earth,
And gathers the stars in a topmost bough.

SUCH STUFF AS PLAYS ARE MADE OF

By ROLAND HOLT

The Close of a Season

THIS playgoer will endeavor to here try to tell his adventures from where he left off in *The Drama of Sex, Disaster and Hope* in the May FORUM, and to forecast a few main signs of the coming season. He will again confine himself strictly to plays in which may be found "Follies" enough without straying after the Ziegfeld and musical comedy varieties. But he will lift his hat for a moment to the genuine drama of *The King Orders the Drums to be Beaten* and *The Clown*, to the real music and exquisite colors and lights of the *Chauvre Souris*. (Second Section—Pullmans Only.)

The last plays of the season of 1921-2 were among its best. THE THEATRE GUILD sagged slightly on Arnold Bennett's *What the Public Wants*, a satire on newspapers that had some of the pale weariness of the author's *The Title*, which died very young earlier in the season. But The Guild came into its own again with George Kaiser's *From Midnight to Morn*, a highly moral, but none the less interesting, illustration of how a cashier found in a few short hours that stolen money could bring him no joys, and that truly "the wages of sin are death." Dr. Faust in a Drama League lecture had told us how in Germany this play opens and closes in a graveyard. These scenes were omitted in New York, but here the ingenious use of the skeleton gave a weird macabre touch, as did the ugly but effective "expressionist" mountings. We'd call it "producing on a shoe string." Throughout the stage was draped in black-green curtains, and changes of scene indicated by a few "properties," such as the grill of a bank or door frames, and extremely clever lighting. In two cases a back

scene that still showed the green curtains all around it was used, one of them a snow scene, as ugly and unnatural as the oasis, without a green thing in it, of *Methusaleh*. Such mountings are perhaps excusable in Germany, where the mark cannot buy much, and they do lend a certain weirdness to a fantastic play, but they are the Dadaism of stage art, and make us cry "back to nature" and earnestly beg Lee Simonson for more of the lovely skies he gave us in *Heart-break House*, *Liliom* and other plays.

THE PROVINCETOWN PLAYERS sent Eugene O'Neill's half-fine *The Hairy Ape* uptown, where it died in a few weeks, though we now learn it will be revived for the road. They followed it in their home theatre with Susan Glaspell's *Chains of Dew*, one of the most brilliant and human comedies of perhaps our most brilliant woman dramatist, about a loving and very patient small-town wife who kept her husband writing poetry by fooling him into believing that he had to struggle against her and circumstances to do it. To be sure, the wit was better than the construction, and the group of birth-control enthusiasts (treated absolutely inoffensively), who tried to take the husband from his home town, was perhaps a bit burlesqued. After the two weeks due to subscribers, this charming play died, and some weeks later The Provincetowners announced that their theatre, to which American dramatists owe so great a debt, would not open at all for 1922-3.

The same tragic announcement has been made by another of New York's finest and most significant theatres, THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE in Grand Street. During the season they gave a picturesque pageant, *Salut au Monde*, on Whitman's poem, with fine music by Griffes, three short plays with an exhibition of the color organ, and a revival of the ballet *The Royal Fandango*, but it is interesting to note how the sex-aphone was overworked in all of their five full-length plays.

Granville Barker's *The Madras House* was a frank satire on sex, involving serious seduction and mirthful polygamy.

In Vildrac's *The Steamship Tenacity*, "the substance of the three dull acts was the seduction of a waitress," said *The World*.

O'Neill's *The First Man* had an entire act accompanied by the cries of a woman in childbirth.

Hippius' *The Green Ring* was composed of young folk who rescue the girl Sonia. Her father and mother have left each other, and both are living in adultery.

In Frederick Lansing Day's *Makers of Light*, a woman teacher of thirty-two and her pupil of seventeen sin, and he kills himself in learning that she is to have a child.

Most of these plays were of unusual artistic merit, but all five of them being of this sexual character was "a bit thick." We repeat, though, that we honor this little theatre in Grand Street, and devoutly hope it will, as it expects to, open again after next season's vacation. Its earlier seasons show that its repertory is not usually so over-sexed, and has been made up of notably fine dramas.

Few plays of the season were finer than the revival of Stanley Houghton's *Hindle Wakes*, rechristened *Fanny Hawthorne*, a sex play written, like Ibsen's best, as if by a great doctor and a great gentleman, without an offensive word in it, and with most of the characters making for righteousness as far as their circumstances might permit. Our own Eugene O'Neill paid fine and generous tribute to it. If one mercilessly contrasts it with his own sex-play *Anna Christie*, one might see a grim irony in his having received the Pulitzer prize for an American play that should "best represent the educational value and power of the stage in raising the standard of good morals, good taste and good manners." Mrs. May Lamberton Becker, in a lecture, truly said that O'Neill's plays are not representative of American life, and it seems a pity that *Anna Christie*, interesting play though it is, should have been chosen by a committee appointed by the Drama League of America as the best American play to be given in France. Do its sex-sodden characters best represent our country? Nevertheless, O'Neill is our foremost dramatist and his *Emperor Jones*, *Beyond the Horizon*, *The Straw* and some of his short sea plays are an honor to America.

The Valley of the Follies

Fanny Hawthorne may be considered as being practically the end of the season of 1921-2, though some light comedies with good moments came later. Two are worth a passing word. *The Goldfish* was freely adapted from the French, changing the three paramours into husbands, and localized in New York. An impoverished Polish nobleman had been the Pygmalion who had made a great lady out of a Macy shop girl—but she was not happy, and he said to her, "You cannot have both success and happiness. You must leave something for the failures." Marjorie Rambeau made a well-deserved triumph as this modern Galatea.

In *Kempy* a fool girl Katharine thought she was a genius. Duke, her true love, told her the bitter truth, so she went and married the plumber—then things happened. *Kempy* is very funny in spots, and the Nugents showed themselves both as authors and actors with a probable future.

Then came what seems to be conceded to have been our worst *Follies* in which the pills of vulgarity could be swallowed in a jelly of sometimes lovely mountings.

No new plays were produced between May 23rd and August 7th, with one possible exception. The seeker for adult drama could see a hand-made sign of THE THRESHOLD PLAYERS before Hammerstein's Lexington Avenue Opera House. There, in what was once the lemonade room, back of the balcony, were given four noteworthy plays by the pupils of Mrs. Clare Tree Major. Their acting was something comparable with that of The Provincetowners in their early days. We got the poet Going's mystic piece about a death, *The Twilight of the Moon*; Robert Garland's satire of a truck driver and an esthetic maiden, *The Importance of Being a Roughneck* (from the famous Baltimore *Vags*); *When the Whirlwind Blows*, a thriller of three women on a Bolshevik evening by Essex Dane, sister to the author of *A Bill of Divorcement*, and *Possession*, which might have been a satire on Conan Doyle's idea of the next life, with some wonderful vanishing

acts. All this was for 55 cents a seat. Of course, the scenery was decidedly impressionistic.

When things were deadeat, we still had a dozen plays, the *Chauvre Souris* and seven musical shows. One could have had a mad midsummer dream of *He Who Gets Slapped From Morn Till Midnight on The Dover Road*, *Captain Applejack* with his *Six Cylinder Love* and lank *Kempy*, bearing *The Goldfish* in a bowl.

We did not get the best plays, for we have no repertory theatre, but in music we have repertory and we did get the best. Nightly on the heights north of the city, under the stars, enough people to fill twenty theatres refreshed their tired souls with great music by a great band and a great orchestra.

Promises or Threats for 1922-3

"The opening gun of the theatrical season was fired both literally and figuratively," said *The Times* in *Whispering Wires*, August 7th. It was by Kate L. McLaurin, and is luckier than her *The Six-Fifty*, which promptly failed last season. The first act was fairly gripping. We see a millionaire killed, when alone in a room that no one can enter. The later acts were dull by comparison, and the whole thing turned on an incredible mechanical contrivance. Hubert Osborn once wrote a striking one-act play, *The Evil That Men Do*, which occurs in Shakespeare's house the day after his death. His inferior *Shore Leave* was given an almost perfect performance on August 8th under the wizard Belasco, with a long cast, and a scene of a deck at night with shimmering waters that will not soon be forgotten. The only thing we missed was a pedometer for the hard-working Frances Starr in Act. I. She made most sympathetic the neglected seamstress who captured a wild sailor named Smith. The scene where, in her attempt to find her lost beloved, she gave a party on her freighter to every sailor named Smith who would come, has a flavor of Gilbert's immortal *Captain Reece of The Mantelpiece*.

By September 7th, just a month after the season opened, we had seventeen new plays of a moral level distinctly above last season's, for we recall but two mistresses and one prostitute in the lot. But three met swift failure. They were *I Will If You Will*, a nightgown piece; *The Woman Who Laughed*, by Edward Locke, and *Lights Out*, a satire on the "movies." In Mr. Locke's piece a wife took a hint from Zeus, and trussed up her husband and his mistress with a clothes line. The Shuberts did Louis Evan Shipman's (not Samuel Shipman of *East Is West*) *Fools Errant* a gross injustice when they advertised it as "a red-blooded sex play." Later they instead used Rathbun of *The Sun's* "the first high-grade play of the season," which truly describes it. The mistress, nobly embodied by Alexandra Carlisle, is heartily and honestly ashamed of her short lapse, and her redemption is finely and inspiringly shown. The relation of the two women is unusual, and comes to a dramatic climax. At its best this drama has a touch of Ibsen, and as Americans we can rejoice that this work of Shipman of *Life* is much finer than any of the slender comedies of Milne of *Punch*. Ernest Peixoto contributed three charming and restful interiors. All who care for fine drama and are sick of condonings of lust should see this bracing play.

To clear up the underbrush before coming to the two outstanding new comedies, there were *Hunky-Dory*, a confused but funny Scotch piece, like *Kempy*, centering about a plumber; *The Endless Chain* (of bills), by James Forbes, about one-quarter as good as his *Show Shop, So This Is London!* a rough "contrast of English and American bad manners"; Broadhurst's *Wild Oats Lane*, hokum, involving a prostitute; *The Monster*, which is exciting, but on which bets are even as to whether it's a horror or a joke; *The Serpent's Tooth*, by Richman, which laid in *Ambush* for Marie Tempest; *East Side—West Side* (née Manhattan), which, amusing though it is, turned Hilda Spong's hair white; *The Plot Thickens* (Rathbun says "Weakens"),

far from the Italian; *Her Temporary Husband*, which is as cheerful as Eugene O'Neill's play about a sanitarium, was gloomy.

The Torch Bearers is a satire on amateur actors by George Kelly, who has written a number of vaudeville sketches, and its action and humor are frequently slapstick. Husband, on seeing Wife rehearse, falls down stairs in a faint. At the performance, he's carried out. He gets a big laugh, when he tells her that he suffered terrible anxiety at the hall for fear someone would shoot her. Much of the humor of Act II consists of actors tripping on cleats on the stage and one of them repeatedly losing his mustache. The fool woman who thinks she's a genius is not as effectively characterized as she is in *Kempy*. The Poseuse, with some Little Theatre jargon, who runs the players, is fairly effective. There is constant action and some genuine wit. A wholesome, robustuous burlesque that its audiences are keenly enjoying.

After Act I of *Old Soak* we were ready to go home, but we stayed through with steadily increasing enjoyment. It has vastly more heart and dramatic backbone than its colyumnal sister *Dulcy*, and, of course, can match her on wit. The scenes in which the Old Soak finds his son a thief and in which he overcomes the Whited Sepulchre, after honestly admitting that they both are failures, are good, honest drama, even though at other moments there is the merest whiff of Maria Edgeworth in Don Marquis' cocktail. It's neither a glorification of nor an apology for drunkenness, and we are made to sympathize with the Old Soak's long-suffering wife. But, O! boy! how it does knock the sawdust out of Hypocrisy and Intolerance, and what an Omaresque beauty some of those bacchanals have! The death of the parrot at least recalled to this auditor even that other great offstage death, Falstaff's. Beresford's *Old Soak* is a worthy peer of Bacon's *Lighting Bill Jones* and yea, even of Jefferson's *Rip Van Winkle*—the three loved disgraces of American drama.

If readers of THE FORUM outside of this city of light want to know what to see when they come here, we would choose the following:

Loyalties (to be produced after this goes to press);

He Who Gets Slapped, romantic circus drama;

Fools Errant, a modern redemption;

The Old Soak, a mirthful tolerance;

Captain Applejack, a pirate dream;

The Cat and the Canary, far and away the best of mystery plays;

The Torch Bearers, a rough burlesque of amateur actors.

Over 130 new plays (exclusive of comic operas, etc.) were given last season. Over 70 of those for the coming season have been announced. We shall not attempt to even mention all of them, but note some of the more significant. A number of these pieces are being produced as we go to press, as we are trying to indicate at the last moment. We commence at the little end of the horn with some from the Italian and Hungarian. Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, after lively competition by several of our managers, has been won by Brock Pemberton; Giacosa's *As the Leaves* is a potential New Year's gift. *The Swan*, by Molnar of *Lilliom* fame, is expected. Before the war, the German Theatre was possibly the greatest in the world. It is again very active, though too much given to grotesque staging and a tendency to mascabre drama. Six significant Teutonic pieces are already promised, though it is doubtful if any of the others will measure up to Hauptman's *Rose Bernd* (first time here in English September 25th), or to Suderman's *Magda*, both of which Ethel Barrymore will probably produce. The other four are by authors new to America. Two, one of them the most talked of, will be mentioned later under The Theatre Guild; others are *Der Wunderbare Geschichte der Capelmeister Kreislers*, to be called here *The Wonderful Tales of Hoffman*. It contains forty-two scenes, and has a movie technic. So we can average up on the countless plays with

but a single set. *The King's Dancer*, in which Geraldine Farrar is to fascinate Frederick the Great, is a Belasco possibility. And after these the deluge from France, including three by Bataille, whose *Don Juan* died untimely here last fall. A description of his *La Tendresse* informs us "that a man should have a mistress is treated as a matter of course by his friends." *L'Enfant D'Amour* may appropriately follow, and, of course, *The Wedding March* is "more honored in the breach than in the observance." Donnay will give us *Amants*, Kiki-ites may rejoice in its author's *My Man*, while De Fleur and Croisette's *The Return* (we believe already given here in French) will be made easier to comprehend. Portû-Riche's *Le Passe* and *Aimer*, by Gerald, author of the deeply-felt *The Nest*, will visit us. Belasco will give us two Guitry plays, one *Jacqueline*, a serious drama. George Middleton, who writes like a thoroughbred, will do his best to make Guitry's *Une Petite Main Qui Se Place* as harmless as the author's *Deburau*, and Maestro Belasco may be counted upon to make it seem better than it is. We may count on our French cousins to work the "*point rose sur l'i d'aimer*" for all it's worth. Two Ibsen revivals are noted later.

It will be glad news to the proud souls who scorn to take their operas in English that they may enjoy Russian plays in Russian, also to the elect who have read of the noted director Stanislavsky in the pages of *The Drama*, *The Theatre*, *The Theatre Arts Magazine*, etc., that he is bringing his famous MOSCOW ART THEATRE here with its scenery and costumes. But one of the five plays he announces, Gorky's *The Night Lodging*, is familiar here. It is cause for rejoicing that *Czar Feodor* is by Alexis Tolstoi, and not by his uncle, of whose neurotic "heroes" we have had too much. We shall not soon forget Uncle Lyov's *Powers of Darkness*, with its long drawn out infanticide and its "hero" winning redemption by publicly betraying two of his mistresses to their husbands. We have much pleasanter recollections of the poetic *Sea Gull*, by Tchekov, as given by the

WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS, and are glad of the chance to see three plays by him, *The Cherry Orchard*, *Three Sisters* and *Uncle Vanya*. For the MOSCOW ART THEATRE we have to thank Mr. Gest, who brought over *The Chauve Souris*.

And now it's a relief to get back to plays in English, though it is sad to find SHAKESPEARE receiving but scanty honor through but six of his most hard-worked plays. It looks as though we might have three Hamlets in the field, Hampden and possibly Leiber, besides for novelty John Barrymore. Hampden will probably also do *Othello* and *Macbeth* and Ethel Barrymore a play to be announced. Belasco is liable to recall the glories that were Irving in a *Merchant of Venice* with Warfield and a possible *Richard III*. Why cannot he give us plays less worn? To a modern jurymen that trial scene is as ridiculous as Barrie's in his *Legend of Leonora* is intended to be, and why not let us see the much more human and moving *Richard II*, instead of his fi-fy-fo-fum successor? I have had the good fortune to see twenty-three different plays of Shakespeare's on the New York stage, and I believe handsome pageant revivals of more of the chronicle plays could be successfully given for limited runs. And of his other plays, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale* and *Measure for Measure* would be welcome, and if we had a repertory theatre *Coriolanus* would not have been left for school boys to do in the Bronx and *Trollins and Cressida* for the Yale boys. The Theatre Guild may do *Romeo and Juliet*, and the present scribe devoutly prays for Leiber, to his taste our most virile, eloquent and human Shakespearian actor, to come as usual to make the holidays seem real. For a time it was rumored that he might act *Will Shakespeare* himself in Clemence Dane's strange play of that name, in which Will kills Marlowe. Miss Dane is gratefully remembered for her fine *A Bill of Divorcement*.

Turning to contemporary British authors, Maughn, who in his *Circle* and two earlier plays has pictured English

society as rotten to the core, will have another chance at it in *East of Suez*, "where there ain't no ten commandments." Mr. Woods, producer of *The Demi-Virgin*, certainly is the right manager for his plays, and will have given his new one by the time this article appears. Mr. Milne, the thoroughbred editor of *Punch*, will favôr us with more of his mild plays, including, through Mr. Ames, *The Romantic Age* (considered by many his best, and recently done here by the Amateur Comedy Club) and another opus through The Guild. Dunsany's *If*, a full length play of London and less civilized places, may have an "if" as to its early production. The too-long-absent Pinerô comes back with his *Enchanted Cottage*, and Bessier (author of *Don*) and Miss Edginton with *The Secret* (once *The Prude's Fall*) after a London success. Galsworthy, possibly England's greatest living dramatist, was represented by *Loyalties* too late for notice here. It cōcerned a theft at an English house party and included a very interesting Jew as a principal character. We regret there was no announcement that it would be accompanied here as in London, by Barrie's tantalizing mystery *Let Us Join the Ladies*. Bairnsfather's *Old Bill, M.P.*, will rejoice the hearts of the Better-Olers.

The rapidly rising school of American authors will have so full a representation that all cannot even be noted. Maguire, whose *Six Cylinder Love* was highly characteristic of American life, has followed it with *It's a Boy*. Of similar flavor are likely to be Frank Craven's (author of *The First Year*) *Spite Corner* and his *Early to Bed*. Edward Locke, who gave us the fine play about musicians, *The Climax*, has disappointed us already with his wild *The Woman Who Laughed*. Here's hoping his *Mike Angelo* will be better! That title reminds one that Otis Skinner will revive *Mister Antonio* by Booth Tarkington, whose new offerings will be *Bristol Glass* (a satire on social distinctions) and *Cunnel Blake*. The announcement of complicated scenic requirements gives hope that Owen Davis' *Dreams For Sale* (September 13th) is not as drab

as his deeply-felt *The Detour*. For presumably stronger stuff we'll have Zœe Akins' *Greatness; Decameron Nights*, by McLaughlin, whose *Eternal Magdalen* was far from prudish; *That Day*, by Auspacher, who fathered *The Unchastened Woman*, and Veiller's *The Divine Crook*, no relation of *The Black Crook*, but liable to keep *Within the Law*. Even if not strong, Miss Kummer's *Pomeroy's Past* should have sparkle and not be too sec, lifting us to Austin Strong's *Seventh Heaven* after his *Three Wise Fools*. Idea Payne, a producer of noteworthy taste, has just put on his own *Dolly Jordan* about the famous actress. It was too much to expect another *Ambush* from Arthur Richman so soon, and his *The Serpent's Tooth* is a thankless brain-child. May *The Awful Truth* do more for his reputation. Edward Peple of *The Prince Chap* promises us *The Little Visitor*, while Roland West is to follow up his spooky *Unseen Purple* with *The Black Adventure*. *The Square Peg*, by Lewis Beach, author of the famous one-acter *The Clod*, and Harry Leon Wilson's *Merton of the Movies* are also coming.

Most of us find Ethel Barrymore decidedly reviving, and with the assistance of Robert Edmond Jones' scenery and Arthur Hopkins' tasteful direction, she is to bring back Hauptmann and Shakespeare as already noted, also probably Ibsen's *Hedda*, and perhaps a new O'Neill play. One of the big features of the season may be O'Neill's *The Fountain*. His wonderful wanderlust in *Beyond the Horizon* and the tropic adventure of *Emperor Jones* should fit him for this Ponce de León expedition. As for the old-time language, there doubtless are many who would be proud to help him there—if he needs help.

One of the most promising announcements is that of five plays to be given by THE EQUITY PLAYERS, an outgrowth of the Actors' Equity Association, which has secured inestimable betterments of the Thespians' lot. This new organization includes the majority of our best actors, is well endowed and has the experienced Augustin Duncan, also

well known as an actor, for their producer. They open October 2nd with Jane Cowl in *Malvaloca* by the Quinteros Brothers, whose one-act *A Sunny Morning* has been given at our Neighborhood Theatre in Grand Street and by Little Theatres throughout the country. The only two other plays yet announced as possibilities by the Equity are by Americans, *Hospitality*, a tragedy by Leon Cunningham, and *Roger Bloomer*, by John Howard Lawson. The Equity made a brave endeavor to find a new play by an American for their premiere, but has to open with one by Spaniards, as The Theatre Guild started life with one (which failed) also by a Spaniard.

And now "breathe low ye soft trombones" for we are on the steps of America's, perhaps the world's finest, dramatic temple in these days. THE THEATRE GUILD brings back great father Ibsen to their shrine, with his Norwegian Faust, *Peer Gynt*, perhaps the world's finest poetic drama of salvation through a woman's love. We may hope for Grieg's music and may count on the poetic skies of the unsurpassed Lee Simonson, who has been studying abroad. While their subscription requires but six plays, The Guild announces eight as possible. Claudel's brief *The Tidings Brought to Mary* could be given with another play. The others are *The Devil's Disciple* by Shaw, Barker's *The Voysey Inheritance*, Milne's *The Lucky One*, R. U. R., a Czechoslovak drama about a human automaton (we shall not soon forget those wonderful automata in *Methusalem V*) *The Guardsman* a romance by the author of *Liliom* and Toller's erman sensation *Masse Meuschen*, a nightmare about "the mutterings of the poor and the rat-a-tat of machine-guns" (Woollcott), set in expressionistic scenery that, judging from pictures of the German production, would make R. E. Jones' *Macbeth* mistakes seem rational by comparison. We are inclined to think "it never would be missed." We do not shoot down the masses here, they wreck us on trains instead.

These announcements have been chosen mainly on the

past achievements of their authors. Some of the poorest plays to come will be by men of past reputation and some of the best by newcomers. By new playwrights we already have *Old Soak* and *The Torch Bearers*. On the whole, the new season promises to be better than the last, though, judging by their titles, Overlord Augustus Thomas, who proffers his *Song of The Dragon*, based on a short story by John Taintor Foote, might use "moral suasion" on *The Child of Love* and *The Harlot's House*. Mr. Towse complained, it seems to me a bit harshly, of Pinero that "he has never dealt with an inspiring subject or created a great or noble personality" and added "the true value of a play depends upon the intrinsic worth of its material." These true words should be pondered by other dramatists too prone to study the minutiae of the mud. When they are lived up to, a golden era may arrive, and our best citizens, who now endow opera houses for Wagner and Puccini and concert halls for Beethoven and Tschaikowsky, will be endowing theatres for Shakespeare and Ibsen.

MONOTONE

By JOSEPH FREEMAN

Paris: October: Twilight!
 The rain is blowing through the mist,
 And dusk is blowing through the rain;

 A blurred sky like a cruel fist
 Tortures the mirror of the Seine;

 Intricate clouds unfold and twist
 And melt like smoke and merge again;

 And shadows like enormous seas
 That tumult in a dream of pain

 Billow along the Tuilleries;
 And the wind shrills like one insane.

 The rain is blowing through the trees,
 And dusk is blowing through the rain.

ONE CHILD'S READING TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

By CAROLINE E. VOSE

IN these present days when parents, teachers and librarians are seeking through properly selected literature to disseminate information and to develop imagination, mentality and character in young children, I am somewhat appalled as I recall the reading—undirected by any older person, but influenced solely by my own inclinations and the limited book supply in our country village—of my own childhood in the dim distant past of a quarter of a century ago.

To begin with—I am anticipating exclamations of scorn—I liked the Elsie books. Yes, 'tis true. I read and even re-read them. Elsie seemed to me a child well worth imitating, only I realized I could never hope to attain her degree of virtue. How noble I thought the little girl when, despite her father's insistence, she refused to play a "secular" piece of music on Sunday! The modern story book little girl would probably continue, despite her father's agonized protests, to play jazz. I have not seen an Elsie book for twenty-five years. Painful confession—I should not dare to look into one now, fearing I might still enjoy it. And then where would my college teaching position be!

"Queechy"—I remember I thought the name particularly alluring—and "The Wide, Wide World" were also favorites of mine. The latter I read out loud to a long-suffering aunt, when I had to spell out most of the words for her to pronounce. I did not know till yesterday who wrote these books. Authors—with one exception—interested me not at all in my youth. That exception was Louisa M. Alcott. She, I felt, was a real person, an understanding,

sympathetic friend. Only why—I ask it yet—*why* wouldn't she let Jo marry Laurie? My copies of Miss Alcott's books were battered and torn from constant service. Not being a New York City child, I never mistook "Rose in Bloom" (Rosenblum) for a story of a Jewish family.

My "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which as a model little New Englander I believed to be an accurate portrayal of conditions in the wicked South, had a slate-colored cover with small red stars on it. Both the cover and the story itself were very dear to me. I am glad I have never seen the play "Uncle Tom's Cabin," nor the film version, as I prefer my own private mental picture.

I was normal in my interest in the "Five Little Pepper" series, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and the "Little Prudy" books. (By the way, what is Sophie May's true name? To me she is just Sophie May.) The characters in "Black Beauty" were, as they still remain, quite real to me. How I vainly begged my Uncle John to name his two clumsy work horses *Merrylegs* and *Ginger*, and how disappointed I was at his prosaically calling them *Ben* and *Bob*! Last year in New York I saw "Black Beauty" on the screen, and while it was beautifully done, it fell far short of my youthful imaginings.

I have asked several people if they have ever read "The Nuremberg Stove," but I can find no one who has even heard of it. Too bad, for it is a good story. Children today, I am glad to note, still read, and I hope enjoy as I enjoyed Beatrice Harraden's "Things Will Take a Turn," Laura E. Richards' "Captain January," "Melody," and Mrs. Riggs' "Bird's Christmas Carol." Do they read "The Lamplighter" by—whom is it by, Maria Susanna Cummins? That, to my delight, my aunt let me read out loud to her, too.

Another confession—all the more surprising perhaps coming from an English teacher—before I was fifteen I had read not a word of Scott, of Dickens, of Thackeray, of Stevenson, of Defoe, or of Cooper! Worse yet, I had never

read a fairy story. I am not sure I should have been interested in fairy stories. In fact I fear I should have been exceedingly bored by them. Please do not insist I have no imagination, because it flatters me to believe I have.

Now you will be shocked, I know, when I admit I read Mary J. Holmes' paper-covered novels, the only one of which I have the slightest recollection being "Tempest and Sunshine." A highly moral story, I assure you, for Tempest, the bad sister, is made most unattractive, while virtue in the shape of the other sister, Sunshine, is pictured as immensely desirable. The names of some of E. P. Roe's novels which I read, cling: "Barriers Burned Away," "From Jest to Earnest," "Near to Nature's Heart," and "The Opening of a Chestnut Burr." The only incident I remember in any of these is that of a much misunderstood young man whose mother had secretly forced him to promise not to go to the war, and who, in his delirious sickness caused by the dangerous performance of some miraculously heroic deed, keeps crying out, "O cruel and unnatural mother to bind her son by such an oath!" That unwelcome, stupid sentence has a disconcerting habit of popping into my head at inopportune moments when I fain would think of other things.

One of my most beloved books was a somewhat bulky green volume—exceedingly heavy and awkward for a tiny girl to handle—entitled "Corporal Si Clegg and His Pard," which related in great detail the martial adventures of a young country boy in the Civil War. I think I have never known to anyone else who has ever read this book, but it ranked high in my childish imagination. The illustrations, crude no doubt, were no small part of its charm. The most vividly remembered one depicted the hero marching off to war burdened with the useless gifts of well-meaning friends and relatives. How many men in the recent Great War could sympathize with poor Si! I wish the author—whoever he may be—could realize what keen pleasure long drawn out one reader derived from his apparently not

properly appreciated book, "Corporal Si Clegg and His Pard!"

The Bible figures on my "list," too. Again may I pay tribute to my previously mentioned aunt. She it was taught me to love the Bible. I cannot say that we always chose the passages best suited to children, or that I at least read the Bible with any degree of intelligence, but I read it with more enjoyment, I think, if not with more profit than I later experienced from a college study of it in the light of "higher criticism."

While I sympathize heartily with, and seek to promote in every way the important efforts in regard to the directing of children in their reading today, secretly I cannot regret—though I know I ought to—the haphazard, not altogether literary reading of my own unguided youth.

THE INDOLENT ANGEL

By JOSEPH FREEMAN

Behind the flaming drapery of the Throne
The Indolent Angel feels his body curl.
His wings are folded, and the winds have blown,
From skies of lapislazuli and pearl,
The colors of the dawn into his face.
Fresher than apple-blossoms in the spring,
He sees his beauty shining in blue space;
And how, while golden stars go thundering,
He idles like a summer afternoon
Over Italian lakes . . . And he recalls
How, long ago, beyond the primal moon,
He flashed like a biting sword, till in the halls
Of new-made Heaven where the angels trod
There loomed the shadow of a mighty god.

IS YOUR MIND LIKE AN ICEBERG?

By DONALD A. LAIRD

WHAT becomes of the multiplication table? Back in your school days you learned these tables. When you need them now it is possible for you to recall parts of them. But still most of the time you are not aware of their presence in your mind. Just where are they most of the time?

And what becomes of your consciousness when you are asleep or during a fainting spell? Yesterday you had some ideas; where are they now?

The mind is really much like an iceberg. Nine-tenths of an iceberg is below the surface of the ocean. Only one-tenth is visible. Much more than nine-tenths of the human mind is below the surface and is unknown to us until the occasion demands that it be put to use.

The memories, ideas, thoughts, past experiences and practically all your mental life is below the surface. Ordinarily you are not aware of even the multiplication table; but when it comes time to figure your income tax there are the tables in your mind all ready for use.

Where are they when you are not using them and are not aware of them? They are like most of the iceberg—below the surface.

On the surface of the mind are the thoughts, ideas and memories of which we are aware from moment to moment. Our consciousness is composed of those things of which we are aware. These things may be trees, people, buildings and other things which we can sense in the objective world. Or they may be thoughts, memories and things found only in our mental, subjective world.

The part of the iceberg which is below the surface is composed of the same materials as the part which is visible. It is just frozen water and dirt. The only difference is that there is more below the surface than there is above.

The same is true of the human mind. The part of the mentality below the surface is much like that of which we are aware. There are ideas, thoughts and memories just as those of which we are conscious. But there are many times more below than on the surface of the mind.

It is the unseen things that are dangerous. The part of the iceberg below the surface is the cause of apprehension and fear among seamen. The subsurface iceberg may protrude far away from the surface part and wreck a ship or be carried by deeper ocean currents in unanticipated directions. So it is with the subconscious part of the mind. This is the treacherous and the dangerous part of the human mind.

Take people with multiple personalities for example. Ordinarily we awaken each morning the same person we were the evening before. That is, although our consciousness may be interrupted from time to time by such occurrences as sleep and fainting, it is nevertheless continuous. We are the same person with the same memories and desires and consciousness from day to day. But once in a while there are people who do not always retain the same personality.

Sometimes, for example, a person receives a blow on the head and forgets all his past life. Previously to the accident he may have been just an ordinary person. But with the accident his entire personality is changed. Before he had been an ordinary, average citizen. After the change in his personality he may become very careless and indolent. Perhaps he may develop criminal tendencies. He is not "out of his head." He has simply undergone a change in personality.

It is not always necessary, however, to meet with some accident to the head for the personality to be changed

radically. There are persons, for instance, who, following a meal, may sit a few moments in a half doze and get up entirely changed in personality and remain so for several days or even weeks. The change occurs almost spontaneously and rather suddenly. Some time later the usual personality as suddenly returns.

Such was the case in the main character in Robert Louis Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Of course, this is just a story, but psychological literature is full of numerous cases much similar to Stevenson's character with a dual personality.

Cases have been studied in which there are not simply two personalities in one person which alternate back and forth, but as many as four distinct personalities! Dr. Morton Prince of Boston spent several years studying Miss Beauchamp, who had four personalities. Some of these personalities knew of the existence of the others, but nothing in particular about them; others knew what some of the personalities were and did. One of the mischief-loving personalities, for example, played pranks on one of the old maidish personalities.

These multiple personalities are caused by the mental iceberg turning over, as it were. The part which has been below the surface comes above. The thoughts and ideas which have been in the subconscious regions of the mind become the dominant parts in the new personality. This is why there is usually such a great difference between the personalities in these cases. The thoughts and desires which have been repressed from the surface of the mind become characteristic traits in the personality when the mental iceberg turns over for any reason.

Thus the staid and solemn church deacon may suddenly start betting on the horse races and carrying a flask on his hip, much to the consternation of all who know him. And later when his multiple personality changes back to its usual form he will also be much dismayed over the pranks which his subconsciousness has played on him.

Very few of us have multiple personalities. We all do have the possibilities, however, for we have most of our mentality outside our consciousness. It is much as if we were to awaken some morning with our dream personality continued rather than our usual waking personality. Thus, although our dreams may appear ridiculous and senseless to us, they still have meaning and significance for our sleeping and dreaming personality. Just so long as this secondary personality of ours is kept in the background no harm results.

The materials in the subconscious region of the mind are organized just as rationally and firmly as our conscious materials are. Reasoning goes on there unbeknownst to us, judgments are formed without our knowing it, firmly developed unconscious character traits are developed there. What may appear to be a sudden change in these cases of dual personality is usually just a breaking through into consciousness or a turning over of the mental iceberg, so that character traits which have long been formed in the subconscious come to the surface.

The surface and subsurface parts of the iceberg together form the iceberg. The conscious and subconscious parts of the mind together form the human mind. Like the iceberg, the mind is composed of much that is not on the surface. These parts of which we are not aware compose most of our mentality and are the really important parts in determining, not merely the character of our "other" personality whom we meet in dreams, but our usual, waking character.

Post-hypnotic suggestion shows how conscious and subconscious regions of the mind may work together. The mental life is really a unit, as this class of phenomena shows.

When a person is hypnotized it is the subconscious that comes to the surface. The conscious recedes and the subconscious comes to dominate for the time being. Now, if a person is hypnotized and told that on a certain afternoon two weeks hence he will go to a drug store and buy a gross of nursing bottles and have them sent to his best girl, he will

invariably do what he was told to when he was hypnotized, although it has been a couple weeks since he was told to do this. During this time his normal, waking self has dominated. But here, all of a sudden, the command which was given to his subconscious comes to dominate his conscious conduct.

Usually in such cases as this the person who is carrying out a post-hypnotic suggestion does not consciously know why he is doing such a foolish thing. But still he cannot refrain from doing it. This shows how, even in normal life, the subconscious may break through the barriers into consciousness in part without causing a complete change in the personality.

It is not only in post-hypnotic suggestion that a part of our subconsciously-formed opinions and character traits come to the surface of the mind and take a prominent part in our daily conduct. Most people are surprised to learn that perhaps most of their opinions have origin in the subconscious activities of the mind. And most of our thoughts and estimates of other people are colored by subconscious biases of which we are not usually aware unless we have had a detailed individual mental analysis by a skilled psychologist.

In attempting to form an opinion about a political candidate, for example, time is taken and it is quite the usual thing for the matter to be dropped from consciousness for the simple reason that it is impossible for a person to have the centre of his consciousness occupied by a single item for any length of time. Try looking at the period at the end of this sentence for five minutes without your attention shifting, if you do not believe this.

Where does the multiplication table go when you are not using it? The same place in which your opinions regarding political candidates go when they are dropped out of consciousness for shorter or longer times. Simple facts like the multiplication table usually come back to consciousness in perfect form, but even they may at times be distorted some-

what. Opinions are usually, almost invariably, distorted. This distorting is done in the subconscious to make the opinions and thoughts fit in with certain dominant subconscious character trends.

It usually does not matter much whether the multiplication table is distorted; seldom would this be changed in recalling to consciousness for the simple reason that scarcely any subconscious trend in normal life is concerned with things such as this which should be taken as a matter of course. It is not uncommon in certain abnormal mental conditions, however, for the multiplication table to be distorted in recall. A patient, for example, has come to believe, through some subconscious trend, that he has four arms. But he must be consistent. So, accordingly, the multiplication table is modified to meet this doubled number concept.

In forming political notions our entire opinions, when once allowed to lapse into the subconscious, are colored and directed by fundamental trends. A political party may be deserted, for example, because a candidate which it supports closely resembles a person whom we subconsciously hate. And that person is very likely to be one's father or mother. Party platforms also are largely accepted or rejected by the individual voter because of their relations to subconscious complexes.

The subconscious breaks through and influences apparently conscious activities in every phase of human thought and conduct. The scientist, as well as the politician, is swayed by the force of these complexes. Religious notions are accepted or rejected largely for the same illogical reasons. Business strategy is guided by subconscious trends and, like personal politics and religion, cannot bear up under the light of solely conscious guidance.

The upshot of all this vast influence of the subconscious upon our apparently conscious behavior is that most of the reasons advanced for a given bit of conduct or certain opinions are largely *rationalizations*. They are not the real

reasons, but are simply assigned for the very plain reason that the individual seldom knows the real motive. It takes a detailed psychological analysis to determine that.

And when the really consistent person begins to rationalize he weaves a fabricated mass of motives out of thin air. The scientific thing to do, the healthy-minded attitude, is to simply recognize that much of our conscious behavior has its roots in the subconscious regions of our mind and let it go at that. This does not imply that all responsibility should be waived. But, rather, that rationalizations should be avoided. When one feels the need of explaining a bit of his conduct the proper thing to do is to attempt to look within for the explanation; the common way is to explain it as one would like to.

But you have your attitudes, conceptions, opinions, likes and dislikes. There is no denying that. Life is too short for the healthy-minded person to dally away time forcing explanations. There is no denying this. It is unhealthy to become unduly curious about the why and the wherefore except under expert psychological guidance.

The big point is that we should not be too positive and dogmatic about all these notions of ours, and we should possess sufficient insight to value the other fellow's notions as much and as little as our own. Facts are stable; interpretations of facts are largely an individual product, determined by the content of each particular subconscious.

Just as the direction which the iceberg takes depends, not upon the winds which blow against its surface, but upon the deep ocean currents which tug away at the subsurface part, so in our human mental life the direction our conduct takes depends not so much upon our environment as it does upon ourselves and our subconscious currents.

AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE



LOT of balderdash has been written about the results of the recent Republican primaries and more will doubtless be written about the "astounding" results of the November elections when they have occurred.

The Roosevelt wing of the Republican party, without an actual leader to take his place, is in the ascendant, due to many causes, but principally to the fact that the reactionary Republican leaders assume that the election of 1920 was a mandate to unchecked indifferentism and reactionarism. As able and as clear-sighted a man as Senator George H. Moses has been slow to see that the country's Republicanism was not of the dyed-in-the-wool order, but was rather a protest against the Wilson internationalism. Up to the end of the war this country was Democratic. It was thoroughly satisfied with Democracy, and though there were many things that the people didn't like—the political conduct of the war with the elimination of Roosevelt and Leonard Wood—they were in the main satisfied with Woodrow Wilson's conduct of the Government. It was what Mr. Wilson did after the war that turned public opinion against him, and although the verdict was strongly in favor of the Republican candidates it was not in the main an endorsement of Republican principles.

It was a great opportunity for the Republican party to re-establish itself—and that opportunity it missed. If the election were to be decided purely on domestic issues, there is no doubt but what the Republican party would lose—but the election will not be decided on purely domestic issues for the Democratic party has with it the ineffaceable Mr. Cox who has learned nothing from the mistakes of Mr. Wilson and has apparently assimilated none of his virtues.

What the primaries especially, and what the coming election will probably show, is the fact that the political control of the country has passed definitely from the East and that through the East's stubborn resistance to

modern political ideas it is losing its influence. One has but to note the fact that such a state as far-away Arkansas today has two of the most vigorous of Senators, that the state of Utah—with an almost insignificant population—also provides two of the leaders of the Senate and that great eastern states have Senators who are respectable but uninfluential, to see how this change is taking place. Any one who is conversant with the views of the political leaders of New York understands readily *why* it is taking place. In this great metropolis, daily becoming greater, there seems to be no understanding of the political tendencies of the times, so much so that one of its leading citizens was led to express his belief that a Limited Monarchy was the ideal form of government—a fact on which we commented some months ago. Even more astounding is the confusion in minds of the higher order who have a keen perception of the part that America should play in international affairs, but because of lack of knowledge of the spirit of the American people, contemplate as a possibility a return to the un-Democratic institutions out of which this country worked in the period between the adoption of the Constitution in 1789 and the adoption of universal manhood suffrage between 1820 and 1830.

One of the ablest men in this country—a man who believes in Democracy and has a genuine and unselfish wish for the betterment of all the people, declared recently, in a private conversation, that he had become so convinced that the rule of the majority was lowering the standards of public life and that it was a question in his mind whether it would not be wiser for the interests of the people to go back to the ideas that prevailed before the French Revolution and put the Government in the hands of those who by education, by brain-power and by character were best fitted to give the people honest, official and unselfish government. The gentleman was earnest, he was honest, he was using his best mental processes to arrive at a solution of a grave problem, but he was ignoring, as so many of the Eastern reactionaries do, the history of human progress. Occasionally there is a beneficent tyrant, but the history of tyranny is not the history of beneficent autocrats, who are the exception, but the history of malignant and selfish despotism. The French Revolution was produced, as most of the critics are apt to forget, by generations and even centuries of selfishness, debauchery, and the lowest forms of corruption. The American Revolution was a protest against the most corrupt of governments and the dullest of tyrants. To suggest going back to those times would be

equivalent to suggesting the abolition of the steam locomotive, the electric tramway, the aeroplane, and the submarine and insisting on all four of those methods of locomotion giving way to the simple dog-wagon.

It is true, perhaps, that the Fathers never contemplated the kind of democracy that we have today, but what the Fathers had that was valuable and by which civilization has judged them, was an idea; and that was that men are the masters of their own souls and the captains of their own fate.

Ever since corporations began having interests that necessitated their dealing with the government and ever since Thorlow Weed in the 1850-1860 period of our history, began handling the funds of those corporations for political purposes, there have been advocates of a return to the old ideas and a distrust of the people at large. The people at large were very slow to attack the unofficial government that grew up under the assumption by extra-legal party machinery of the business of running the government, but the one thing that was slowly and openly demonstrated beyond question was that unofficial government, or government by those who were not directly responsible to the people, was in the main corrupt and nearly always selfish.

It is natural that now when the world is engulfed in materialism, when there is an intellectual chaos, when, to quote George Santayana again, one of those periodic nightfalls seems about to descend on civilization, it is natural for men, thoughtful men especially, to wonder whether there isn't something wrong with our system. But is that a justification for saying that a system that has produced great men and great ideas and a great people, a system that has produced a Lincoln, a Roosevelt, and a Wilson, is to be destroyed and the political power that rests in the mass of the people, even if a great many of the mass are ignorant, is to be turned over to the minority who have never in the history of the world shown themselves capable of governing for any other purposes than their own enjoyment—intellectual and artistic it may be, but still their own enjoyment?

DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

*THE EVILS OF INDUSTRIAL WARFARE**



ANY minds are doubtless askew over what may be termed industrial and social problems which have confronted our nation especially since Armistice Day. It is the history of the ages that after every war there was a haze in mental conditions of peoples and from this haze came unsettled thought accompanied by pride, prejudice and passion. This mental condition may be likened to the hissing lava thrown from a belching volcano. With time the lava settled to hard, cold facts, pardon the metaphor. Any work tending to hasten the time when our after-war problems may be so solved as to bring the greatest good to the greatest number of our 110,000,000 of population should be welcome. And such a work is "Labor and Democracy." It is more than all else an analysis of the Kansas Industrial Act. The author describes that act as "An experiment which is being made by government to function in the preservation of the public peace, the preservation of the public health, and the promotion of the public welfare." Inasmuch as the author is the presiding judge of the Kansas Court of Industrial Relation, he should be perfectly competent to enlighten his fellow Americans on the practices of the Court. He sums up his interesting work by giving us the ten industrial commandments of his Court as follows:

TO THE WORKER

1. Thou shalt not place the union card above our country's flag.
2. Thou shalt not deny to any man, at any time, in any place, the right to work as a free man and to receive wages as such.
3. Thou shalt not demand a good day's wage in return for a bad day's service.

TO THE EMPLOYER

4. Thou shalt pay a fair wage to each and every of thy workers.
5. Thou shalt furnish a safe and healthful place in which, and safe appliances with which, thy employees may work.
6. Thou shalt operate thy business as continuously as its nature will permit, to the end that labor shall be regularly employed and that the public may not suffer for the living necessities furnished through the medium of thy activities.
7. Thou shalt not demand extortionate profits. Thou shalt be content with a fair return upon thy investment used and useful in thy business.

* "Labor and Democracy," by William L. Huggins. MacMillan.

TO EVERY CITIZEN

8. Thou shalt willingly pay a fair price for all commodities required by thee from Labor and Capital, to the end that Labor shall have a just reward and Capital a fair return.

9. Thou shalt pay thy taxes cheerfully and honestly, to the end that the obligations of the State to all its people may be promptly and properly fulfilled, liberty and justice safeguarded and the general welfare assured.

10. Thou shalt honor and love thy government, for it is the people's government, the best ever devised by man, and there is none other like it in all the world.

As sound economically and patriotically as the moral and social law commanded on Mount Sinai several thousand years ago.

—EDWARD G. RIGGS.

SHEER ADVENTURE WELL TOLD*

THE versatility of Francis Brett Young as shown by his being able to produce a bit of brutal realism, like "The Black Diamond," one year and a tale of romance and adventure, like "The Red Knight," the next year proves him a real master of the narrative art. Those who read the former have a shock coming to them when they open the latter, for such a difference in two novels by the same author has rarely been seen since the novel first became a form of art.

The Red Knight is one Robert Bryden, son of an English wine importer and a noblewoman of Trinacria—a mythical Latin country somewhere on the Mediterranean. An indifferent student, a mediocre painter, a dreamer, he meets in his drifting about London one Massa, a political exile from Trinacria. Whether or no the author intended it, Massa is made in the image of Lenine, a belief to which the reader is more inclined when Bolshevism turns Trinacria into a miniature Russia, with Massa as its dictator.

For no particular reason except the love of the romantic which Bryden inherits from his father, he makes his way into the blockaded Trinacria to take his place at Massa's side. And then the trouble begins. Massa is no longer the gentle, brooding outcast of Soho, but a bloody, suspicious and friendless governor of an anarchy—if the paradox be permitted. And, instead of a welcome to Bryden, he debates whether he were not better shot. To prove his sincerity, Bryden promises to perform any service Massa may demand of him. As a test of the man, Massa assigns him to secret service work—frankly makes him an *agent provocateur*, to spy upon a noble family which plots Massa's assassination and restoration of monarchy.

*"The Red Knight," by Francis Brett Young. E. P. Dutton & Company.

Of course, in that family there is a girl. And again, of course, Bryden falls in love with her until finally he is confronted with the question of whether he shall betray the girl and her family to the dictator or the latter to them. The reader does not learn the outcome until the last sentence of the last paragraph of the book.

And what action before that paragraph is reached! The most cinematic of movie directors could not wish for more. It is all the more remarkable for being solely the product of the author's imagination. The description of the misery, the pessimism, the riots and fights of a whole city under the pall of Bolshevism could be no better done—has been no better done—by any of our most famous "correspondents on the spot."

—GABRIEL S. YORKE.

EDITH WHARTON'S LATEST*

EDITH WHARTON'S latest novel is not her best, nor is her best among those which preceded. Her best will not be performed until she has found the particular field in which she can do herself justice. Her successive novels reveal increasing powers. Her technique—we hate the word, but there is no other—is perfect. As for her choice in subjects, there is less to be said. If, therefore, "Glimpses of the Moon" proves less popular than "The Age of Innocence" (her publishers insist on the comparison) it will be due not to a weakening of narrative powers but to the difference in the lines along which they are exerted.

"Glimpses of the Moon" is a story of the conflict between a him and a her on the matter of honor. We insist on the pronouns, for in spite of names she has given the pair, they continue to be much less real than some of the minor characters of the book.

They are a pair of social pirates. She, a girl without family, moves about in the set which composes the social register, with no other means of support, visible or invisible, than her popularity. Trips to Europe and the Orient, one week-end party after another, places to eat and sleep in luxury for the balance of the week, and even her clothes, are supplied her by female friends because they like her company.

He earns an indifferent living as a hack writer, but also has his taste of luxury because he is a nice sort of chap to have around. They fall in love and marry, agreeing to pool their piratical, social booty, but also agreeing to separate when and if it becomes apparent that two cannot sponge on their friends as cheaply as one. By insisting that all wedding presents be in the form of checks and by planning to live successively in one friend's house after another, they figure that they can make a go of it for a year at least.

*"Glimpses of the Moon," by Edith Wharton. D. Appleton & Co.

Before the second month of the honeymoon is over, they discover that the use of friends' houses and servants must be paid for by favors which honorable people cannot give. She is inclined to wink an eye, but he will not. It were not fair to reveal the plot, which from this point on is concerned with the struggle between conflicting standards of honor. Whether the lack of plausibility of such a story can spoil the reading of it each reader must judge for himself.

The scene of the story is Europe's centre of gayety—the various houses which the pair plans to occupy are the baubles of rich Americans over there. The minor characters, with very few exceptions, are that type of American to whom houses full of servants, evening dress six times a week, flittings from Venice to Paris to London, and never a trip to Main Street, are as natural as lightning bugs in June. Not a single character is introduced but is not carefully and perfectly drawn. Edith Wharton can still sit a dozen characters down to a dinner and keep the conversation of all twelve going with remarkable realism. And she has increased her skill in the use of that very necessary appliance—the fluency which makes one eager to turn the page.

—S. P.

THE RAGE FOR PORTRAITURE*

IT WAS inevitable that sooner or later someone would endeavor by sarcastic caricature to check the flow of analytical portraiture that has flooded drawing rooms and bookshops ever since Raymond wrote "The Mirrors of Downing Street." The thought has doubtless occurred to many of us as we have waded through page after page of inside characterization of men more famous or infamous than ourselves, and as we saw the trappings of fame removed from them until their very nakedness made us turn away with something akin to disgust.

Fortunately caricature is an art that is foreign to most of us. If it were not how few would be our friends, how bitter we all would be. It is an art that must be clever to be amusing and nothing second rate of stupid can for an instant be tolerated. It then ceases to be a caricature and becomes painfully boring and even monotonous. Mr. Coward has not been quite careful enough with his humor and the result has been that his "Terribly Intimate Portraits" while amusing in spots, fall down rather badly as a whole and in places becomes even dull and monotonous. Nothing is worse than the bon-mot or the story that fails to bring the laugh and while the blame may sometimes be put to lack of sense of humor in the hearers, it is more often the fault of the teller or the author in this particular case.

"My Intimate Portraits," by Noel Coward.

Out of the fifteen or more of the Portraits depicted by the author one or two are faintly amusing and one is really funny. In the "Education of Rupert Plinge," Mr. Coward has shown that he has a real sense of humor somewhere in his composition and he attained to the style and diction of Henry Adams' Masterpiece of Egotism. Mr. Noel Coward, the author of "Terribly Intimate Portraits" is a very clever and versatile young Englishman who has already earned a name for himself as a playwright of no mean merit, and there is no doubt that he is capable of greater things than his latest book.

—RONALD TREE.

OUR NEIGHBORS TO THE SOUTH*

THE author of "The New Latin America" has set out to offer a comprehensive and reasoned account of the onward moving Latin America of the present moment, and at times his great vision tempts him to give us pictures of what Latin America may be like and what to expect from it in future years. Few books have dealt with Latin America as Dr. Warshaw deals with it. Our libraries are stacked with volumes treating upon the social, political and economic features of the land to the south of us, many there are compiled from commercial data and scores have summarized the rambling impressions of travelers; no one before Dr. Warshaw, however, has attempted to present a narrative concerning Latin America that would appeal most to the general reader. A country which is more or less touchy on the Monroe Doctrine, which considers our protective tariff a serious handicap to their foreign trade, which resents our patronage, suspects us of imperialism, speaks of the "Yankee Peril" and which disputes our claim to primacy in Pan-American affairs is certainly capable of furnishing enough wide-awake material to fill a generous-sized book of the proportion of Dr. Warshaw's 400-page work, containing, in addition, several fine maps of Central and South American territories.

Back in 1913, F. García Calderón in his "Latin America: Its Rise and Progress" declared "The time has come, it would seem, to study these peoples, together with their evolution and progress, unless we are willing to take it as proved that the United States of North America are the sole focus of Transatlantic civilization and energy." He wrote from London.

After piloting the reader through a first chapter on "Fallacies, Fancies and Fact" in which he points out that Latin Americans are not effete, that the country is not a sink of iniquity and that a sympathetic appreciation of Latin American customs is important, Dr. Warshaw tells in interesting style of the energy of our Southern neighbors, recounting the

*"The New Latin America" by J. Warshaw, Ph. D. Crowell Company.

instance of the remarkable achievement in building the Argentinian Palace of Congress costing \$11,000,000 and entailing the demolition of 500 business houses and private residences, an extensive square being laid out, graded and beautified into a fitting site, the whole work being accomplished in 90 days. The "Yankee" who knows Latin America only as a wild waste, made up largely of dense forests full of tapirs, jaguars and boa constrictors, and whose main idea of the prime necessity of the traveler is not the Spanish or Portuguese tongues, but a machété with which to cut down dense sylvan growths will receive an enlightening shock to find that the end of isolation has come, that radio has linked the inland provinces with the great cities such as Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, Santiago and Pernambuco, that telegraphic and telephonic communication have done their modernizing work, that some of the finest and best printed newspapers in the world are published in the trade centers, and that in the metropolises he will meet all the conventional equipment of a large city, such as railway terminals, stores, office buildings, electric lights, trolleys, flying cranes, elevators, wharfs, hotels, banks, hospitals, motor cars, art galleries, magnificent streets, theatres and movies. As to cultural development, Latin America is not far behind other countries, keeping in mind that in independence she is practically the youngest. Brazil, incidentally, is just celebrating the hundredth anniversary of her independence, and the visit of Secretary of State Hughes is a significant pointer to the diplomatic friendliness existing between this country and the Brazilian states and, in fact, all of the South American countries.

Dr. Warshaw writes on changing industries, manufacturing and labor, speaks of paramount foreign interests, touches upon the increasing confidence of American capital in Latin American investments and gives a decidedly lucid exposition of the place of the Monroe Doctrine in North and South American diplomatic affairs. We read of the huge American trade, which, like Topsy, "just grew." The United States is still leading the field, with Great Britain close behind and Germany back again promising to nose her out within a few years. Many attempts have been made to bring about a federation of the various countries of Latin America into one nation, but all have proved ineffectual. Dr. Warshaw, with M. Calderón, is moved to regret "the excessive division of the States of South America." It is of interest to note also the more favorable position of Latin American women morally and politically and it is not to be expected that the gaining of the franchise by American women has been lost upon the feminine population, always prone to regard what goes on in the United States as criterion. However, women in Latin America are rather lazy and are not, as yet, actually anxious for the vote. They rather shun such form of responsibility and probably many years will elapse before the granting of equal suffrage.

But the concluding section of the book, "As Latin Americans See Us," strikes home as being the clearest writing thus far seen respecting the well known antipathy of Latin America for Americans or "Yankees"—the familiar appendage.

The Latin American sees us as a machine—like individuals surrounded by brick and stone, living colorless lives and signifying extreme standardization. What stings him most, however, is that we are, in his opinion, constantly campaigning under the aegis of the dollar sign.

"I cannot think" (writes the fictitious Chilean of Senor Pinochet's clever satire on American life) "what they do in the schools of this country, since no culture or manners are taught. Their only object appears to be that of preparing the individual to make the dollar: a species of aggressiveness in business. On no account would I consent to have my children educated here."

Latin America is the land of new fields and elbow room. No one will deny that. Could we not say, "If you would enthuse, but not be enthused over, go far South, young man." As to the elbow feature, that part of the anatomy is best thrust into the young man's ribs to stir him into action, and because Latin America has fallen heir to the European legacy of "Yankee" depreciation, our parting advice would be, "Go South, but if you would succeed blunt—cap your sword."

OSBORNE F. HEVENER.



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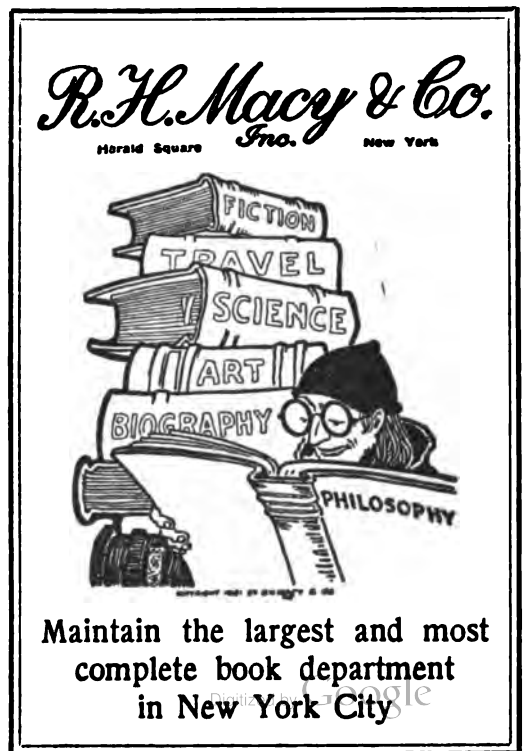
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The Forum

NOVEMBER, 1922

MILLER FOR PRESIDENT

By X. M. C.

THE fight for the Governorship of the State of New York in the year 1922 will, perhaps, be noted in history as a campaign fought without regard to the issues. As far as the outsider can understand the situation, it is simply a case of "Al" Smith against "Nat" Miller.

Perplexing from many angles is this situation to the West, but particularly upon the angle of what is the proper and dignified treatment of the public official. As the West has dropped the familiar treatment of its office holders, with increasing respect for public office, it is interesting to see the conservative East drop into the easy colloquial form of expression. If the East keeps this up we may soon expect to see daily reference to "Hank" Lodge of Massachusetts, "Al" Beveridge of Indiana and "Chazzy" Hughes of New York.

"Nat" Miller and "Al" Smith are both "fine boys," I understand, and either will make a good Governor, but astounding is the statement that either will make a good candidate for President in 1924. And here is the rub. Less and less has the West come to take interest in New York

elections, except as a matter of curiosity, because of the belief that the type of man who can succeed politically in New York cannot succeed in the rest of the country, especially in the West.

This is true of both parties. The reason is that the two sections of the country have different standards of success in life. It is true that Westerners go to New York, but it is generally only when they yearn for the fleshpots. A man works, lives happily and succeeds in the West, but if he is unfortunate enough to feel he is not making enough money, he moves to New York, and lives there a noisy, unhappy life, ending in divorce or being held up by some chorus girl. When he moves to New York, he has lost his soul.

This may or may not be so. But it is the impression of the Westerner who sits home and is satisfied to dwell in God's country with less money, but a little more religion, and certainly a great deal more regard for fundamental American principles. This does not mean that the country dislikes New York or New Yorkers. Far from it. The Westerner never has such a good time anywhere as he has in New York, but politically New York is the blight, as was seen by that wise statesman, the next Democratic nominee in all probability, William G. McAdoo, who sagely moved his Lares and Penates, wife and baby out to California, and bought himself a sombrero and an ancestral home amid the God-given sunlight of California.

The West, I think I can say conservatively, is, however, not much interested in Democratic possibilities in 1924, with the exception of Mr. McAdoo, who is now a Westerner, and possibly Mr. Bainbridge Colby, who, despite his Eastern clothes and New York manner, is still at heart a citizen of Missouri.

The West is interested in Republican candidates for a number of reasons. The Westerner today, despite general opinion to the contrary, is for President Harding. It is for his renomination, and while it may criticize him frankly for this measure or that measure, for this foolish appointment

or that mistaken one, it still likes him. If for any reason it should believe that it would not be advisable to renominate him, it would turn with almost unanimity to Charles Evans Hughes, failing him to Albert Berveridge, or to William E. Borah, or to Hiram Johnson, or to Miles Poindexter, perhaps even to Senator Capper, or Senator Lenroot, or even to Medill McCormick. But when it would come to New York's "favorite" son, ninety-nine one-hundredths of the men who decide things politically in the West would exclaim, "Who in heaven is Nat Miller?"

Mr. Miller's candidacy for the Presidency frankly astounds me. He is a challenge, not only to the Harding administration, but to party leaders of the country. Let us remember that Mr. Miller was the man who nominated Herbert Hoover in the Republican convention in 1920. His action is still unexplained. The West is still unsatisfied over the explanations of his friends, but more important than that is the fact that Mr. Miller is today known throughout the country as the bitterest opponent of the Direct Primary.

The editor of THE FORUM, in asking me to write this article, wrote:

"I am anxious to get the viewpoint of some Western middle-road Republican like yourself—a party leader who is not a candidate for the Presidency himself and who has no candidate of his own—one in fact who will give us a dispassionate view of the Governor as he is seen outside of New York State. * * * How, for instance, will the West receive his candidacy?"

It is easy to answer the last question first. I do not believe that the West will receive the suggestion of Governor Miller as President with any sympathy. He is unquestionably a man of ability, much greater ability than Smith. He undoubtedly has, in a marked degree, a quality that is most endearing to the American people and one much needed in public life—and that is courage. But Governor Miller's ability and his courage are both being utilized for the propagation of political ideas that will make him *persona*

non grata west of Hoboken, if I understand the country aright.

The Direct Primary was a western idea and it is still considered in our country a bulwark against political corruption. The tendency in the West is to strengthen rather than to lessen participation of the enrolled members of the party in party affairs. It was a shock to many of us to learn that New York had repealed its Primary law and gone back to the discredited convention system when so many in the country believed that the next step in this reform should be the extension of federal regulation of the primaries electing delegates to a national presidential convention. The repeal of the Direct Primary in New York was, I understand, the direct act of Governor Miller. He would, therefore, come before the country as the exponent of an archaic system, objectionable in the extreme when it was abolished and particularly abhorrent in retrospect.

Undoubtedly the State of New York would present an impressive front if its seventy-six delegates were unanimous for their governor, but against them would be the delegates of every other northern state who would realize that the cry of reactionary once raised against a presidential candidate would give them the hardest fight of their lives, especially when so popular an institution as the Direct Primary was threatened.

But more important, if anything could be more important, than this particular impression will be the feeling, unless Governor Miller should make an open campaign for the nomination, that he is not of presidential stature and that there is nothing in his record to warrant thrusting aside many of the men famous in the country for their interest in national questions, men of unquestioned capacity and large following.

That Governor Miller would be foolish enough to make such a campaign is inconceivable, for then he would naturally have to openly attack President Harding and his entire

Cabinet, except Mr. Hoover, and his most enthusiastic advisor would hardly urge that course. Let us consider the men that Governor Miller must challenge if he were an open candidate for the presidency. Among those in the people's minds at the present time, Charles Evans Hughes is his *facile princeps*. Secretary Hughes, however, is not a candidate and is perhaps the one member of the Cabinet, outside of Mr. Daugherty, whose loyalty to the President is 100 per cent. Any suggestion that he be a candidate would be promptly spurned for the last thing that he would do would be to enter into an intrigue against his chief.

On the other hand, there are thousands who think that one of the reasons that Governor Miller is being boomed for the presidency is that there are a number of politicians in New York who realize how strong Secretary Hughes is with the people. By having another candidate to present from New York State, they thereby choke off the possibility of getting Secretary Hughes, should President Harding decline a second term. It will be remembered that the experience of some New York politicians with Hughes when he was Governor was not of the happiest.

Another man who will challenge Miller is William E. Borah of Idaho. President Harding, like many others, has tried to work with Senator Borah and like many others has found it impossible, but despite that fact there are many in the West who feel that Borah has too much brain power to be lightly cast aside for what, after all, is a mere matter of temperamental angularity. If the bankers of the East are going to continually agitate the question of the cancellation of the war debts, it is quite possible that another line of demarkation is to be drawn in the Republican party between Western ideas and the Eastern ideas and that European, and not domestic, questions will decide the kind of man the Republican party will select. In this connection Hiram Johnson should not be forgotten. He has declared open war on Miller. And Borah and Johnson, no matter

what the East may think of them, naturally will be of sufficient strength to defeat an Eastern candidate whose tendencies have been regarded as reactionary.

It is usual for distinguished statesmen like Senator George Moses to put themselves out of the running on the ground that it is not likely that another Senator will be chosen as the Republican standard bearer. Anyone who knows anything about national conventions knows that a man is not rejected as a candidate because he is a Senator. As a matter of fact, the Senate is a splendid training ground for Presidents. Medill McCormick, of whom it has been said that he is going to make the presidency in three jumps, would never be considered as a presidential possibility if it were not for the fact that he has been a very good Senator. Into this training ground there will come next year, in all probability, a former Senator, Albert Beveridge of Indiana. Of all the men who are in the field and who would be acceptable to the West and acceptable to the conservatives no one has more ability than Beveridge.

But the principal thought that every politician should get before him is, how can the Republican party successfully conduct a campaign if it should turn down the present incumbent of the White House? President Harding is an easy-going man in many ways, but, as he showed in the Bonus Veto, he has vigor and courage and he also has what many of the aspiring statesmen who would fill his shoes have not: he has the admiration and affection of the rank and file of his party.

UNDER SUCH STARS

By WALTER F. KOHN

Under such stars, and in such waxing moons,
Lovers shall speak in awed and whispered tones;
In woodland avenues pines shall drop their cones
To plumb thick silences like heavy stones. . . .
And in wide gardens, trees shall shadow tunes
With darkly mystic mutes, like overtones
In deep bassoons. . . .

CAN THE MODERN GIRL LOVE?

By GILBERT FRANKAU

I AM getting middle-aged—nearly forty. And, like all middle-aged people, I am afraid I am a bit of a sentimentalist. When I read, therefore, as I constantly do read, of the manifold progress which the modern girl has made over her mid-Victorian and late-Victorian predecessors; when I hear, as I constantly do hear, of her efficiency as a business-girl, of her prowess as an athlete, of her achievements in the realms of art, science and literature, I cannot help asking myself the question which stands at the head of this article.

Can the modern girl love? The query, no doubt, will make the modern young woman laugh. She will say, arrogantly curling those lips to which the rouge-stick, which was once reserved for footlight-ladies, has added that touch of art without which we are told Nature cannot be perfect, "Why should I love? Love, after all, is mere soppy."

Your modern girl is very fond of that word "soppy." She uses it, in fact, to describe most of those perfectly natural emotions which her mid- and late-Victorian predecessors were too prudish to discuss.

For there is nothing prudish about your modern girl. Her frankness devastates the middle-aged and paralyzes the old. She reads the most outspoken books. She attends the most outspoken lectures. She dances from early morn to dewy eve in a way which would have turned that extinct animal, the chaperone of the eighteen-nineties, the deepest pink of outraged decorum. She has, to sum up, no reticences either of thought, speech or action.

So, at least, the modern girl appears to a middle-aged fogey like myself. And yet I cannot deny that she possesses

certain obvious good qualities. She is undoubtedly more capable, more intelligent and less mock-modest than her predecessors. She can handle racquets, cars, businesses, golf-clubs or cheque-books at least as well as, if not better than, the average man. Moreover—and this, I think, is the crux of the whole matter—she does most supremely know exactly what she wants.

But I do not feel that among those things which the modern girl most supremely wants, love in the best sense finds much place. She is rather a creature of sudden and febrile attachments, easily entered into and easily broken, than of that deep enduring affection which, for all their faults, was the beau ideal of her Victorian predecessors.

It is hardly fair, perhaps, to blame the modern girl for this curious and almost unfeminine trait in her character. Life as we live it today is a hectic and complicated affair wherein the quiet pleasures have little or no place. And your modern girl, being essentially of her period, is adapting herself to this phase of present-day existence. She does not, as her predecessors, *dream*. She has no time for dreaming. From the moment when she wakes in the morning until the moment when she goes to sleep at night, her every hour, her every minute is full. Hence, perhaps, her febrility, her contempt of those emotions which she calls "soppy."

I sometimes think that not only the modern girl, but almost all of us are suffering from this febrility—from the fact that our lives are so full of trivial interests and trivial emotions that we have little or no time to *think*. And I am nearly sure that unless and until we all of us, modern and middle-aged, girls and men, get back a little of that quietude, of that repose which was the prerogative of a more leisurely period, we shall end disastrously as mere mountebanks jig-jogging on the alternate wires of over-work and over-pleasure. All these new creeds, Spiritualism, Christian Science, Couéism, Socialism and Communism, are, as I see them, merely the attempts of people caught

up in life to free themselves from its wheels. The world spins and spins, always faster, and we with it. In fact, the only thing which has slowed up at all seems to be the modern dance.

You have to watch the modern dance to see the modern girl at her most self-revealing. Regard her carefully, this be-painted, be-powdered, be-manicured product of our hectic age, as she circles the ballroom. She dances emotionally, but her emotions are for the rhythm and the music, not for the mere male, her partner. Even in a man's arms she is as nearly sexless as the ladies of the *Lysistrata*. Regarding her thus, one cannot help answering the question which stands at the head of this article in the most emphatic negative. No! Give her all her good qualities, her poise, her efficiency, her intelligence, and you will still be forced to admit that—judging her superficially—the modern girl is not capable of a great and enduring love. To begin with, she is too selfish, too self-centred, too set on the pursuit of what she considers pleasure, to abandon herself to that self-sacrifice which is love at its best. And then, perhaps, she is too wise.

For love, however one looks at it, is not a comfortable emotion. Love demands something more than a day on the river or an evening at a night-club for its fulfillment.

The poet who wrote:

"O Woman, in our hours of ease, uncertain, coy and hard to please,
"When pain and anguish wrack the brow, a ministering angel, thou!"

is altogether a back-number. One feels quite confident that the modern young woman, when faced with a sick husband, would send him to a nursing-home. A scheme of the utmost efficiency, but lacking, somehow or other, in charm—at least from a mere man's point of view.

There are, of course, many, many exceptions to the above strictures; many, many young women who, although outwardly modern, are quite capable both of love and, what is still more important than love, of love's fulfillment, matrimony. But there is not the slightest doubt that to the

average young woman in this year of democratic grace, 1922, matrimony represents a state rather to be shuddered at than embraced with thankfulness. And the reason for this, as I understand it, is not very far to seek. In matrimony your mid- and late-Victorian young women saw, quite apart from anything else, their release from parental tyranny; whereas your modern young woman, having long ago reduced her parents to a state of baffled impotence, sees in matrimony only the tyranny of a man.

Sometimes I rather sympathize with the modern young woman in this point of view. As a single girl, after all, she has a pretty good time. Even if she is plain—and it is most extraordinary how few modern young women are really plain—she can always find some man to pay for her lunches, her teas, her dinners, her suppers and, possibly, her hats. Her own money, whether earned or inherited, she can spend on herself. In other words, she is even as the bachelor, but with more than the bachelor's advantages, because his expenses are her pleasures. But when she marries, she becomes a slave—a slave to her husband's caprices, to her servants' tantrums, to her flat, to her house or to her babies. This may be a very gross and material view of matrimony, but I am afraid that, subconsciously, it is the view which a great many of our modern young women have adopted.

Unfortunately, however, this is a view which, carried to its logical conclusion, means neither more nor less than the extinction of the race!

How, then, is this viewpoint, the viewpoint that love is merely "soppiness" and matrimony merely tyranny, to be combated? To me it seems that the remedy lies almost entirely with the modern young man. The modern young man has got to rid himself of the hallucinations of his mid-Victorian and late-Victorian predecessors. He has to learn, first and foremost, that if he wants to get married—and I think that, as things are today, the desire for marriage is far more potent in the male than in the female—he will have to

regard his wife, not as a slave, but as a partner; in other words, he must realize the economic independence of modern womanhood.

Myself, I am and have always been a strong supporter of the civil contract in matrimony. Matrimony, after all, *is*—however much sentimental middle-aged fogeys like myself may like to regard it as a pure love-affair—a legal undertaking. And I think that it is high time for the young man of today to understand that his legal undertaking when he marries a self-supporting or an independent young woman is not confined purely and simply to housing her. The modern woman, you see, is something more than a mere domesticated pet. She requires her leisures, her pleasures and, more perhaps even than these, her full partnership rights.

These partnership rights are manifold; and they should certainly include an absolute obligation on the husband's part to pay for the time which the wife spends in running his house and looking after his children. This, perhaps, is rather a startling suggestion, but, after all, why should a girl who has been perfectly capable of keeping herself up to, say the age twenty-five, give the remainder of her life to her husband free of charge—contenting herself with the few pounds which he may or may not think fit to dole out to her as pocket-money? Surely, if a woman runs a man's house efficiently, looks after his servants and his children and makes him generally comfortable, she is just as much entitled to be paid for it as if she took down his letters from dictation or answered his telephone calls. The financial, though, is the least of those obligations which the man who marries the modern young woman is called upon to undertake. Marrying her, he becomes responsible, and most definitely responsible, for her health, for her happiness, for her duties as a citizeness. In brief, it is his duty to treat her, not as a domestic pet, but as an intelligent co-partner of his existence.

Let us hope, then, that when the modern young man has

been educated up to this standpoint of husbandhood, the modern young woman will again consent to fall in love with him. But until that happy hour dawns, let us realize that love, as understood by poets, novelists and other romantic creatures, will continue to suffer its present eclipse, and the modern young woman continue to content herself with those febrile and hectic affairs which commence with a "pash" on Tuesday after lunch and end with a crash on Saturday after tea.

THE MYSTERIES

By ELIZABETH G. COATSWORTH

If I could paint I should paint only water,
Not seas, nor lakes, for all their surging colors,
Their patterns and their masked and flexible power—
I should paint, rather, unconsidered pools
That patch old worn-out meadows with the sky,
Ruts filled with rain dwindling to gray horizons,
Fountains like spires of falling light that shine
Between the shaded vistas of old trees
And wicked pools that glimmer in the dark.
A plain damp pavement is enough, I find,
To make new Venices stranger than the old
When the street lamps are lit.
There's poetry
Not to be laughed at in the interplay
Of lights on wet umbrellas in a crowd,
And I have yet to see
A puddle not well worth long contemplation.
How I wish for skill
To catch that grace of quiet coloring!
But that's beyond me, and words inexact—
One's understandings all are fugitive.

WHAT FRANCE FEELS AND WANTS

By EDOUARD HERRIOT

THERE seems to have been so many misunderstandings in regard to the needs and wants of France that it may not be amiss to try to present the French point of view in an unbiased way. Of course, I cannot speak for all France, but I can speak for my party; that is, my views approximate those of the average liberal-minded Frenchman, who is opposed to the violent nationalism of the chauvinists, as well as to the utopian dreams of the extreme left.

What France wants must be considered from two different standpoints: (1) what she wants as result of the war and the Treaty of Versailles (*i. e.*, Reparations, Guarantees, etc.) and (2) what she wants in order to strengthen her own position, industrially, commercially, intellectually, so as to live up to the traditions of her history.

In regard to settlements arising from the war and the Treaty—internationally, so to speak—France wants, first of all, the *Reparations* to which she is entitled, and the *Guarantees* which will ensure her national security.

This does not mean that we want Germany to pay a tribute to us because she was defeated, nor that we wish to reduce her people to a state of virtual slavery. But France does not want to play the role of dupe. We hear a great deal about Germany's ability or non-ability to pay, there are endless conferences and discussions, but the upshot of it all is that while France has been obliged to advance 80 billion francs for the reconstruction of the devastated areas, since the war, she has not received anything from Germany to balance this outlay. According to the Treaty reparations, charges are laid to Germany. But so far Germany has

made no real effort to live up to her obligations. We realize that the German workingman suffers, and we pity him, but we do not pity M. Stinnes, M. Helfferich or M. Ludendorff, more belligerent than ever, and while we have no wish to crush Germany, we do not want France to be crushed, either. We do not see why the Frenchman should be more burdened with taxes than the German. And we claim that if Germany can afford to buy ships or build such magnificent docks as she has at Hamburg, she can afford to contribute efficaciously toward restoring the devastated territory of the North. And we ask all civilized nations to stand by us on this point.

In regard to guarantees, it is not perhaps sufficiently understood abroad that France is not an island like England, nor is she protected by two great oceans, like the United States. To remind us of our perilous geographic situation, we have the memory of the past. We have been invaded four times since the French Revolution, and the last war showed how quickly Germany could get to Paris—or, at least, very near Paris. France is extremely worried as to her national security, and until this anxiety is taken off her mind, she cannot co-operate effectively in the work for international understanding. If France felt that the United States or England would give us, not a formal agreement, even, of their co-operation in case we were attacked, but merely some sort of assurance of their backing and support, the situation would be a very different one. France's fear of the future would then be allayed in a great measure and we French democrats could fight more vigorously the insinuations of the nationalists and chauvinists who claim we are trying to disarm France, on the one hand, without getting anything to take the place of the armies we reduce.

France's position is a very difficult one. We, who know the German peril, and who would be the first to suffer from it, are told that our fears are exaggerated, and we are summoned to reduce our defense by the very nations who specifically refuse to come to our aid or even ratify international

treaties signed by their delegates! "No, I won't help you if you're attacked," says the United States to France, and when France, left on her own, tries to prepare to defend herself, the same United States calls her militaristic! In regard to Reparations, France's position is equally involved. France can balance her own normal budget, but she cannot advance the money for the reconstruction of the devastated areas and pay her debts to America without being ruined unless Germany is made to pay France. Here again our allies do not seem to understand us. "We won't give up a cent of our claim on you," the United States says to France, and when France, in order to meet her obligations, tries to collect the Reparations due her, the United States holds up her hands in horror. "What? Exact the last penny of Germany! Do you want to bring about Germany's collapse?" How about France? How can France be expected to pay her debts if she is not allowed to collect what is owed her?

As I said before, the situation is extremely difficult for France, and a solution can be found only if a real attempt is made to understand what France feels and needs.

* * * * *

But the programme of the party I represent does not only consist in obtaining the reparations and guarantees France requires; our ambition is to make France so strong, from a commercial, industrial and economic point of view that *she can meet all her obligations even if Germany should fail her.*

In other words, our programme is a reconstructive one in the broadest sense.

France should take advantage of her metallurgic gains since the war and deliberately strive to become a great industrial nation. She has iron ore, and a good deal of coal. She has not enough coal, it is true, to compete with England, or Germany, but at the same time, by a wise development of electric motive power she ought to be able to electrify her railroads and so many of her factories that a

larger quantity of coal could be devoted to steel industries, for instance.

Agriculturally, France should make a desperate effort to become one of the largest grain-growing nations. France, like the United States, is self-supporting, but hitherto she has not developed her colonial riches sufficiently, nor has she cultivated the soil scientifically. When this is done, France ought to rank among the first suppliers of raw materials in the world. France owns a colonial area of some 10 million square miles, and as many of these colonies are practically at her door—as in the case of Northern Africa—she ought to be able to co-operate with them very effectively.

And hand in hand with the industrial and agricultural development of the country, our programme calls for the development of the individual's initiative and personality. *Man must be cultivated as carefully as the soil.* Everything pertaining to education and mental growth should be encouraged. School programmes should be planned so as to develop intelligent, active, free people. Machinery should be perfected and labor laws improved so as to liberate human beings as much as possible from physical burdens and drudgery, thereby giving people time to develop their brains.

In regard to initiative, France could copy much in the United States. Research institutes, like your great agricultural laboratories, do away with the farmer's routine, for instance, and in France we should follow in your path. I have tried to do what I could in this respect by founding at Cibeins, near Lyons, a school of agriculture where modern scientific methods are studied and tested. I should be glad if it were possible to effect an exchange of ideas, etc., between this school and similar American institutions. American methods should be applied in many other fields as well.

However, France is seriously hampered by the problem

of the birth rate. Its steady decrease is a constant menace, and all the activity displayed by this generation will be useless if the next generation is not large enough to carry out the programme.

I don't know how the birth-rate problems affect other countries, but in France it seems to me that the only way to combat the decrease in births is to respect and protect motherhood to the utmost, whether the woman be married or unmarried. As an example of the course I consider wise I have founded a home in Lyons for expectant mothers. Any woman who is about to have a child is received and given all possible care and medical attendance, *and no questions of any kind are asked*. The girls or women remain in the home till three months after childbirth and while they are in the home they are given special facilities to learn a trade, etc. On the same principal I have established municipal restaurants where mothers can eat free of charge without ever being asked to give their names or nationality. There are many other things I would do to favor motherhood if the necessary funds were forthcoming. But one thing is certain: sacrifices made to protect motherhood are not "charity," but "investments," since they are equivalent to strengthening and multiplying the race.

It is very difficult to give an adequate idea of what France feels and wants, in a short article. It must be remembered that war represents the need of a single moment, of one day. Civilization, work, peace, are the problems of eternity. France, as I know her, has no greater ambition than to follow historic tradition, not that of Napoleon, but that of Montesquiou, Voltaire and Rousseau. She wants to collaborate with all the nations of the world for the advancement of human civilization through peace and liberty.

THE OVERGROWTH OF CITIES

By HAROLD COX

"Urbanization is the overwhelming factor in the causation of preventable disease."—Dr. W. A. Brend, "Health and the State."

ONE of the most serious problems for the present generation and one of the greatest dangers for its successors is the continuous aggregation of human beings in large towns. This phenomenon is world-wide. There is scarcely a country to be found, new or old, in which the urban population is not outstripping that of the rural districts. Take first the newer countries, and first of all the United States. New York is itself one of the most outstanding examples of urbanization. In the period of forty years, from 1880 to 1920, the population of New York City increased from 1,912,000 to 5,620,000, or very nearly threefold; in the same period the population of the rest of the United States—*i. e.*, the population of the whole of the United States with New York City abstracted—increased from 48,244,000 to 100,063,000, or less than two-fold. These figures show how New York is outrunning in its rate of growth the rest of the United States. But New York is only one of the great cities of the United States. There are many others which have grown at least as rapidly. Meanwhile the population of the rural areas has increased but slowly; in some of them, especially in the Eastern States, there has been an actual decline.

If we pass to Canada we find similar phenomena in progress. Between 1901 and 1911 the population of Canada increased rapidly owing mainly to the large volume of immigration, but the detailed figures show that the larger

part of the increase was absorbed by the towns. According to the figures published in the Canada Year Book the increase in the urban population of Canada between 1901 and 1911 was 1,259,165; in the same period the increase in the rural population was only 576,163. Very nearly the whole of this rural increase was attributable to the great western provinces, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, now in process of settlement; in some of the older provinces there is an actual decline in the rural population.

The case of Australia is even more striking. The people of Australia are at this moment much perturbed about the smallness of the population of their island continent, and the various Australian governments are engaged in organizing in conjunction with the government of Great Britain large schemes for the transference of men and women from the overcrowded Mother Country to the empty spaces of Australia. But if the figures of the Australian population be examined it will be seen that the existing inhabitants of Australia show little desire themselves to occupy these vacant spaces. The total population of Australia on April 4, 1921, was 5,437,000, and of this total no less than 2,338,000 were resident in the six capital cities. Allowing for the other Australian towns, it may be said that half the population of this huge undeveloped continent is urban.

In Europe the tendency to urbanization has been in progress for many decades. In France in the middle of the nineteenth century the urban population was just over 25 per cent of the total; by the end of that century that proportion had risen to 40.9 per cent. It is important also to note that there was an actual as well as a relative increase in the French urban population down to the end of the nineteenth century, accompanied by a slight actual decrease in the rural population. These same tendencies were continued down to the outbreak of war. Germany tells a

similar tale. Between 1871, when the German Empire was established by Bismarck, and 1900, the urban population increased from 36 per cent of the total to 54 per cent. It is further noticeable that a very large part of this increase was due to the growth of the bigger towns, namely those with more than 100,000 inhabitants.

In England the urbanizing tendency is even more marked than in France and Germany. The industrialization of England began towards the end of the eighteenth century and had made very great advances before the continent of Europe began to develop machine industry. Thus the urban side of English life began to acquire predominance nearly a hundred years ago, and that predominance has steadily increased and is still increasing. In 1851 the proportion of the English population living in urban districts was 50.2 per cent of the total; by 1921 that proportion had risen to 79.3 per cent. These figures hardly tell the full story, for in the north of England especially there is a considerable industrial population living in districts officially classified as "rural." It is within the truth to say that at least 80 per cent of the present population of England and Wales is living under urban conditions.

In this urbanization of the English population London plays a leading part. As far back as 1821 Cobbett, in his *Rural Rides*, inveighed against the overgrowth of London, which he spoke of as the Wen. London has never ceased to grow. Some of the central districts, it is true, have of increased facilities for locomotion, which have enabled the late years slightly declined in population, owing partly to town to spread outwards. But the central districts still remain painfully overcrowded, and the lot of their inhabitants is in some respects even worse than before, for they are farther removed from real country and their nerves are racked by larger and more rapid streams of traffic.

To give comparable figures showing the growth in the population of London is not easy, for London knows no

boundaries. For statistical purposes there are at least three Londons—(a) the City of London, covering about one square mile, preserving many of its historic privileges and a few scattered traces of its ancient walls; (b) London proper, that comes under the control of the London County Council; (c) Greater London, namely the area comprised within the Metropolitan Police District. In the City of London the residential population has in the last few decades tended to decline, largely because of the greater concentration of business houses in the center of London, the residents being driven out to make room for more banks and offices and warehouses. But the day population of the City, brought in by omnibus and tramway and train, is probably greater than ever before. In a few districts adjoining the City a similar process is going on, these districts tending to become workplaces for people who sleep in the suburbs. For these reasons we probably get the truest picture of the numerical growth of the population of London by taking the figures for what is generally known as Greater London, for though that area still includes a few stretches of open ground, the whole of it is economically dependent on London and is being rapidly filled with houses, so that to borrow Cobbett's phrase, we have one continuous wen. In 1861 the population of Greater London was 3,223,000; in 1921 it was 7,476,000. To appreciate the full meaning of this last figure it is sufficient to add that it exceeds the population of the whole of the vast Dominion of Canada, that it exceeds the population of the continent of Australia with New Zealand added.

The conditions under which the larger part of this London population lives render the full enjoyment of human life impossible. The overcrowded houses look out onto narrow streets or onto squalid backyards. These streets are the only playground for the swarming multitudes of children, and it is pitiful to watch them organizing games in such unsuitable surroundings. Perhaps even more pathetic

is the sight of the efforts made by some of the inhabitants to obtain some touch with kindly Nature by trying to grow flowers in these sunless streets, either in window boxes or even in basement areas. The social reformer talks glibly about sweeping away the slums and building new houses for the people. But how is that to be done? Writing on the London housing problem, the *London Times* in its issue of August 23rd, 1919, dealt with the case of Stepney. After giving particulars of the population and area of Stepney Borough—280,000 persons to 1,900 acres—the writer goes on:

“Thus a population as large as those of some of the industrial cities of the provinces, but without any of the amenities of the parks or less cramped suburban districts which are to be found in them, is shut into a corner from which it cannot under present circumstances escape, and in which there is not room for it. * * * There is a network of narrow streets—passages would be a more accurate description of some of them—which out of working hours teem with humanity. From them open courts a little narrower and if possible even less airy and more thickly tenanted. * * * For space to build on, even if all other difficulties were out of the way, one can only look upward, and it needs no technical knowledge to see that the addition of a single story would be impossible without a rebuilding of the structure underneath.”

But building upwards does not solve the problem; it only renders the conditions of life more inhuman. Where the houses are high there is less air and less sunlight, and the children belonging to the upper flats have fewer chances of playing even in the streets. In this respect indeed the present condition of London is better than that of New York, for the skyscraper in the American sense is practically unknown in London and many parts of England's capital are still covered with houses of only two stories high. This means that the dwellers in these districts, whether they be comfortable suburban folk, or most uncomfortable slum folk, are at any rate in touch with the ground without having to ascend long flights of stairs or to use elevators. In the suburban districts there is also

generally a little bit of garden attached to the house.

In a book published in 1911 Mr. Edward Ewing Pratt dealt at length with the problem of congestion in New York. After noting the evils of congestion, the lack of privacy, the lack of proper light and ventilation, and the prevalence of disease, he went on to examine the causes of the overgrowth of New York City. Among these causes he gave a prominent place to the fact that the largest proportion of immigrants into the United States entered by way of the port of New York, and many were content to stop at the entrance gate. Without going further, they were able to find suitable jobs in New York factories, and especially in the clothing trade. For some reason not easily ascertainable the clothing trade has concentrated itself in New York City. Cloth which has been woven in New England or in the South is brought to New York to be cut and sewn into garments and many of the garments thus made return to the regions where the cloth has been woven or the raw cotton or raw wool produced.

Apart from these special causes affecting New York, Mr. Pratt enumerates a number of causes of urbanization which are common to the whole world. It seems to be universally true that, to quote his words, the greater the city becomes the greater attractive force will it exercise. Women in particular have a strong preference for town life. The town offers much greater facilities for women's special work of housekeeping. In addition, women like the gaiety of the crowded city, the increased liberty it gives them, the increased opportunities of enjoyment. Many men share this preference, though on the whole, comparing the two sexes, man seems to lean more to the country than woman does. But men have one strong motive for seeking urban employment, that the relationship between employer and employed is more favorable to the employee in town than in country. The reason is very simple. In a country district there is, comparatively speaking, little choice of employment. Con-

sequently if the employee quarrels with his particular employer he may be left stranded; whereas in a great town he can find new employment, possibly in the next street. This consideration, it must be pointed out, is a serious obstacle in the way of the establishment of garden cities, now being much advocated in England.

Another general explanation of the growth of great cities throughout the world lies in the fact that by concentrating industry into small areas the cost of carriage in many cases is reduced, at any rate for the smaller miscellaneous materials that each factory requires. The element of time as well as the element of distance here plays an important part in the consideration. A factory suddenly finding itself short of some particular subsidiary material can telephone to the producer of that material who may be working within less than a mile, so that in a few hours at the utmost the deficiency can be made good. In addition there is probably what can best be described as an automatic increase due to the *vis inertiae*. Newton's great law—that all bodies tend to continue moving in a straight line, except so far as they are compelled by external forces to change their direction—apparently applies to the movements of living as well as of inert masses. When a town has acquired the habit of growing it goes on growing until some great external change compels it to stop and perhaps to decay.

Except indeed on this hypothesis it is difficult to explain how a great town should continue ever to grow greater in spite of the various influences which counter-balance those above mentioned as tending to stimulate growth. As contrasted with the woman's love of urban life, is the mother's desire that her children should have fresh air and room to play. As contrasted with the economy in the cost of conveyance of subsidiary materials is the expense of hauling the main raw materials from the country where they are produced to the urban center where they are manufactured. In the case of New York, to revert to the clothing trade,

these main materials must be dragged many hundreds of miles and the completed product sent back again. Nor is the industrial advantage which the workmen secures by obtaining employment in town rather than in country a pure gain to him, for though he is less dependent on one employer he is subject to a much greater cost of living, and under less comfortable conditions. He has to pay more for his house, more for many articles of food; and often he has to pay, in addition to a high house rent, the cost of daily transport for himself, whereas if he were working in a comparatively small district he could live fairly close to his work.

Indeed the cost of transport for human beings in large towns of the size of London and New York is becoming an ever-increasing difficulty. What was an advantage has become a disadvantage. Both these great cities have been compelled to try and deal with the problem by burrowing underground, a fact which itself ought to suffice to condemn the overgrowth of great cities, for it is clearly uneconomic to go to the expense of constructing long tunnels to take the place of surface roadways. Yet when a town grows beyond a certain size these long tunnels, as the experience of Paris as well as London and New York clearly shows, become a necessity. A similar consideration applies to the overhead railway in New York, with the additional objection that this railway is perhaps one of the most horrible methods of transport that human beings have ever invented; it darkens the lower portions of the houses in the streets through which it passes, and deafens the inhabitants of the upper portions.

Another human and economic evil arising from large towns is the loss of light. In towns like London, where soft coal is still very largely used both for manufacturing purposes and for domestic heating, the daily output of smoke appreciably reduces the light throughout the city. Even more important is the loss of light due to narrow

streets and high houses. Of necessity the lower rooms in districts where houses are high and streets are narrow are deprived of a great deal of the light of the sky. In many rooms artificial light is necessary the whole day long. The aggregate cost of the extra artificial illumination which is required in towns as compared with country districts is enormous. It may be written down as sheer waste.

As regards health the effect of smoke is probably even more injurious than the absence of light due to the high houses. On this point a great deal has been written in England by medical officers of health, and much of the evidence which they have collected is cited in the book quoted at the head of this article by Dr. William A. Brend on "Health and the State."

"Dirtiness of the air appears to be the one constant accompaniment of a high infant mortality. Purity of the atmosphere is the one great advantage which the agricultural laborer of Wiltshire, the Connaught peasant and the poverty-stricken crofter of the Highlands enjoy over the resident of the town. In the opinion of the writer, a smoky and dusty atmosphere as a cause of infant mortality far transcends all other influences."

Dr. Brend elsewhere gives figures which go a long way towards showing that children even in the worst districts of the great urban centers of England and Scotland are born physically strong, but that the conditions under which they live rapidly lower their vitality in each succeeding week of life. This point is strongly confirmed by the report of the Registrar General of Births, Deaths and Marriages for England and Wales for the year 1916. He writes:

"The total (infant) mortality in the urban areas as a whole exceeded that in the rural by nearly 25 per cent, but this excess was very unevenly divided over the different age periods into which the first year of life is divided. * * * The chances of survival seem to differ but little at birth in town and in the country, but the noxious influences of the former soon come into play and make themselves felt to an increasing extent as the first year of life progresses and to a still greater extent in the second and third years, when the urban excess generally approaches 100 per cent, thereafter generally declining."

The following table comparing infant mortality in large towns and rural districts of England and Wales emphasizes the same lesson. It will be noticed that London shows a better record than the other large towns, the reason being that London is largely a residential as well as a business and manufacturing center. Its residential areas accommodate large numbers of extremely wealthy people living in every condition of comfort that money can buy. Moreover many of the residential areas of London, such as Hampstead, are peculiarly healthy districts with large open spaces surrounding them. It is these facts which improve the average records of London as compared with those of more concentrated manufacturing towns.

INFANT AND CHILD MORTALITY

In England and Wales During the Period 1911-1914.

	Deaths Per 1,000 Born	
	Infants	All Children
	Under 1 Year	From 0-5 Years
London	108	164
Large towns (over 50,000).....	122	188
Rural Districts	90	125

It is, however, unnecessary to press this point further. No one can doubt that the health conditions in a country district are much better than those for persons of the same social position in a crowded urban district. The matter is indisputable. The only question that remains is whether it is possible and if so by what means to stem the tide of urbanization which is now proceeding throughout the world. The idea much advocated in England of establishing garden cities where manufactures can be carried on is at first sight extremely attractive, but when one comes to examine the facts one quickly discovers that in spite of the large amount of enthusiastic effort devoted to this end in England in the last twenty or thirty years it has only resulted in producing at most two or three garden cities with an aggregate population which probably does not represent

a tenth part of the growth of the great urban centers in the same period. It may be that in the course of centuries these garden cities will be sufficiently developed to play a really important part in the life of England, but for the present their growth is altogether insignificant in comparison with the continued overgrowth of the great towns.

Nor can the problem be settled, as many people hastily urge, by moving the surplus population of the great towns to the still uncultivated areas of the world's surface. Not only are the vast majority of urban residents unwilling so to be moved, but even if they could be moved they would not be fit for the work required of them. The problem of emigration is occupying many minds in England at the present time, but even those people who are most enthusiastic in their advocacy of schemes for wholesale emigration from overcrowded England to her under-peopled Dominions declare unanimously that only those people can be taken who are competent to face the conditions of rural life in a new country, and very few such people are to be found now living in overcrowded towns. Town life in a word tends to destroy the capacity for rural work.

Looking at all the facts one is driven to the conclusion that the continued overgrowth of already overgrown towns cannot be prevented as long as the population itself continues to grow. If increasing numbers come into the world, those increasing numbers will mainly add to the already excessive overcrowding of urban areas. Moreover, the urban areas themselves are largely responsible for the growth of population which produces their own overcrowding. For in most countries the birth rate tends under present conditions to be appreciably higher in urban than in rural areas; while the excessive urban birth rate is not completely balanced by the high urban death rate. It is difficult, therefore, to see how the world-wide evil of urbanization can be diminished except by checking the growth of the world's population.

DEFECTS OF MODERN HIGHWAYS

By EDWARD G. SMITH

UP to a few years ago the well-built macadam road gave good service at reasonable first cost and low up-keep, but with the coming of the fast auto and the heavy auto truck, it is breaking down.

Within recent years various forms of hard smooth-surfaced roads have been experimented with, but the results have not been satisfactory. In the first place neither the hard smooth-surfaced tar composite road or the solid concrete is fit for continuous horse travel. In cold wet weather the tar road is dangerous for horses, and in all seasons the concrete road has the same defect, as all horsemen know. They are also unsafe for the auto, or truck, as most of the serious accidents are caused by skidding on these hard smooth surfaces, when wet or frozen.

Sharp calks on horses or chains on auto wheel or truck cannot always be relied on, especially on steep grades, as horseman and autoist have found out to their sorrow.

As roller-skating rinks, these surfaces might be a success, but for every-day commercial uses as roadways they are not desirable.

Another serious defect in construction is that no suitable provision can be made for air drainage—that is, drainage of water by evaporation from underneath the surface—which is just as necessary as drainage by side-ditching. Sooner or later, water gets under the road bed, saturating the whole sub-soil, when, seeking an outlet, partly by evaporation, is confronted by a pie-crust sealed surface of tar composite or concrete, which “Old Mother Nature” at once opens up until her needs are satisfied.

I was over a 16-foot concrete road of six miles in length, a few days ago, that was built last summer at an expense of over forty thousand dollars per mile, and was supposed to be the last word in construction, with lateral expansion joints placed every fifty feet or so, and this is what I found: For the whole six miles, irrespective of the nature of the soil, whether clay, slate, gravel or sand, openings and crevices running from expansion joint to expansion joint all irregular, but all running lengthwise of the road. "Mother Nature" evidently has her own ideas as to expansion joints, and thinks that longitudinal are just as necessary as lateral, and this road is not yet one year old.

We all know how expensive it is to keep our roofs watertight, and here we are adding millions of dollars per annum to our roofing bill, by trying to roof in our roadways—a gold mine for our tar and cement men, but a bankrupt proposition for the tax-payer. The modern highway builder is either ignorant or ignores altogether the physical changes that occur on the earth's surface by expansion and contraction under varying conditions of temperature and moisture.

Where there is an expensive system of sewers, as in cities, sealed pavements can be laid with more or less success, but even under these favorable conditions, eruptions occur entailing costly up-keep; but when you try to seal up the earth's surface through the open country, over hill and dale, for a width of fifteen to twenty feet, you are inviting trouble of the most continuous and expensive kind.

Macadam, the Scotchman, in his time was evidently well aware of this, and no tar composition, or concrete, or anything else that would interfere with surface evaporation was used in his road construction.

The engineer of the railroad bed also knows this and does not allow its surface to be sealed over by tar, concrete or any waterproofing material. The problem to be solved is carrying a weight on wheel and axle over the earth's surface. How well the railroad builder has solved it is quite apparent, when we see him every day, in all kinds of climate, and

over all sorts of soil, carrying from seventy-five to two hundred tons on wheel and axle, at the rate of twenty-five to fifty miles per hour, and his road bed and the tools he builds it with are practically the same all over the world. In fact, a universal method has been adopted by rail engineers which gives the most efficient results, and when railroad cars' loads were increased from twenty tons to fifty tons, and locomotive weights from one hundred tons to two hundreds tons and over, as they have been within the last few years, these rail engineers were equal to the occasion, while our highway engineers are crying out against the terrible weight of five- or ten-ton trucks, which, compared with the average railroad freight car, are simply a "child's go-cart," and our modern highway builder cannot carry these trucks even on a cushioned rubber wheel on his tar composite roadways. Why is it that the results as regards the railroad bed are so efficient, in contrast to the costly inefficiency of our highways, to perform exactly the same service, viz.: carrying a weight on wheel and axle over the earth's surface?

To the ordinary citizen who has not become an "expert" or an "efficiency bug" by too much "text-book knowledge," it would seem that the thing to do, and do at once, would be to apply to highway construction, partially at least, some of the methods used universally by the railroad builder, and standardize highway building, both as to construction and tools used the same as railroad building has been standardized for years.

As highway and street construction is carried on now, various kinds, such as brick, stone blocks, solid concrete and tar composite are experimented with, each requiring different machinery and tools, and each said to be by its interested advocates the "Ultima Thule" in road building. This lack of standardization as regards construction and tools is costly in the extreme and should be eliminated.

Before going further as to a remedy, I want to say a few words more in regard to tar composite roads.

The tar composite road, and by this I mean all roads using tar or tar-like products to make their surface waterproof, fares even worse in this northern climate than the concrete. Its surface after a year or two breaks out all over with eruptions to allow "Mother Earth" to get the "frost out of her bones" in the spring, so that after a season or two it has to be patched and repatched to such an extent that it looks like an old-fashioned "crazy quilt." I saw it stated in some paper lately that the up-keep cost of this description of road for seven and one-half years is so high that it would be more economical to tear it up and rebuild. And from what I learn, the same condition exists in other localities.

That a radical change must be made is apparent to all that have to use the roads commercially, and these "joy-riding" roads now breaking down must be replaced by something more substantial and built along entirely different lines. "What has been is no indication of what will be," and there is no reason why we should not have a standard method of building roadbeds that would be applicable to highway or byroad alike, and would take care of the heavier traffic now going over all roadways.

The railroads have such a system whereby cars, irrespective of load, are transferred from trunk line to the one-track branch road and *vice versa*, every day. This is transportation of the right sort, that takes care of the small village as well as the largest city. Railroad cars may be on some little one-track road in Kansas loading wheat, oranges from California, or cotton from the South, and in a week or ten days be unloading in New York City or Chicago, and this is what the rail engineer accomplishes with his standardized railroad bed built alike all over this country, Canada and Mexico, and with practically the same machinery and tools. So that a railroad builder finishing a job here on the New York Central can pick up his tools and go to any part of this country, Canada or Mexico, and start on a similar job without delay. With this example of thorough efficiency before them, it seems as if our Federal and State Highway

Departments, with their large force of engineers, should have given us, before this, a standardized method of constructing a roadway suitable for turnpike or byroad, so that traffic light or heavy could travel over either at will. In other words, build a transportation system, and not a few boulevards.

Up to the present the by or crossroads and the people on them have been neglected all over the country, notwithstanding the fact that more farmers and their families live on byroads than on turnpikes—when tax-lists are made up they are always counted “as present,” but when road improvement is being done they are ignored. This has been done to such an extent in this (New York) State that the people feel outraged.

Roads have been built to pleasure resorts for the use of our “American Nabobs,” for a month or two in the summer, while good farming communities in the very same county are left to wallow in the mud. We have such a case up at Albany now and we are “waiting anxiously” for our highway servants to render their decision. This is certainly a curious phase of our modern brand of democracy, when the “masters” have to “wait anxiously” for a decision from their “servants.”

For the past six years I have been taking a course in roadway matters. Not a college course, correspondence course or a political course, but what you might call an “unusual course.” After a three months’ stay in the hospital the doctors recommend a five- or six-mile walk every day, rain or shine, and since then I have studied the roadways in this locality, actually from the “ground up,” and have, at times, helped farmers or teamsters to get their horses on their feet, and autoists and auto-truck drivers to get out of the ditch, hard, slippery surfaces and over-crowding, together with wet weather, being the main causes for these accidents. I think it was Benjamin Disraeli who said, “Language was given us to conceal our thoughts,” but if he was alive today and had heard the language I have

listened to from ditched farmers, truck drivers and autoists he would revise his ideas, and state that "language is not adequate enough to express our thoughts" in some situations. The roadway was denounced, its builders and designers, all in the most vivid English it has ever been my good fortune to hear, and these little essays on roads and road-makers invariably wound up with a fervent wish not only as to the present welfare of road builders, but their future, and it was never in Heaven.

PISCATRIX

By PIERRE LOVING

She peers down
Through the Great Bear and the Little Bear,
Which are her outflung fishing nets,
To the intenser pools of the robins-egg-blue sea.
The little white hands of her aspiration
Are cupped, childlike, as they draw up
The impassioned indigo bloom of deep-sea water,
And the colors start tremulous argument and debate,
Saying:
"We are as perfunctory guests
Arrived too late
At a well-filled table;
We are as alien flame
Licking the fire-veined feet of the dawn;
We are as love,
Slack-winged,
Coming to lovers already fused by their first quarrel;
We are but color returning
To the overbrimmed springs of all color. . . .
Let us slip back, like unsheathed swords of sun-ray, into the sea,
Into the paler middle sky
Bearing on our hunched-up porter's back
Bales and bales of blue compact, of swift blue essence
Looted from her eyes."

THE NEW YORK CAMPAIGN—I

VIEWS OF THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE

By HON. NATHAN L. MILLER

THE issue in the present gubernatorial campaign in the State of New York is clear-cut and sharply defined. This issue is the business conduct of the State administration—the State government. Other issues may have a greater appeal to particular individuals or groups, but there is no other subject which so clearly or so vitally involves the welfare of all the people as the system and the method of conducting public affairs. The people of this State have a choice between two administrations of whose record they have knowledge, and it is for them to decide whether they wish a continuance of the present government, or a return to the government of two years ago.

The Democratic platform consists of two parts. The first consists of accusations. The second consists of promises. Among other things this platform says:

“They”—meaning the Republicans—“have increased the cost of Government, manipulated the reports of State finances to conceal the extravagance and waste of their administration. Official reports show the appropriations for State government in the two years of the Smith administration were \$241,000,000 and for the two years of the Miller administration, \$285,000,000, an increase of \$44,000,000. Governor Miller has been a cunning juggler of facts and financial statements, but the taxpayers’ burden has not been lightened. By sham reorganization of State departments they have debased the Civil Service and increased the cost of county and municipal government.”

If that charge can be supported, we are not entitled to the continued confidence of the people. If it cannot be sup-

ported—if, on the contrary, the reverse is true, then those who prefer that charge are not entitled to a return of the people's confidence.

The Smith administration came into power on January 1, 1919, at a time when there was the greatest need and the greatest opportunity to practice economy in government. We had gone through a period of inflation due to an unexampled expansion of the public credit, and through a period of extension of government activity incident to the war. The State expenditures in seven years, including the war periods, and the per capita cost of government had almost doubled in this State. It was imperative, if we were to absorb the shock of inevitable deflation, that the people's savings should not be absorbed by government, but that they should be utilized, and that it should be possible for them to be utilized to the reorganization and readjustment of industry. The necessity was there; the paramount duty was there; the unexampled opportunity was there because of this period of inflation and extension of government activity through which we had passed.

Now, what happened?

Appropriations in 1918 in this State had reached \$81,000,000. In two years they jumped to \$145,000,000, an increase of \$64,000,000—almost three times the cost of conducting the State government twenty years ago, and one and one-half times as much as the total increase in seven years, including the period of war inflation. It is true, and will probably be said, that the Legislature was Republican, but the Legislature cannot control expenditure; the Legislature cannot control administration. The Legislature can, to some extent, limit expenditure, but it is dependent, for the most part, upon the department heads for the estimates of the needs of the government. It is true, to be entirely fair, that there was one increase of considerable size, that was legitimate and proper, and that no one can question. There was an increase the second year of \$21,000,000 raised by the direct mill and a half tax for the support of the public schools—for the in-

crease of the teachers' wages. That was a legitimate increase and we have still further increased it. But even that, in part, should have been absorbed out of savings or economies which were possible. The appropriations had increased in seven years, about \$40,000,000. In two years, under the Democratic administration preceding this, they had increase \$64,000,000. The requests submitted by department heads for the year 1920 totalled \$145,000,000—the amount of the appropriations. There was, in fact, a reduction of \$20,000,000 from that because those requests had not included the increase for teachers' wages. But notwithstanding the increase and the fact that the campaign of 1920 had been conducted upon the issue of economy, that outgoing administration made up its estimates of the expenditures for the State government for the next year—on a scale exceeding even the high figures of the previous year.

And what do you think they were?

Not \$145,000,000, the figures of the year before, but \$206,000,000!

Those were the figures which the outgoing Democratic administration submitted to the Legislature as their estimate of what it would cost to run the State government the ensuing year. Am I justified in saying that the lust to spend had grown by what it fed on? Am I justified in saying that the doors of the State Treasury had been thrown wide open?

Then what happened when the present administration began its work?

We had promised the people that we should stop the mounting cost of government. It looked as if we had an almost impossible proposition. But, on the first of January we had laid on the table requests for appropriations involving an increase of more than \$60,000,000. I asked the leaders of the Majority in each branch of the Legislature to sit down with me, and we agreed upon certain principles which should govern the making of appropriations, and then we made another important agreement—that we

would not deviate from those principles at the behest or insistence of anyone whomsoever. The Legislature kept its part and when it had finished I signed the appropriation bill exactly as it came to me without dotting an "I" or crossing a "T."

And that appropriation covered items aggregating not \$206,000,000, as was requested, not \$145,000,000 as was given the preceding year, but \$135,000,000 only for which revenue had to be raised. The next year we did not stop there, but we continued the reduction \$2,500,000 more, and we did that notwithstanding the fact that in the first year—with all their extravagant appropriation, the outgoing administration left \$10,000,000 of deficiencies for us to take care of; and, notwithstanding the further fact that the second year, with two consecutive decreases in the cost of government we took care of added requirements for education, for public health, for capital expenditures and for public improvements, aggregating more than an extra \$12,000,000 in excess of what had been appropriated under the preceding administration.

Now, that is the plain record as to appropriations. I am not taking credit for the substantial decreases in State expenditures made in two consecutive years, which is a thing unheard of in the State government. The reason it was possible to do that was that my administration was preceded by the most wasteful, the most demoralized administration in the history of the State. I am not charging wrongful conduct. I am merely stating that the State government was run by favor instead of for the purpose of performing the public service.

Former Governor Smith says that our appropriations for the two years were \$44,000,000 more than his for the two years. But there is a "joker" in that statement. He started the first year at a rate of \$81,000,000. The first year he spent \$95,000,000. He had only got started. The second year set the pace which we had to meet, and now, he asks us to compare, not with the second year, but with the low

year before his momentum had really got well up, and I am perfectly willing to take that basis of comparison. The figures of the State Comptroller prove that even upon that basis—even taking his low as well as his high year—the actual cost of administering the State government under the Smith administration was reduced under the Miller administration by \$11,000,000.

Former Governor Smith says that the official figures show his administration was conducted more economically than mine. I know what his "official" figures are. They are the figures embodied in a financial statement of the State's actual business transactions for the past few years, which I asked the Comptroller to prepare for me, and I asked him to give it to our Democratic friends, too, so they could pick it to pieces if they wanted to. Now, this is what the figures show: There are two elements in the cost of government. One is the cost of government proper, which we divide for our accounting purposes, into "Personal Service" and into "Maintenance and Operation." The first contains the things, that, by good administration, you can reduce. The other branch includes fixed charges, like the interest and sinking fund, moneys for debt service, contributions, like the return that is paid to the localities for the support of the public schools—items that are fixed by statute, which cannot be changed unless you change the law, and capital expenditures or permanent improvements; also public improvements such as the New York-New Jersey Vehicular Tunnel for which we have appropriated \$10,000,000 and more.

Now, the sum total of the present two-years administration, for fixed charges, for contributions for capital expenditures, exceed the like expenditures or appropriations made by the preceding administration by the sum of \$64,000,000. There was one decrease for debt service of nearly \$7,000,000, so that the net increase was not \$64,000,000, but about \$57,000,000. But appropriations really are not the test. Any student of government will say that expenditures

are the test. The year ended June 30, 1921, was the year for which the last Democratic administration made appropriations of \$145,000,000. Our expenditures for that year were not \$145,000,000. They were \$135,000,000—\$10,000,000 less than the appropriation—the largest unexpended balance of appropriations at the close of any fiscal year in the history of the State. Six months of that year were under the present administration. We could not control the appropriations, but we could limit expenditures, and on January 1, 1921, a new spirit of spending what was actually necessary instead of spending all that could be extracted from the State Treasury, prevailed.

Now, that is the record. It has not been secured by any parsimonious cheese-paring economy. We have taken care of all the needs of the State government. More has been spent for various purposes, like education and health and attendants in public institutions than by the former administration. But we have done something else. We have put the State on a pay-as-you-go policy. We did not borrow. When I entered office the appropriations for good roads were practically gone, except dribbles here and there—remnants allotted to the counties. We have put the completion of our highway system on a pay-as-you-go basis. We are building our good roads out of current revenue. We built more miles of good roads last year than were ever built in one year before in the history of the State.

The State had issued \$20,000,000 in bonds for the canal terminals, and when my administration came in those bond moneys were gone and the terminals were not completed. It was suggested that we ought to submit a referendum to the people and have bonds issued to complete those terminals, but we did not do it. However, we are completing those terminals and we are putting in something that we never had before—terminal machinery to handle freight in modern ways; and we are putting in shops along the canal to take care of the equipment; and we are starting the development of electric energy from the surplus waters

of the canal and we are paying for every dollar of it as we go along out of current revenues.

Another rule we started was that department heads had to learn to keep expenditures within the means of the State. They did. The year rolled around and the wards of the State were better cared for and better clothed than they had ever been before. The department heads submitted their estimates for the next year and those estimates showed, not deficiencies, but surpluses. We had given them more than they needed, with the new spirit of the administration under which the public business was being conducted.

The Democrats say:

"There are 40,000 insane patients crowded into buildings designed to contain only 30,000, but the Republican Legislature, under coercion of Governor Miller, failed to provide for the relief of the disgraceful conditions that prevail in order to sustain his fraudulent boasts of economy."

What are the facts?

Crowding in the State hospitals? Yes, there has been crowding for more than ten years. For more than ten years the population has increased faster than the capacity has increased, until this year, for the first time in ten years, we are actually installing beds faster than the population is increasing. Fifteen hundred additional beds have been already installed or will be shortly installed in the various hospitals and the normal increase of hospital population is only eight hundred a year. We have provided for new hospital construction next year to the extent of \$5,000,000—all that can be economically expended. We have done another thing in the hospitals. We have introduced curative methods. We have provided special appropriations, in addition to field and clinical work—outside of specially-trained instructors, in occupational therapy. That is the way to cure people whose minds are diseased.

Again, the Democrats say that the taxpayers' burdens have not been lightened.

What is the fact?

We reduced the direct State taxes last year \$13,000,000. We have reduced them this year \$16,000,000—\$29,000,000 in all and \$17,000,000 of that amount comes out of the City of New York. The cost of the government of the City of New York under a Democratic administration has gone up \$70,000,000. I cannot prove that the increase would not have been \$87,000,000 if we had not saved the city \$17,000,000. There has been no new taxation, but there has been reduction in direct taxation. And another thing: there has been a falling off in indirect revenues due to the business depression through which we have been going.

The Democrats say we have taken money from the surplus. The surplus, on June 30, 1920, the last full fiscal year of the preceding administration, was \$31,000,000. On June 30, 1921, in which year there were six months in the present administration, the surplus increased to \$45,000,000. The surplus at the end of last year was \$41,000,000. That was too high. We have no business to have so much money in the State Treasury. It ought to be in the people's pockets. It never should have been collected in the first place.

Under the preceding administration direct taxes went up \$22,000,000. To be fair, that was to provide money for the common schools. We are providing two-thirds of that money now out of current revenue and not out of direct taxes.

And what about the indirect taxes? The so-called manufacturers' tax, or the tax on manufacturing corporations of three and one-half per cent, was placed in 1917. That tax, under the Smith administration, was jumped to four and a half per cent. Part of the return went to the localities, but the increase in the part that went to the State government for the expenses of the State government the second year of the Smith administration was \$14,000,000.

But that is not all. Under the Smith administration they passed the personal income tax. For the first time in this State we had a personal income tax. The Democrats think they can get some votes by putting a plank in their platform

in which they advocate the increase of the personal exemption to \$5,000. I do not think that the electorate of the State can be so easily caught. But it was the Smith administration that put the present personal income tax on the books, and it is there now precisely as it was written under that administration. It yielded \$17,000,000 for the expenses of the State government during the second year of Governor Smith's administration. In two years that administration increased direct taxation \$22,000,000 and indirect taxation \$32,000,000. Of course that was attendant upon gross extravagance in government. Do you think that the people of the State of New York felt that? Do you think that the industries of the State of New York felt the withdrawal of \$54,000,000 which otherwise would have gone to turn the wheels of industry, to have enabled men and women to earn bread and clothing for themselves and their children?

My adversary has seen fit to draw his lance against what he is pleased to term the "Special Interests." I have no appeal to make to special interests. There is nothing that has occurred at Albany in the past two years that has been pleasing to the special interests. And I care not whether by "Special Interests" Mr. Smith means the sinister corporate interest of a kind which always wants to get a little the best of it at public expense, or whether he means the kind of interest represented by agitators—by those who, styling themselves workers, get a living by working the workers. I do not care whether he means those influences which, by devious and dark methods, seek to get special favors from the government, even to pollute the very streams of government, or whether he means those special groups which, either for self-exploitation or for selfish reasons, attempt to wheedle, intimidate, and threaten public servants into a desired course of action, either by a promise or a menace of political power, and by that, of course, I mean voting power. These interests all look alike to me. They are not equally corrupt, but they are equally sinister and their influences are demoralizing to orderly and stable government.

I am not condemning group action or united action. Accomplishments nowadays can be only made by the united efforts of those who have a common purpose and a common interest. I am condemning merely the abuse of the power which such action affords. No citizen of the State of New York can say, no group of citizens can say that the door of the Executive Chamber at Albany has not been open to him or to them, or that any reasonable appeal in support of any worthy measure to promote the general welfare has fallen upon deaf or inattentive or unresponsive ears.

But those who have axes to grind, those who have favors to seek, those who are not satisfied with a square deal, but want the best of it, have no use for the present administration. Such persons will not be with me. And I speak for myself when I say, I do not want them to be with me.

PHANTASM

By BERNARD RAYMOND

There is a pumpkin moon
Swelling in the tree-tops
Bursting through the shaken leaves,
And the clover fields shudder and sigh,
The damp fields.

Under a pumpkin moon
The road stretches out to nowhere;
Wrapped in long tatters of mist,
Loses itself at the edge of the world.
All the little dogs
Yap-yap at a shadow slipping along the road,
A short-legged shadow
Bobbing along between damp fields,
Singing under a pumpkin moon.

THE NEW YORK CAMPAIGN—II

VIEWS OF THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE

By HON. ALFRED E. SMITH

WHEN a political campaign is in progress the intelligent voter, without regard to party, is desirous of knowing the plans and purposes that each candidate has in view in the event of success at the polls.

If the candidate be honest, he will clearly and concisely lay out his program before the public. If he intends to give the people the best administration of which he is capable he will have nothing to conceal and his statements in speech and written documents will be straightforward and to the point. If, on the other hand, the candidate either personally does not intend to give the people a fair and impartial administration, or is governed by influences which will not permit him to do so, he will not be outspoken in explaining his plans, but will resort to camouflage and seek to conceal his real purposes by creating phantoms of false philosophy, substituting fiction for fact, and juggling figures into a jumble of confusion by a trick system of arithmetical legerdemain.

For a generation the Republican party of New York State has maintained a bureau within the State Committee for the purpose of spreading propaganda throughout the State at all seasons of the year. The members of this bureau largely rely upon the assumption that the majority of our citizens believe everything they read and seldom attempt to get at the facts. More than a year ago this press bureau began working overtime to picture Governor Miller in the imagination of the people as a man who had solved all the great problems pressing the State for solution. They have pictured his administration to be one of splendid efficiency and unequalled economy. They have pictured him as favor-

ing welfare and labor legislation. They have held him up as the friend of the man in the street; the friend of labor; the friend of the farmer, the disabled soldier and the chief apostle of everything that is good and progressive.

But what are the facts?

He has not solved any of the important problems of the State nor has he brought about any accomplishments of lasting benefit to the State or the people of the State. He has learned, now in the second year of his administration that a Governor, to be successful, must make some appeal by action, as well as by words, to the millions of people who make up our State. And, so by enlarging in his reports and speeches the few minor achievements of his administration, he has drawn a picture of himself for election purposes that bears no resemblance to the real Governor Miller.

Now, it so happens that I have a fondness for official documents. Statements and reports from press bureaus and political figures used in political speeches cannot stand up before the heavy searchlight of facts presented in State papers. One of these State papers to which I refer is the Legislative Manual. It is published under the direction of the Secretary of State, pursuant to statute. On page 615 of the Manual for 1922 are enumerated the total appropriations for the support of the State Government for the past ten years. That document shows that Governor Miller's administration in his first year was more costly to the taxpayer than the last year of my administration, and, in fact, was the most costly in the history of the State. The truth is that Governor Miller's two years in office cost the taxpayers of this State \$44,090,651.95 more than my two years in office cost them. Governor Miller has drawn a very rosy picture for the taxpayers of the State when he tries to have them see 2,500 employees—referred by him as "hangers-on" to the Capitol—marching away from their public employment as a result of his efforts of economy. The actual truth is the records of the State show that the personnel of State em-

ployment was greater in 1921 under his administration than it was in 1920 under my administration.

Despite the figures Governor Miller repeatedly asserts that he has saved money for the State, but his claim in any substantial sense is untrue. The figures of appropriations are no mystery. They appear in the official report of the Comptroller of the State of New York and for the period of Governor Miller's and of my administrations they are as follows:

GOVERNOR SMITH'S ADMINISTRATION:

1919 (See Comptroller's report for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1919).....	\$95,840,983.77
1920 (See Comptroller's report for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1920).....	141,885,474.39

This does not include the appropriations made at the Special Session of the Legislature and which amounted approximately to \$3,300,000.

The figures for Governor Miller's administration are as follows:

GOVERNOR MILLER'S ADMINISTRATION:

1921 (See Comptroller's report for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1921).....	\$145,798,092.55
1922 (Comptroller's report not yet printed, but these figures are not controverted and are arrived at by adding the totals of the appropriation bills. They do not include more than \$10,000,000 of appropriations made at the Special Session of the Legislature)	
Approximately	\$139,353,449.77

Giving Governor Miller the advantage of leaving out of account the appropriations made at the Special Sessions of the Legislatures in his and in my administrations, it will be seen that in the two years of my administration the figures reached the sum of \$241,060,890.37 and in the two years of his administration they reached the sum of \$285,151,542.32. Now, these are the facts. No one can, in the face of these official records, deny that under Governor Miller the Legislature appropriated \$44,090,651.95 more than it appropriated under my administration, and, if the special sessions

are taken into account, the Legislature appropriated \$62,000,000 more under his administration than under mine.

To explain away his excess of appropriations, Governor Miller resorts to questionable devices. Under my administration, the Special Session of the Legislature appropriated \$3,000,000 for the erection of the Creedmoor Hospital for insane soldiers. This fund was available when Governor Miller went into office. It was impossible to expend it for the original purpose intended because the necessary arrangements with the Federal Government were not yet consummated. Under Governor Miller, the Legislature appropriated \$3,000,000 to build a State hospital for civilians—an entirely different project than was intended in the original appropriation. Now, to prevent this \$3,000,000 from appearing in the total of his appropriations it was passed in the form of a re-appropriation of the original appropriation of \$3,000,000 under my administration for the Creedmoor Hospital for insane soldiers. The buildings were the same, but the purpose of my appropriation was to create a hospital for insane soldiers, the cost of which was to be *repaid* by the Federal Government. The use of the money appropriated under Governor Miller's administration was for the building of a State Hospital exclusively for civilians with which the Federal Government had no concern and consequently would not refund the cost of building it to the State. Yet Governor Miller excludes from the total of his appropriations the \$3,000,000 actually used for an exclusive state purpose, and which, as passed under my administration, was nothing more or less than a loan to the Federal Government, never used; and by his process of trick bookkeeping he adds to my appropriations the \$3,000,000, thus creating an utterly unjustified discrimination against me to the extent of \$6,000,000, nowhere reflected in the official reports of the State Comptroller.

Then, in his campaign literature he arbitrarily deducts from his own appropriations for his first year of office the sum of approximately \$10,000,000, appropriated to cover deficiencies in the funds of various departments, but he no-

where gives me credit for the amount of appropriations made in the first year of my term to cover deficiencies inherited from the Whitman administration. Now, my administration left to the Miller administration \$10,000,000, in round numbers, appropriated for highway purposes, but unexpended during my term of office. To that extent the necessity for appropriations under Governor Miller for highway purposes was reduced by \$10,000,000, yet he arbitrarily charges against me the \$10,000,000 of unexpended balances in the highway funds handed to his administration for expenditure. Nor does he take into account in his published statements and in his speeches that a large part of the deficiencies for which appropriations had to be made under my administration were not created by me or any of my appointees, but by other elected Republican officials, such as the Secretary of State who was serving at the time of my administration.

Governor Miller constantly refers to the increase between my first year and my second year. As a matter of fact the figures of my second year and each of Governor Miller's two years run about the same. It certainly seems fair to ask why, if the increase of expenditures between my first and second year of administration were improper, Governor Miller did not get the basis of appropriation back to my first year? The explanation of this increase is perfectly clear and it carries no imputation unfavorable to me at all and no imputation unfavorable to Governor Miller, except the mental dishonesty of attempting to mislead the electorate into believing me responsible for the increase in State expenditures. More than one-half of the increased expenditures was represented by one item, concurred in by everybody in the State, Republicans and Democrats alike—namely, the increase in the salaries of the teachers of the State amounting to more than \$21,000,000, from which sum Governor Miller himself has said that he would not deduct one penny.

Then, another reason for the increase in expenditures un-

der my administration is shown by trade statistics indicating the highest peak of prices for food, clothing and other necessities of life which had to be purchased by the State for the inmates of the various State institutions. It is shown in the report of the State Comptroller for the fiscal year 1921 that the sum of \$3,574,000 was expended in the second year in his administration above the first year for capital outlays, in addition to an increase of \$5,445,000 for canal construction purposes.

In 1920 the people of the State adopted an amendment to the Constitution readjusting the State's payment to the Sinking Fund for the retirement of state bonds. As a result of the amendment, Governor Miller was only required to put \$11,476,000 into the Sinking Fund, whereas, under my administration, by Constitutional mandate, I was required to put in \$15,584,000.

Governor Miller, as counsel for any of the great corporations he represents would never dare to lay before their boards of directors figures as disingenuously twisted or conclusions as speciously conceived as those with which he is seeking to cloud the issue before the electorate of the State of New York.

Mr. George W. Wickersham, Republican, and learned lawyer, in a speech, proved the contention that I have just made, but the State Civil Service Commission in order to back up Governor Miller's fictitious claim of reduction printed a new form of report, which has been since used as propaganda, and in which he makes a distinction between State departments and State institutions in such a way as to cover up the facts and figures.

One point in the controversy between Governor Miller and myself is strikingly brought out. It is obviously apparent that the predominating issue of the present gubernatorial campaign is Economy. That issue stands out before all other issues. Now, whether Governor Miller or I spent a little more or a little less money as compared to each other is subordinate to a much more important branch of the issue

of Economy. What is significant is that the whole cry of economy was raised by Governor Miller as a smoke screen to hide a perfectly patent act of wrong-doing on his part by bringing to utter destruction the work of the leading men of this State, belonging to both the Republican and the Democratic parties—a work that extended over a long period of years and which was intended to effect a fundamental reorganization in the structure of the State.

At the time of the meeting of the Constitutional Convention in 1915, thinking Republicans and thinking Democrats recognized the fact that there never could be any economy in the administration of the State government so long as that government consisted, as it still consists today, of more than one hundred and fifty inconsistent and overlapping departments and agencies, with wide distribution of responsibilities and no concentration of power and duty upon any official. At the same time they realized that the appropriation of money through the medium of a legislative budget placed the resources of the State at the mercy of the distributors of political pap. The budget then, as it is today, was made up by the legislative leaders. The law forbade the Governor then, as it forbids him today, to veto any part of a financial item. He could and can veto an entire item, but not any part of it. Therefore, when the members of the Legislature desire to secure appropriations which they or their constituents desire, they simply trade with one another, each giving to the other the appropriations they desire and then to block the Governor's power to veto these appropriations, they join the improper expenditures in the same item with absolutely essential expenditures. The Governor is, therefore, placed in the dilemma of either depriving the State of an absolutely essential appropriation or carrying with that essential appropriation an entirely improper one. Under that method it was possible to do what has been done under Governor Miller—namely, to have lump sum appropriations, with no prior public discussion of the specific purpose for which the appropriations were to be used.

Remedies for these conditions were contained in the proposed constitutional amendment of 1915. When I took office I determined to carry into effect this salutary and necessary revision of the State government. I accordingly appointed a commission—non-partisan in every respect—to study the subject and report a comprehensive and scientific plan to me. Among the members of this commission were such leading Republicans as Alfred E. Marling, Michael Friedsam, Addison B. Colvin, Henry Evans, Mortimer L. Schiff and William M. K. Olcott.

After months of study this commission made a report to me. It recommended the passage of constitutional amendments and legislation which would require the consolidation of the more than one hundred and fifty departments and agencies of the State into eighteen well co-ordinated departments and prevent future legislatures from ever disturbing that co-ordination; which would make the Comptroller of the State wholly an auditing officer; which would centralize responsibility on the Governor by making such officers as State Engineer and others merely administrative officers, appointed by the Governor and responsible to the Governor, the Governor, in turn, being directly responsible to the people; which would create an executive budget that would forever do away with legislative log-rolling in the process of appropriations and preserve to the Governor the right to veto any item and any improper part of any item.

The report of this commission was an ideal chart for a complete business reorganization of the State's offices along lines identical with those which are followed by any capable business institution. The report of this commission won instant approval from the leading minds of the State. It was carefully examined by a special committee of the City Club of the City of New York, of which Secretary of State Hughes was chairman and Ogden L. Mills vice-chairman. Secretary Hughes' committee reported that this plan would work a revolutionary betterment in the administration of State government. It was endorsed by the Chamber of

Commerce of the State of New York, by chambers of commerce in all the leading cities of the State, by rotary clubs and trade organizations, and it numbered among its enthusiastic supporters such Republicans as George W. Wickersham, Elihu Root, Erskine C. Rogers and United States Senator William M. Calder.

When opposition to this plan appeared I called to my support leading Republicans of the State and among others Root, Wickersham, Stimson and Saxe responded. The Republican Legislature in the last year of my office as Governor, under pressure of the influential men in (its party, unanimously passed the joint resolution instituting constitutional amendments covering a large part of this program. It was necessary for it to pass the Legislature twice, and when I went out of office all forward-looking men believed that Governor Miller, my successor, would range himself in support of these proposals. He had a Legislature of his own party, admittedly entirely subservient to his will. He was not only the Governor of the State; he was the leader of the dominant party in the State, and he had but to raise his finger for basic reform. At the crucial moment Governor Miller failed to justify the hopes of the better citizens of the State. The resolutions for the second time passed the Senate. After a conference between the Speaker of the Assembly and the Governor the resolutions were held in the Rules Committee of the Assembly and the Assembly was never allowed to vote upon them. Later on Governor Miller, in a public speech, assumed full responsibility for killing these resolutions upon which the labors of Root, Wickersham, Marling and myself had been extended during the entire period from 1915 to 1921.

There are other issues of this campaign, but unquestionably the greatest issue is "Economy"—an economy that is not proved by the juggling of a mathematical conjuror as to which Governor spent one dollar more than another Governor, but a lasting economy that would compel all future State administrations to be economically conducted.

The Republican Press Bureau has presented a picture of Governor Miller as it wants the people of the State to believe he is.

But the record shows us the real Governor Miller.

TO MY FIRST LOVER

By GENE DERWOOD

My eyes were shadowed brooks
With pregnant light unfilled ;
My mouth a round, red bird
With young song hushed unwilling,
With shy song hung unheard,
Her breast unruffled by your kiss.

My waiting fingers quivered
Unused in sought caress. . . .

The night was like a lover
To an insolent swinging moon ;
The wind was like a lover
To a swaying wayward tree,
But my heart had beat too soon :

There was no love for me.

I stroked my smooth warm arm,
My like-a-flower hair ;
I stood in perfumed charm,
But you—were elsewhere.

My eyes were shadowed brooks,
Dim, dark and sweet ;
My mouth a round, red bird
That drooped, asleep.

THE JOY OF WORK

By M. STORM JAMESON

THERE are two ways of believing things. One is by faith: the other through works. The former is more picturesque, and in the case of really strenuous beliefs, such as the Bolshevik belief in brotherly tyranny, is commonly adopted by parlor fanatics and other insects on the wheels of civilization. The latter comes harder on the complexion, but is responsible for most of the enduring things in this world, from the Pyramids to the Woolworth Building. Roughly speaking, the followers of all slogans come within these two human categories.

The ballad of the Joy of Work is older than is generally supposed. There is a popular but entirely erroneous feeling that it was started by interested persons to persuade dustmen to a delirious pleasure in their prosaic task. This is obviously false—if only for no other reason than that such means would be hopelessly inadequate to attain the desired end. Our descendants, enjoying a dustless, bloodless, and probably palmless Utopia, will be at a loss to explain the psychological density that prevented us from painting our dustbins scarlet and yellow, attiring our dustmen in smocks the color of the Aegean Seas and calling them the Little Brothers of Hercules—the first scavenger known to history.

Who has not seen melancholy men painting lamp-posts a district council green? Imagine those same men clad like happy children in many-hued clothes and sent out with paint and brushes to paint lamp-posts according to their heart's desire. With what ecstasy would radiant beauty leap into life from every post and railing that their brushes touched?

We may take it, then, that the song of the Joy of Work is not another of the wicked dodges of a capitalist society. Nor is it to be explained away on climatic grounds. The man who tried to do so is the same man who explained the Englishman's modesty as due to his educational system; the Italian's fickleness by his addiction to olives—known by all unwary persons to be a slippery and treacherous fruit; and the Frenchman's frivolity by the existence of Paris. Whereas everyone knows that the English are the most boastful of races and have no educational system; that Italians are insanelly constant and detest olives; and that the French are a dour race living entirely outside Paris, which has for some years been populated by Americans and other alien peoples. If a man tells you that the joy of work is a myth invented to keep people moving in cold climates, thank him politely, but refuse to be misled. When our first parents—led astray by the guile of the first advertising man—had to leave Eden and work for their living in an unfriendly world, they regarded the necessity as a curse. That was before they had tried it. They would assuredly have been excessively bored if after a few years of wrestling with the universe they had been sent back to the indolent ease of a garden they had not planted.

If you do not believe me, regard any man any Saturday afternoon on any allotment. For hours he digs frenziedly in the murderous sun. Sweat is pouring off his brow, and his bald head heliographs distress. He is lost to all save his overmastering passion to pamper cabbages. At the end of the day he staggers home, aching and limp—a debauched and wizened radish in his hand, joy in his eye and triumph in his aspect. Evoe! He has wrested her fruits from the earth. Mind has triumphed over matter. Though he die tonight, he is happy. And this is the same man who in other days, when his wife asked him to come for a nice gentle walk with her, replied, bitterly: "Is a man never to have any rest?"

Truly, man is a strange creature, born, but not understood of woman.

The most human and touching tale of the Russian Revolution is that told of a single-minded and red-handed Bolshevik put in charge of a gang of degraded bourgeois, with instructions to make the dogs work. This he did with apparent faithfulness, but at last was discovered stealthily lending a hand, and finally, lost to all sense of his position, working outright. Human passions had triumphed over artificial barriers. He was shot, of course, as a traitor. He died nobly.

It is also well known that American business men rise before dawn, tear frantically to town, and fling themselves upon the piles of correspondence that have been shot through their letter-boxes and delivered in mail-vans all through the night by relays of postmen. At breakfast-time they wring out their collars, swallow a grape-nut, and eat up the mail orders. Lunch they take in an abstraction so deep that the waiters of God's own country have for long been accustomed to pile all the courses on one plate, certain that no good American business man will notice that the salad dressing has run into the cranberry tart. Excited by an unprincipled orchestra, they leap from their chairs into motor-cars, race to Idaho to listen to the blades of wheat, and back again to corner the coming harvest. In the evening they rest themselves from the day's toil by working till dawn at Chautauquas and Committees for the Encouragement of Grey Matter. The song of the Joy of Work rings out from New England to the Rio Grande. This is what has made America what she is.

We may safely assert that the people who talk most about the joy of work are joyless persons who never do any. They have faith and smooth brows.

On the other hand, the people who actually experience it are mostly corrugated men who go home in trains and tell their wives to consider themselves very fortunate in that they are spared the dust of the arena. Whereupon their

wives sympathize openly and smile in secret, knowing full well that if anything happened to save the victim the necessity of returning to the attack he would be profoundly miserable, and as empty-spirited as a cracked drum. For, of course, the truth is that the dust and the heat don't matter: it's the rush of the chariot and the shouting that count.

This, again, explains the apparent contradiction in the fact that some kinds of work have no joy attached to the doing of them. Our friend the dustman may even now take a meagre pleasure in his work—but how faint and wan an emotion it is compared with the fanatical enthusiasm he would know if he could be made to see himself as he is—the legitimate descendant of a line of heroes going back into a golden glory of myth and classic song.

It is entirely certain—in a life of uncertainties—that we should get no joy at all out of a world at which we could not tinker. If an angel descended in Piccadilly Circus today and presented us with a ready-made Utopia from the wells of truth we should turn from it in loathing. It is all a question of vision. An imaginative dustman must assuredly be happy in his work. The savage who discovered after much toil that he could do better in the way of water transport than a raft, could not foresee the Atlantic liner. But he could and probably did experience an exultant sense of vast achievement. He looked at his coracle and felt the future in his bones. And his work was a joy to him.

This was a pretty good world—all things considered—before the industrious German started the trouble that has made such a mess of a considerable section of it. He didn't mean well, but he has probably unbuilded better than he knew.

All kinds of work go to the rebuilding of a world. The easiest is the work done by the men on the touch-line—the same men who in the black years that are passing fought neither with hands nor brains, but “shouted like hell on Armistice night.” The work that counts is done by men

under the goad of a terrific sense of urgency and the knowledge that their work is not only supremely necessary, but worth the doing—to the world and to themselves.

The white light of the war across our shortcomings is not to be obscured now, even by the persons who were discovered when the smoke of the last guns rolled away talking hard about the new order of things, while making most of the old, to the glory of the Empire and the excess profits tax. The men actually working in that white light, straining and dragging at the vast readjustments and rebuildings that must be done, do not talk about the joy of their work. They curse and wipe their brows and get on with the job. But in the pauses of the struggle, when suddenly for a brief moment they see their work and see it whole, they do know a fierce joy born in the knowledge that they are in the service of forces tremendous enough to change the face of modernity. They feel the future in their bones. And their work is a joy to them.

TREES

By HAROLD VINAL

They shall look down upon this beauty still,
When I have passed beyond the sight of grass,
For trees grow old with wonder of a hill,
And aged for the look of ships that pass.
They still remember many a heated noon,
And twilights white with birches and high stars,
And robins by a lane and a new moon,
Flooding its light upon a lugger's spars.

If they could tell what they have seen and heard
Of windy Junes, if they could ease their minds,
What whispered music would go drifting by,
What sobbing from their throats, what hush of winds,
How still they stand under this sunlit sky,
So held by beauty they can speak no word!

PLAYS TENDER AND TOUGH

By ROLAND HOLT

WITH few exceptions the new plays of this season have been more wholesome than those of 1921-2. The exquisite tenderness of the closing scene between the old author (Henry Miller) and Marthe, his lovely young mistress (Ruth Chatterton), in Bataille's *La Tendresse* plus other features of the play suggested the title of this review. On the side of "toughness" were the acceptance as a matter of course of the relations of these two, of the young woman's two illegitimate children by an earlier lover (prominent figures in the play), of her third lover, and of a voluptuous elder woman to console the old author during the two years' banishment of Marthe. Nevertheless there was a quality and a fineness of treatment of these delicate subjects that did give the play a pretty strong appeal. Yet spiritually it was to Barrie's *Mary Rose*, which Miss Chatterton had previously vitalized, what Tammany Hall is to Heaven.

Before taking up others of the more significant plays given since those mentioned in our October number, let us clear up the record, so we may keep the best for the last. By October 8th, the new season was pretty well under way, about thirty-five new plays had been given and but seven of them had failed, adding Richman's *The Serpent's Tooth*, Owen Davis' *Dreams for Sale*, James Forbes' *The Endless Chain* and Payne's *Dolly Jordan* to the three casualties reported earlier. One or more of these may possibly limp off onto "The Road," while Louis Evan Shipman's admirable *Fools Errant* goes there. Besides the dead, there are a number of more or less wounded plays, tickets for which may be bought in the cellar of a drug store at 43rd Street

and Broadway for about half price, though seldom for Saturday or Holiday performances. Some of these plays were too fine or subtle for a large public.

Tenderness and toughness are sometimes found in the same plays. Of the thirty-five new plays but twelve dealt with illicit love (six of them decently) or were coarsely suggestive like *Banco* and *Why Men Leave Home*. It is hard to resist the temptation to mispronounce the last word in Maughm's *East of Suez*, the play itself was pretty tough, concerning as it did a Chinese half-breed daughter of joy and her weak victims.

In our October number we foresaw that some of the poorer plays of the season would be by authors of previous good ones. Maguire's property baby in *It's a Boy* does not "get" us as did the very real auto villain of his much fresher *Six Cylinder Love*, yet his new play is among the better half of the new crop. Richman's *Awful Truth* is pulled through by some witty lines and Ina Claire's cleverness in the unsympathetic part of a woman who is on the very point of marrying a boresome Western millionaire for his money, but decides, as did the heroines of *Wedding Bells*, *Banco* and other plays to remarry Husband No. 1. It is a disappointment after *Ambush*, as is Craven's *Spite Corner* after his *First Year*. Mr. Craven gives us some very clever small town types, but a thin plot. After starting a plucky fight for her home, the heroine surrenders to the law of eminent domain, and an amusing fire scene ends the play.

To complete the record we mention *That Day*, by Ans-pacher, author of *The Unchastened Woman*. Its heroine is that rare figure on our stage, a woman with a past, it only lasted ten days. We've also received Martin Brown's *The Exciters*, a comedy about a girl who marries a burglar, Hurlbutt's *On the Stairs*, another melodrama, like *Whispering Wires* and several others, depending on "a particularly nasty apparatus," and Percival Knight's *Thin Ice*, a comedy about a hard-drinking husband, his wife, a blue-blooded butler, et al, on Long Island, where George Middleton has

told us in a play of his own they raise Hell instead of chickens.

We ourselves, on returning from a winter vacation, have been glad of help in picking plays in the jungle of New York's theatres, so we timidly write our choice of current ones would be in the following order:

At the Gaiety, *Loyalties*, social drama (reviewed here).

At the Longacre, *Rose Bernd*, peasant tragedy (reviewed here).

At the Plymouth, *Old Soak*, a genial comedy of tolerance.

At the Garrick, *R. U. R.*, fantastic melodrama (reviewed here).

At the Cort, *Captain Applejack*, a piratical fantasy.

At the 48th St., *Malvaloca*, romance (reviewed here).

At the National, *The Cat and the Canary*, most thrilling of trick mystery plays.

At the Vanderbilt, *The Torch Bearers*, a rough burlesque of amateur actors.

This leaves for consideration *Loyalties* the only play of the season's thirty-five so far given, that the New York Drama League takes into its exclusive Sign Post (though under "Other Plays" The League Calendar weekly gives a list of all the plays in New York with pithy comment on each) and three other plays each opening a very promising Repertory Company's Season.

Next to The Theatre Guild, perhaps THE EQUITY PLAYERS is the most promising. They did not announce their opening bill till very shortly before its first night, and frankly admitted that they had delayed in the vain hope of getting an American play. This does not sound very hopeful for the American tragedy *Hospitality* by Leon Cunningham, which they simultaneously announced to follow *Malvaloca* by the Quinteros Brothers. It would not surprise us though if the American play were the better. Let us wish with all our hearts that The Equities, having begun like The Guild with a Spanish play, may progress as splendidly as have their predecessors, certainly *Malvaloca* is a

more sincere and beautiful play than Benavente's rococo comedy *The Bonds of Interest*, and *The Equities'* long cast acquitted themselves finely. Woodman Thompson's three massive and ingenious scenes made pretty much with a single setting, taken in conjunction with his designs for *Romeo and Juliet* in the July "Theatre Arts Magazine," make him an artist to watch. Like Robert Edmond Jones' earlier work his scenes fairly cried for a bit of sky, which could easily be supplied by the cyclorama which *The Equities* surely must possess. The *Quinteros* unfortunately seem to consider that "a maiden's better when she's tough," but treat *Malvaloca's* part so delicately that one scarcely realized that she'd earned her lovely clothes in what Mr. Fish in last season's Spanish *The Great Way* euphemistically called "The Trudge Market." That being the case, the hero's sister certainly accepted her in exceedingly fast time. There was, however, nothing unpleasant about this romantic play, and the idea that *Malvaloca's* soul, like *La Golindrina* the Convent belle, was purified by fire and cast anew was poetic, and the final scene where the lovers hear *Golindrina* pealing above the chants of the procession, is decidedly effective. The opening of *The Equity Players* is a big event in the American Theatre.

The THEATRE GUILD followed its younger rival, opening with *R. U. R.* (Rossum's Universal Robots) by the Czechoslovak Karel Capek. The Guild for self protection called it "a fantastic melodrama," that is a sort of drama libre, which, like the critique libre we are daring to give it, is subject to no rules. It was a highly original thriller, coming to a climax with a "chaste grand and general slaughter" of all mankind.

R. U. R. and *Loyalties* are the two most thought-provoking plays of our early season, even though Capek is as long-winded as Galsworthy is terse. The Guild's simple atmospheric production was masterly. Lee Simonson's two interiors, showing plenty of sky, were just right, though he has given us more successful light effects than his sunrise in

the Epilog. We could not see how the cast could have been improved. Basil Sydney, Kathlene MacDonnell, William Devereaux, Moffat Johnston, Henry Travers and Helen Westley (with fine team-spirit appearing as a maid) were there, but the wonderful personality of the veteran Louis Calvert made him the most compelling. He played a simple kindly builder, the only man to survive. His prayer and later the scene where he blessed the new Adam and the new Eve had rare nobility. Capek, while he satirizes the employers, also shows how utterly helpless are the workmen when they have killed off The Intelligensia. It would be very interesting to see what an American dramatist might do with this play, were he to frankly substitute the Reds for the Robots. This is the third play at the Garrick notable for its wonderful automata. Before it Frank Reicher played Percy Mackaye's *Scarecrow* and Claude King and Ernita Lascelles the pathetic automata in Shaw's *Methuselah V*.

Miss Ethel Barrymore's promise to give us four or five plays by master dramatists this season is most heartening, and her splendid performance in the opening Hauptmann's *Rose Bernd* started her season off brilliantly. It was a delightful surprise that, even as a rather stolid peasant, she looked beautiful. Three of the four costumes Robert Edmond Jones had designed for her showed her off admirably though they were subdued and in no wise those of the typical stage peasant. Mr. Jones has at last come out into the open, and gave us two effective landscapes with big skies, besides the exquisitely lit cottage of the close. For a similar part, Miss Barrymore easily equalled Mrs. Fiske's "Tess." Her wrath flamed magnificently, and we wanted her to "give the villain his due" as Tess did. She showed dumb suffering most movingly, and was eloquent in her last scene where she tells how she killed her new-born babe, to save it from misery such as she had known. As Rose's two carnal lovers and one spiritual lover, respectively McKay Morris, Dudley Digges and Charles Francis, were admirable. Miss

Barrymore has a strong support, who should do finely in her other plays. To our taste this old play did not compare with the author's *Sunken Bell*, *The Weavers* or *Hannele*, but as a work of art *Loyalties* is its only rival among this season's plays thus far. The author showed beautiful reticence and good taste, even in dealing with these primitive *Silesian* peasants. The worst taste we have ever seen on the stage was the prolonged infanticide in Tolstoi's *Powers of Darkness*. Hauptmann's infanticide narration is almost as inoffensive as Marguerite's in the opera of *Faust*, and it is full of a wonderful compassion. This play of a beautiful hunted woman, vainly struggling to be decent, deserves to rank with Galsworthy's *Fugitive*, and would not have discredited that master-dramatist of pity. No one, who has been fortunate enough to see it, can soon forget that last scene. The faithful lover, who knows all and forgives all, though he has only just heard of the killing of the child, and intends to cherish Rose always, looks at her in a faint at his feet, and exclaims

"That girl . . . what she must have suffered," and the play ends.

All praise to Ludwig Lewisohn for his admirable translation and strongest hopes that we may have further plays from his Hauptmann treasury!

To close this record of these interesting, if seldom brilliant, four-weeks in our New York theatre, we take Galsworthy's *Loyalties*, universally, so far as we can find, conceded *hors concours* among our new plays. Like Capek's *R. U. R.*, it is almost devoid of love interest save for the wonderful devotion of the thief's wife. It starts out like *The Bat* or *The Cat and The Canary*, with a mysterious crime in a country house, but it only *starts out* so, and soon reveals the hollow trickery of the most mechanical and clumsily devised false clues of those other pieces. Galsworthy utterly ignores such clues, and before the end of the first act left us pretty sure who the thief was, and then on to much larger issues, involving the eternal conflict between

Gentile and Jew, infinitely more finely presented than in the *Israel* or the hopelessly theatrical Bernstein, Galsworthy even seems to picture a society of sincere and generally likable people (in marked contrast to those in his *Skin Game*) who never mention or think of God, but run their lives, on the whole finely and conscientiously, on a scheme of ethics founded on their Loyalties. Nowhere does he say, even though he may rouse the question in some minds, "Is it better to give our thoughts and our devotion to a God, Whom from the very necessity of the case each of us must create for himself out of his imagination, or to govern our lives by our Loyalties and our love of our fellow-men?"

After the suicide of the mitigated thief, a neighbor who had been very fond of him exclaims "We've all kept faith. It's not enough." In *Justice* and *The Silver Box* Galsworthy is always calling out for, to paraphrase Kipling, "A veil to draw 'twixt man, his law and man's infirmity." And his idea may have been that had the resentful Jew submitted his injuries and suspicions quietly, friends of the gentleman-thief might have paid back the stolen money, and with Christian charity have compounded a felony. The mitigations of the theft were that Dancy used the money to pay blackmail to a woman to keep still and not make his wife suffer, that the money had been won by his own horse, that his poverty had forced him to sell to the Jew for a pittance, that the feat of the life-risking leap from balcony to balcony had fascinated him. Even so, would compounding his felony have been a so much better solution? The crispness of the dialogue in this play is a perfect joy, and we wonder if the author does not owe the suggestion of giving it in seven scenes to our own Eugene O'Neill, even though *Loyalties* is also divided into acts. A fine and absorbing play, about people whom it is a pleasure to know, full of compassion, and suggesting greater things than appear on its surface.

WHY A REPUBLICAN CONGRESS ?

By HON. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH

THE fundamental question to be determined at the coming election is whether during its second half the Harding Administration shall have the support in Congress of a majority thoroughly in sympathy with its general plans and purposes, or whether one or both branches will be controlled by a majority, not only out of sympathy with most of what has already been done and is proposed to be done, but bent on placing every obstacle possible in the way of the completion of the administration program.

There are two separate standpoints from which the desirability of re-electing a Republican Congress can be discussed: one political, in the partisan sense, and the other entirely non-political. From the latter viewpoint, is it ever desirable, under our form of government, to have a majority in Congress out of sympathy with, if not openly hostile to the Executive? Surely our experiences of such a condition, fortunately infrequent, have proved the contrary.

Under our form of government, members of the executive and legislative branches are elected for fixed and dissimilar periods. The President is elected for four years, Senators for six years and members of the House of Representatives for two years. It is impossible, therefore, that any change can be made in the control of the government so far as the executive branch is concerned within four years from the time that the President is elected. It is impossible, also, that control of the legislative branch can be changed or shifted within less than two years. This is a condition peculiar to the United States. In most important countries—in Great Britain and France, for instance, which most

nearly resemble us in governmental administration—control of the government may be shifted over night. Under their system, governmental power is ever subject to the will of the electorate, as expressed at any moment, usually through a vote of confidence, in their most popular parliamentary body. Under ours, it is subject only to the will of the people acting directly and with due deliberation after two or four years, as the case may be. Therefore, no matter how greatly dissatisfied the people may be with any administration or a Congress at the end of two years after the presidential election, it is beyond their power to affect the control of the government in any way further than to make it difficult for it to function effectively.

Suppose that the Democratic party, as a result of the next election, should obtain a control of either or both houses of Congress, what would be the practical result? If such opposition control were effected in the Senate, it might, among other things, operate to prevent confirmation of all presidential appointments. It is difficult to imagine how that could result in anything but detriment to the public welfare. If opposition control were effected in the House, it could only be potent in preventing the passage of constructive legislation in accord with the program ratified at the last election by a majority of more than seven million votes. A Congress so organized could repeal no laws hitherto enacted; it could enact no laws in violation of the administration program. The result could only be to cripple the government of the United States to make of Congress a body impotent to respond to the public interest; to make of it, in short, a body whose sole function would be to pass the necessary appropriation bills and pad the *Congressional Record* with useless and profitless discussion.

From a purely non-political standpoint then, it is difficult to imagine how the condition above suggested could be supported, except on the theory that it was justifiable as a stinging rebuke to a President who had been grossly incompetent or unworthy, or to a party in Congress which had

made profligate expenditure of public money, or had flagrantly violated pledges made to the electorate.

How do the facts fit in with the present situation?

His bitterest political enemy will not impugn the quality of statesmanship of President Harding, or his fineness of character. Nor will he deny that he enjoys today the full confidence of the American people as have few Presidents. As for the Republican Congress, which he called into session very soon after his inauguration, it has reduced governmental expenditures in a degree and crystalized into legislation its party pledges in a manner unexampled in the history of the nation.

When the present Congress met at the call of the President in April, 1921, the expenditures of the government for the year ending on the first of the following July were something over \$5,500,000,000. For the following year—that is to say, the year ending on the first of July, 1922—the governmental expenditures had been reduced to less than \$4,000,000,000, representing a saving of something over \$1,600,000,000. For the present fiscal year, it is estimated that the total governmental expenditures will not exceed \$3,500,000,000, or a saving over the previous year of more than \$400,000,000.

In fine, as a result of the strictest sort of economy, aided by the adoption of the budget system, one of the first legislative acts of the present Congress, the cost of maintaining the government of the United States in the second year of the Harding Administration is less by more than \$2,000,000,000 than it was in the last year of the administration of President Wilson.

Best of all, this colossal saving of the public money in an amount equal to twice the entire prewar cost of government, a saving unexampled in American history, was accomplished without any undue weakening of the two defensive arms of the government, the army and the navy, or the crippling of any of its civil branches. Such an unprecedented record of effective economy could have been accom-

plished only by a party which has at all times acted with an eye single to the redemption of its pledge to reduce the cost of government.

This retrenchment of expenses and expenditures made possible the very substantial reduction of the tax burden which this Congress has effected. One of its major enactments was the passage of a law amending the then existing revenue law in many important respects. Among them, the abolition of the excess profits tax, a tax most damaging to all forms of business and particularly little as compared to big business; the reduction of the maximum war surtaxes from 65 per cent. to 50 per cent.; the repeal of all taxes on transportation; the repeal of taxes on parcels post and life insurance premiums; the repeal of the taxes on clothes, musical instruments, athletic goods, soda water fountains, and many other so-called nuisance taxes; the increase of exemptions in the income tax law applying to heads of families with a salary or wage income of less than \$5,000 a year, a provision which it is estimated will favorably affect nearly 90 per cent. of the taxpayers.

The total reduction in taxes brought about by these reforms amounts to more than \$800,000,000 a year, a tax reduction which at the outset of the Harding Administration seemed utterly impossible and could only have been effected by the most rigid sort of economy.

Many other problems of a complexity and importance, seldom, if ever, exceeded in our national history, confronted this administration and the Congress at the very outset. Every one of them has been squarely met and, with few exceptions, already fully solved.

Congress found a condition of depression in all branches of agriculture, amounting practically to disaster. It met that situation by the passage of the emergency tariff bill and the agricultural credits bill, and almost immediately agricultural products began to bring better prices to the producer, until now the farmer is on his feet and his purchasing power is approaching normal.

It found a condition of war existing with Germany and other nations; it promptly terminated it.

It found a Federal Bank discount rate of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; it reduced it to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

It found a debt of \$11,000,000,000, advanced to foreign nations upon which not a cent of interest had ever been paid, and for which the Treasury had received not a cent's worth of security. It has provided means for the funding of that debt, and for the beginning, at least, of its final extinguishment.

It found Liberty Bonds, which had been sold to the public at 100 cents on the dollar, selling in the open market for 85 cents and less. Today they are selling at par and better.

It found millions of men out of employment; today unemployment is almost unknown.

It found the gates of all our ports of entry wide open to the riffraff of the world; it closed them to those whose presence here would be plainly undesirable or dangerous.

It found the gates of all our ports of entry wide open to the products of the world, produced under conditions with which our industries could not possibly compete. It closed them to the extent, at least, that fair competition may be had and a fair chance afforded to the American producer to sell in the nation's market.

No Republican tariff has ever closed a factory, mortgaged a farm, or lost an American workingman his job. The tariff law just enacted will do none of these things, and yet it is the lowest tariff law ever passed by a Republican Congress. Its most ardent sponsor will not assert that it is perfect; no tariff law ever was or ever will be, particularly when enacted at a time when the commerce of the world was in chaos. If it were perfect now, it might well be that it would be far from perfect a few months hence, with conditions changing as they do from day to day.

It is for that reason that the law contains a provision, novel and without a precedent, which gives to the President,

upon the ascertainment of certain facts, the power to raise or lower duties within certain fixed limits. If after ascertainment of the facts by the Tariff Commission, it develops that a certain rate of duty is less than the difference in the cost of production of the article, here and abroad, he may increase the duty to the extent of 50 per cent. Or, as an alternative, if it be an *ad valorem* duty, he may proclaim that the duty shall be assessed on the American, and not the foreign, price of the article. Per contra, if it is ascertained that the duty more than equalizes the difference in the cost of production, he may lower the duty to the extent of 50 per cent. Thus, the new tariff possesses a flexibility never before present in an American tariff law, in order that new conditions may be fairly met as they may from time to time arise.

The record of achievement above outlined ought to commend itself to thoughtful men and women. It includes a vast number of problems, some of them entirely unprecedented, all of them have been faced, and most of them satisfactorily solved, but much remains yet to be done before conditions approaching normal can be restored. Under all the circumstances, it is not remarkable that there should be dissatisfaction here and there. This administration was called upon to take up a task that no human ingenuity could have completed within two years. Shall it be permitted to finish it with its powers unfettered? That is the question to be determined at the coming election!

FIRST LESSON IN AESTHETICS

By LOUIS GRUDIN

Only wolves about their prey
know the truly ironic elation.

A festive circle of doubts,
and a young man, alertly futile,

slighted, among the trees
that rise in attitudes of salvation.

WHY A DEMOCRATIC CONGRESS?

By HON. CORDELL HULL

IN assigning reasons why there should be a Democratic Congress elected this year, the first consideration is the interest of the country as a whole. If the last two Republican Congresses and the present Republican administration had been efficient and faithful, either in solving or attempting to solve the many post-war problems, or if they had been partially successful in attempting to find a solution for these problems, there might have been some merit in the plea of Republican leaders to continue the Republican Congress in power until it should have completed the work it had begun.

The facts are, however, that the last two Republican Congresses and the present Republican administration have notoriously failed to meet the expectations of the people or to solve any of the post-war problems, upon the proper solution of which depended the comfort, welfare and happiness of the people. These facts are admitted by Republican spokesmen and by the leading Republican newspapers of the country. Even such a distinguished member of President Harding's Cabinet as Secretary of War Weeks said, in an address at Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio, June 15, 1922: "The legislative branch of our national government probably never has been at a lower ebb than it is today."

Representative Julius Kahn, Republican Chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs, in a speech before the Actors' Order of Friendship of New York, said: "I have never known a time when the mental make-up of the House of Representatives was so low as it is today."

Representative William R. Wood of Indiana, now the Chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, charged with the re-election of the sitting Congress, denounced it as a "Do-Nothing" Congress on the floor of the House, on November 17 last, in the following terms: "I know the very serious condition that is prevailing throughout the land. I am only speaking the truth when I say that the people of this country employed in every vocation and in every character of business are giving this Congress hell. They are doing it because we have done nothing to stimulate business. They are doing it because we have done nothing to give employment to the unemployed. They are doing it because we have done nothing to benefit the farmer and stimulate prices of the farmers' products."

The *Boston Transcript*, the Bible of New England Republicanism, in an editorial on March 3 of this year, said: "Today the record of the House of Representatives in the first year of the new administration stamps it unmistakably as the worst House in twenty years. It has done more things that it ought not to have done, and it has left undone more things that it ought to have done than any House of Representatives controlled either by the Republican or Democratic party that Washington has seen in the last decade. It has broken more pledges, it has succumbed to more pernicious propaganda, it has trespassed in more directions upon the executive authority than has any one of its predecessors in twenty years. . . . Taken as a whole the House of Representatives as controlled by the Republican party, if judged by its record to date, is unworthy of another lease of life."

The *Ohio State Journal* (Rep.), in an editorial June 21, 1922, called it a "cowardly and inept Congress."

Senator William E. Borah of Idaho, in a recent interview with the *Kansas City Star*, said: "The deplorable state into which we have fallen is not the fault of our governmental system. As a matter of fact, our system of govern-

ment works almost to perfection with a party program or policy to work upon. The whole difficulty in this Congress is the lack of such a program or policy. . . . Almost everyone realized that this was no time to revise the tariff. The economic conditions existing at the present time are such as to foredoom that effort to failure. It is impossible to produce anything approaching a scientific tariff. And yet, with everybody knowing that, the tariff bill is permitted to drift out here.

"And so it goes—drift! It is impossible to get anywhere in Congress and it is impossible to get a negative or affirmative declaration from the White House. Conditions just move along until we get into this hopeless and absolutely deplorable mess."

Columns of such denunciation of the Republican Congress could be quoted. These are but conspicuous illustrations. The failure of the present Republican Congress has been due to lack of policies, lack of principles and lack of leadership. Concerning the so-called leaders of the two Houses of Congress, a large number of Republican witnesses could be summoned to testify against them. The leader of the Republican Senate is Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts. Here is what the *Des Moines Register*, the banner Republican paper of that banner Republican western state, has to say of Senate Leader Lodge:

"Senator Lodge held a position of great influence in our foreign relations. He was able to balk and hamper and hamstring the very things he had himself in other days, and days not so remote, urged upon the country. * * * The worst thing that can happen to the Republican party for the future is to keep Senator Lodge in a place of influence, or where he will seem to have influence. He is a discredited, disgruntled, mean-spirited, backward-looking, cynical old man. His day of usefulness was over long ago, if he ever had a day of real usefulness in public life. The story of his public career is going to be told in mighty few words

when the history of the American progress is finally written."

The Republican leader of the House is Frank W. Mondell. Here is what the Manchester (N. H.) *Union*, a staunch Republican paper, has to say of Mondell as a leader: "There are many reasons why the country, particularly the Republicans of the country, ought to be profoundly grateful that Mondell's leadership of the House is nearing its close. He is a candidate for the Senate from Wyoming, and no matter what the issue may be in that contest, he will no longer remain in the House to jeopardize Republican policies and lend aid to the enemy by his bungling of a job which has always been many sizes too big for him."

Among its acts of commission, for which it merits condemnation and has received it from every quarter, including the leading Republican newspapers of the country, is the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Act, which places a tax upon the American people of from \$3,000,000,000 to \$4,000,000,000, an amount equal to the total amount required to run the government. This tariff bill was framed originally by the multi-millionaire Ways and Means Committee of the House in the interest of special privilege. Its revision in the Senate was the result of huxtering and bartering among Senators representing special interests, in which each interest got what it wanted by giving to every other special interest what it wanted. The *Congressional Record* was filled at that time with statements by Republican Senators admitting that the bill had no scientific basis and that the time was inopportune for revising the tariff.

Equally unscientific was the tax revision bill, which relieved the multi-millionaire and profiteering class of over a half billion dollars in taxes while it increased the taxes of all small corporations 25 per cent and gave no relative relief to the individual small taxpayer. The reckless appropriations of the Congress have only been equaled by the extravagant expenditures of the administration.

The Republican Congress and administration, working together, have re-enthroned special privilege at the capital of the nation, filled Washington with professional lobbyists, made a mockery of the Civil Service, and have broken or ignored every promise made to the people in the campaign of 1920.

The inefficiency and incompetency of the present Congress are even more glaringly shown by what it has omitted to do. It has failed to keep its promises to reorganize and consolidate the government departments and to reduce the number of employees; to effect large savings or savings of any kind; to establish a merchant marine policy; to establish a working permanent immigration policy; to restore reciprocal foreign markets; to prosecute criminal profiteers and suppress profiteering; to establish any industrial policies offering a just and peaceful settlement between capital and labor—its only labor policy has been the use of the injunction; to solve the transportation problem; to provide for better farm credits relating to production and distribution and for cheaper farm and other transportation; to put into practical operation the budget system, originated by Democrats, with the result that the treasury was obliged to postpone payment of accrued obligations for 1923 in order to show a paper balance for 1922, and the further result that the treasury now faces a deficit of \$850,000,000 for the current fiscal year; to settle the Mexican problem; to reduce rent, fuel and the high cost of living; to equitably reduce internal taxes; to effect either a practical or sensible revision of the tariff; to propose any definite foreign policy; to establish an association of nations; to enforce the Jones Shipping Law after threatening to impeach Wilson for his refusal to do so; to observe either the letter or the spirit or the policy of the Civil Service Law; to enact a workable foreign debt settlement law; to utilize the Muscle Shoals project for the benefit of agriculture; to prevent the Republican industrial panic of 1921-22.

The election of a Democratic Congress is necessary to put

a stop to extravagant appropriations and expenditures; to undo as far as it is possible to undo the injury done to business, to agriculture and other natural industries, to labor and to the people generally, by the work of the present Republican Congress, and to formulate and pass constructive and progressive legislation based upon sound principles and policies that will at least make a start toward the solution of those great problems which the present Congress and present administration have failed or refused to solve.

The election of a Democratic Congress this year is the only means the people have to rebuke and punish the existing Congress for its failures of commission and omission; it will put a check upon the headlong course of the present administration and will enable the people to judge accurately between the two parties with respect to their policies so that voters may intelligently decide which party shall have full control of the government in 1924.

The Democratic party does not base its campaign in the coming election on fault-finding alone. It stands for definite policies: a tariff for revenue, and not for special privilege; equitable and just taxation to meet the legitimate expenses of the government economically administered; justice to the American soldier; agricultural credits fitted to the peculiar needs of the farmer and stockman; a merchant marine without subsidies or special privileges; a workable budget system; administration of the Civil Service in good faith; a fair and just reclamation policy; the restoration of our foreign markets; liberal aid to good roads construction; means of promoting a better understanding between labor and capital, with a fair deal, a living wage and reasonable working hours for the laboring man; means for preventing members of Congress in both Houses from voting for their own selfish interests at the expense of the people; the eradication of Newberryism; the elimination of useless jobs and rigid economy in every branch of government; a foreign policy which restores our former high and commanding position in international affairs and inaugurates a better relationship with friendly nations.

Eight years of Democratic rule gave to the nation more constructive and progressive legislation than in the previous sixteen years of Republican rule, including the Federal Reserve Bank system and the present income tax law, with more sound legislation applying to labor, to agriculture, to business and to humanitarianism than ever before in the history of Congress. There is no better evidence than this of what the Democratic party can and will do when entrusted with power.

There is no good reason why the election of a Democratic Congress would deadlock legislation for the next two years, as alleged by the Republicans. There could be no more effective corrective for the Republican party than a Democratic victory. If it wished to profit by that chastening at the hands of the people, it would not attempt to oppose legislation in the interest of all the people, but would seek to rehabilitate itself by friendly co-operation. On the other hand, if it persisted in its alliance with special privileges, in its reckless extravagance, in its deadly reactionism, then it were better for the country that legislation should be deadlocked until the Democrats take charge of the government in 1924.

Throughout the present Congress the Democratic minority has sought consistently to be helpful, and it can be truly said that it was successful in bringing about the passage of practically all the commendable legislation passed. Only for Democratic amendments much of the bad legislation would have been worse. How much more helpful then could the Democrats be when in a majority.

There are historical precedents for the election of a Democratic Congress this year, following the enactment of the infamous Fordney-McCumber profiteering tariff bill. The McKinley high protective tariff of 1890 cost the Republicans the House that year, and the presidency two years later. The Payne-Aldrich high protective tariff of 1909 cost the Republicans the House in 1910 and the presidency two years later. History is again repeating itself,

AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE

WITH the resignation of Mr. Lloyd George from the Premiership of Great Britain, the last of the great Allied War Ministers has passed away. Wilson, Clemenceau and the Premiers of the lesser powers have long since passed on into private life. Lloyd George, alone, by the brilliancy of his Parliamentary knowledge has been able to remain in supreme control. What he has accomplished in his seven years of undivided control of the country is too much to be told here; suffice it is to say that he has guided the Empire with wisdom and moderation through some of the stormiest seas it ever has had to encounter. Ireland, Egypt and India are but three of the gigantic tasks he has had to deal with—and no one can say that he has not labored hard in the cause of peace in all these three countries.

The future looks none too brilliant for England today. The Conservatives, through whose defection the Coalition has at last expired, have been called upon by the King to form a Ministry and it is reported that Mr. Bonar Law is already trying to rally his supporters around him. But a list of the Conservative leaders make sorry reading to anyone but a student of Burkes. Ultra-Conservatism, as the term is meant when used in connection with such men as Lords Salisbury, Derby, Selborne, was laid to rest in 1914; today it does not properly exist, and it would seem highly unlikely that such a Ministry would be able to survive for any length of time. That their course will be reactionary goes without saying. The cries that have already met Mr. Lloyd George's policy of moderation in Ireland and Egypt are too loud to be misunderstood, and it is to be feared that the use of troops and force will once more be enforced in Ireland. It would seem, therefore, that if Mr. Lloyd George does not wish to see the policies, for

which he has fought so long, all put to naught that he will once again enter the list to make a fight against the Conservatives. All his friends have stayed loyally beside him and there is no doubt that he will have a large portion of the country with him.

That a break in the Coalition Government was bound to come has been evident for some time and it is undoubtedly better that it should be so. It would seem, however, that domination by the Conservative party at a time like this might prove of great injury to the British Empire.

* * *

Nothing is so elementary as the fact that the use of profanity or vulgarity in discourse reveals an empty mind and that the person who is unable to emphasize his cause only with profanity has either a weak cause or a weak understanding of it. We have never known of a really great man who was obliged to carry his point, but rarely, with explosives.

Theodore Roosevelt, who was one of the most vigorous characters this country ever knew, swore but on the rarest occasions, and when he did, there wasn't any human being that would have questioned his utterances on the ground of taste.

The work that General Charles G. Dawes has done in Washington in reducing and co-ordinating the expenses of the national government is deserving of great commendation, but when General Dawes appeared at a public dinner in New York City several weeks ago and addressed an intelligent and respectable audience in a manner unsuited to the occasion and degrading to himself because of his profuse profanity, he hurt a splendid cause. When, however, he referred to the Congress of the United States as "a lot of cowards" and to the Cabinet members of the Government as "Commanche Indians," he revealed his impudence and his ignorance.

We have just taken down the "Who's Who" and we find nothing in General Dawes' record that justifies his assuming the attitude of moral

superiority, and surely nothing either in his record or in his utterances reveals the mental equipment that would give him the right to pose as such a severe critic of the government. The faults of the system everyone knows, but it ill-becomes a man, even if he is trying to do the right thing, to assume that, because he is honest in his intention, he is the only man who is honest. We can overlook possibly his "damns" and his "hells," pitying, of course, his inability to express himself without those thoroughly unnecessary explosions; we might even forgive his injunction to the man who was trying to introduce him politely:

"Aw, cut that out!"

But a public man occupying the prominent position of General Dawes should realize that every time he talks in a disrespectful and inflammatory way about the Government, he is furnishing material to the thoughtless and superficial and is undermining the thing that, after all, is basic in a republic—the respect and affection that a democratic people must have for their institutions.

When, we wonder, will misguided men in public life learn that the great mass of the people in a democracy abhor vulgarity; that the soul of democracy is in its essence poetic because it is aspiration, because it represents the struggle of the past over mean conditions and the hopes of the future for higher things? The man in the street may love to go about collarless and coatless, but he does not want his representatives and his leaders, who are his ideals, to imitate him. It was not so many years ago that a brilliant political career was wrecked in New York City—when J. Sloat Fassett, then a candidate for Governor, thought to intrigue his audience at a meeting on the Bowery one night by removing his coat and making his speech in his shirt sleeves. That act cost him the governorship of the State of New York, for the people whose interest he thought would be engaged by that action rebelled at his condescension and angrily rejected what he considered an overture.

DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

*OUR LABOR PROBLEMS**

THIS is a work which should be in every library in our country. It is a very studious exposition of the labor and social problems now being discussed in every corner of the civilized world. It tells of the nature of these problems, the emergence of labor problems in England, the development of labor problems in the United States; it has an analysis of these problems, such as the standard of living, wealth, income and wages, the determination of wages, hours of labor, child labor, women in industry, human waste in industry, unemployment, labor turnover, immigration, and industrial unrest. It gives the history of labor organizations, of employment associations. It speaks of the adjustment of industrial disputes, it tells of shop committees and industrial councils, personal administration, profit sharing, and labor co-partnership, industrial education and training, co-operation, socialism, labor legislation, and social insurance. It is a masterful history of all the subjects mentioned, and is a very valuable work for all libraries of reference and for all students of these problems, and for future historians who are inclined to expatiate on these important, even vital topics. I am hoping, however, with all my heart that in a future work Professor Watkins will suggest fundamental, practical methods for solving these problems which are of equal importance to the man on the street, to the women who now have the franchise, and to every voter of our country, high and humble. What we need, I feel, are more works of the same high ability as that displayed in this volume, which tell us of remedies for the settlement of these problems. We find almost every man and woman we meet, either in social or business life, discussing these problems, and nearly all are scooting about, mentally speaking, for suggested practical remedies, for a safe, sane, progressive program by which these problems may be definitely settled. Perhaps there can be no real settlement while men and women remain selfish, while labor union leaders remain selfish, while some of these unwise labor leaders mislead their followers, while capitalists and industrial leaders are selfish and mislead their followers. I do not expect the millenium, but as I say, thinking people all over the world are mentally hungry for suggested solutions of the great economic and social problems now confronting every civilized nation on earth.

—EDWARD G. RIGGS.

*An Introduction to the Study of Labor Problems, by Gordon S. Watkins, Associate Professor of Economics, University of Illinois. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.

*AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGIONS**

COMPARATIVE religion now having become a recognized science, it is fitting and necessary that there be brought together in one volume definitions and brief explanations of the important dieties, rituals, sacred writings and ceremonies, not only of modern and occidental beliefs, but also those of the ancients and the orientals.

This information is, of course, accessible in innumerable volumes, each of which deals with its one subject, and the lay encyclopedias contain excellent and numerous articles which thoroughly cover the ground, but heretofore there has been no handy, comprehensive single reference work.

Professor Canney has been very thorough. Being the first compilation of its kind, it naturally can stand expansion—a fact which he himself very readily admits in his preface. He adds the promise that if this effort be accepted, new material may be added—a promise which must be kept, for this volume is indeed acceptable.

This volume will prove to be not only a necessity to the student of religion, but to the layman as well. As our contact with the East was so rapidly accelerated as a result of the war, our interest has passed from its economic phases to a study of its literature and this will make an understanding of its religions necessary to the cultivated reader. Comparative history, too, has created desire to know more of the religions of other peoples and times, and no better sole sources of information on the latter has as yet been at hand.

—G. S. YORKE.

* "An Encyclopedia of Religions," by Maurice A. Canney, M.A. E. P. Dutton and Company.

*DEPLETING THE COUNTRY**

AMERICANS of every shade of opinion and every angle of vision have cause to feel grateful to Edward A. Ross for the great care and patient industry he applied to his self-imposed task of analyzing the complex social condition of America at present. He has embodied the results of his researches in a volume entitled "The Social Trend," which bears the imprint of the Century Company. Mr. Ross in broad strokes covers the entire field of the complicated and closely interlocked interests which constitute our national structure. While the author confines himself closely to the social side of our national life, he inevitably touches upon its economic phase in his exhaustive probe.

It is economic rather than the purely sociological revelation which impresses me as being of profound value.

* "The Social Trend," by Edward A. Ross. The Century Company.

Under the chapter headed "Folk Depletion and Rural Decline," the writer touches upon a subject of the greatest possible concern to all sorts and conditions of Americans.

By "Folk Depletion" Mr. Ross has at once very happily phrased and clearly defined a condition which it is not going too far, in my judgment, to declare to be more seriously threatening to change radically our national character, a change fraught with great danger. It is this folk depletion which for the first time in the country's history has resulted in swelling the urban population to 52 per cent as against the rural population of 48 per cent.

The causes of this rapid concentration of our population in the cities through the depletion of the rural districts are to be sought deeper down than the mere social surface. They lie at the very root of an economic system that already has gone so far astray that it can be corrected only by the greatest care and earnest work in co-operation on the part of our leaders of public thought and activity.

It is obvious that the centripetal forces which during the past decade have been drawing our population from the farms to the cities are to be considered as an abnormal operation. It is not the social urge or the hard instinct that is doing this. Plainly, it is to be accounted for only from the fact that the farm no longer pays. It is a fact so patent that it does not need to be argued that when any group of people is economically prosperous it is socially satisfied.

So informative and significant is "The Social Trend" that I hope that it will be freely read by the thoughtful and clear-headed men and women in America.

—B. F. YOAKUM.

RUSSIA AND THE EAST*

THESE two volumes contain the lectures delivered by Baron Korff, formerly Professor of Russian Law and History, University of Helsingfors, Finland, and Bulgarian Minister Panaretoff, at the Institute of Politics at Williams College last summer.

Baron Korff divides his main subject into eight lectures on the relations, since the Congress of Berlin, of Russia with France, England, China, Japan, Austria-Hungary, the Balkan States, Germany and Sweden. This treatment inevitably involves repetition which, however desirable in public lectures, is rather trying to a reader. Moreover, in his very successful attempt to make clear the intricacies of Russian diplomacy to an audience made up predominantly of laymen, the lecturer has reduced his narrative to an encyclopedic but clear recital of well-known facts with significant interpretations or conclusions. Often the text betrays signs of hasty

*"Russia's Foreign Relations During the Last Half Century," by S. A. Korff, and "Near Eastern Affairs and Conditions," by Stephen Panaretoff. The MacMillan Co.

preparation. Many of the merits of these lectures as spoken addresses stand out rather startlingly in the printed volume as irritating, if not serious, defects. Baron Korff's general treatment is not interesting enough to hold the general reader, nor profound enough to interest the student.

In his last chapter, that devoted to secret diplomacy, the lecturer makes a significant contribution. Foreign relations have, he points out, a double function. One of these "consists in acts that create a legal obligation for the state (or nation). All treaties, obligations, understandings and agreements would come under this head. The other function is constituted by the daily intercourse of states (or nations), the transactions which do not create any legal obligation; diplomacy in the technical meaning of the word, conversations between foreign secretaries and diplomatic representatives. The first function invariably binds the state in some way or other, the second one does not affect its legal obligations, but usually prepares the way for the acts of the first group." The first of these functions, he insists, should be guarded by the fullest possible publicity. "When this is well assured, secrecy can be admitted concerning the diplomatic negotiations in all the preparatory stages." Put thus unqualifiedly, this last conclusion is open to grave doubt.

Interesting and even stimulating as were the lectures by Baron Korff and Minister Panaretoff as lectures, and despite the pleasure which the reviewer had in listening to these two distinguished scholars, candor requires the statement that it is at least doubtful whether these addresses should have been published in their present form and whether "The Institute of Politics Publications" are not falling between two stools. The lectures contained in these two volumes are neither popular nor scholarly in the best sense. They are rather a little of both. —M. KINGSBURY PATTERSON.

THE THREEFOLD COMMONWEALTH*



WHAT the purpose of a book review is may be a matter for doubt. In the opinion of the present reviewer that purpose can only be to express, insofar as may be possible in a limited space, the purpose of the author and some conclusions as to whether he accomplishes that purpose.

It is quite impossible to do that in this instance within the space available here. Dr. Steiner is a well known writer and the Threefold Commonwealth is a well known proposal for the use of mankind as a guide to his better gregarious existence. In brief, it says: that portion of a man's thoughts which consider his right to live on equality with his species has no connection with that portion of his thoughts which has to do with his commercial relations; nor has either anything to do with that portion

* *The Threefold Commonwealth*, by Rudolph Steiner, Ph.D. MacMillan Company.

of his thoughts which considers himself as an individual independent of all mankind.

When he considers—to be commonplace for the moment—his position as a voter, he is a different man from the one who considers his business. When he considers his own ambitions, hopes and ideals he is a totally different man from the one who considers business or government. Whenever anyone of the three interferes with the other two the proper course of social life is checked. Whenever a business man says, "I want a tariff because it will help my business," this interference is taking place. Whenever he says, "I believe the state should educate children, or own or conduct commercial enterprises," this interference is again taking place. Whenever labor unions try to influence legislation by strikes or direct action of any kind, they are interfering with the proper course of social life. Whenever associations of business men lobby at the seat of government they are doing the same thing.

To find a solution of this problem, to learn how economic life, government life and spiritual life may work independently, yet for the general good, you must read the book itself. It is now first published in translation, though it appeared first in German in 1920.

It is a pity that the translation should be so badly done. The English reader has to thread his way through a mass of terrific sentences in order to get at the author's meaning. This is not a criticism of the translator. It is only a proof that no translation of a philosophical work can ever be really satisfactory, when translated from the German language into the English language. The only way is for the translator to become an editor and to adapt the author's ideas into a totally new book and a totally new medium—the second language.

Dr. Steiner says several times that his work will be called Utopian. That would seem to be a fact. It is Utopian. But this does not mean that the world may not in time come to his point of view or that such ideas put before the public by means of publications do not have a beneficent effect. It merely means that at present, under existing conditions, in the actual state of civilization throughout the world, it is merely an idea which may or may not eventually arrive.

None of us would maintain that the present state of America, to say nothing of Europe, is so perfect that there is no room for improvement; none of us would deny that men like Dr. Steiner will gradually year by year educate mankind to consider new and untried views. The greatest boon to humanity is the gift of skepticism, of doubt, of questioning whether things may not be improved. Insofar as Dr. Steiner stimulates this skepticism he is doing good; and insofar as he is doing good, he and his book are certainly worthy of praise.

LUCAS LEXOW.

DON'T MISS THE APACHE TRAIL

*Wonders of the Motor Trip Over This
Famous Arizona Highway*

BY EVERETT FRANKLIN



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The Apache Trail, once the haunt of fero-

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cious savages, now an automobile highway, runs for 120 miles between Globe and Phoenix in southern Arizona. Both of these points are easily reached from the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad. In fact, through Pullman cars in connection with the Sunset Limited are operated between New Orleans and Globe on the east and Los Angeles and Phoenix on the west. Special motor cars cover the actual run over the trail in a single day. Your through ticket in either direction is honored for the sidetrip with an additional payment of \$20.00 which includes all railroad transportation and the auto trip between Globe and Phoenix. An extension of ten days is allowed on tickets held by passengers making this detour. Nothing could be easier or more convenient.

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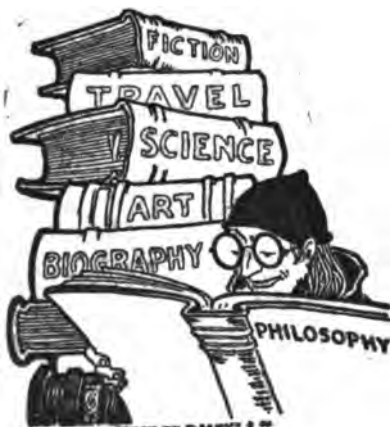
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The Forum

DECEMBER, 1922

WILL THERE BE PEACE IN IRELAND?

By SEUMAS MACMANUS

I SPENT five summer and harvest months in Ireland this year, going there as an impartial, but deeply interested, observer who deprecated the internecine strife that tore my native country.

Since the industry of exporting news is in the hands of one party, the Government party, the natural result is that outsiders are fairly well fed upon highly colored exaggerations and extortions of fact, and those artful half-truths which are much more misleading than clean lies. So I preface this record of my observations and conclusions with the statement that the Republican fighters have been grossly misrepresented and belied by the news-despatches. They are far from being the reckless rascals that newspaper readers in America were induced to believe. They are a mixture of saints and sinners, just like their opponents, or like the rest of us. It is true that they got into their ranks a number of undesirable "truce warriors," who, after the subsidence of the Black-and-Tan terror, were suddenly seized with a desire to die for their country. And these gentlemen, by their lack of principle, have often times

brought disgrace upon the Republican ranks by unworthy methods of warfare, and by wanton destruction of public property. The nucleus of the Republican army in Ireland—and also the nucleus of the Government army—is composed of genuine men who took their lives in their hands and went out to fight or die for their country at a time when only the loftiest and most courageous idealism could force men into the fray.

Though the Republican army, having such men as its heart and soul may conceivably (a remote conception) be wiped out, it cannot be beaten. Both the court-martial-and-death measure of the Government, and ukase of the Hierarchy, will fail to deter or discourage the Republicans. As may already be noticed from the news, these blows to the Republican cause have only redoubled their energy and intensified their fighting. These men disregard the call of the Bishops, because they say that the right or wrong of their struggle is not a moral, but a political, question. They disregard the death measure of the Government because threat of punishment will seldom discourage, and fear of death seldom prevent, Irishmen from striving for what they consider to be an ideal. Indeed, it is strange to think how the Provisional Irish Government could ever permit itself to try the death measure as a deterrent, seeing that this Government is largely composed of men who only a few years ago laughed to scorn every new and improved death measure levelled at them by the British Government.

While in this article I do not deal with the right or the wrong of either party's stand, I will record the fact that the bulk of Republican fighters today just as sincerely believe, as did the fighters of two and three years ago, that the one issue is freedom or slavery for their country. The only result then of the two most sensational steps taken for the ending of the fight is that during the coming months these Republicans will wage war with redoubled intensity, and with a desperation that will startle Ireland. And this holds true whether they are preparing to make peace, or determining to fight to extinction.

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If the Republicans feel themselves on the eve of proposing or accepting a compromise, they will first expend the last ounce of energy in intensification of the fight, by their show of strength and determination to induce better terms. If they have resolved to go on to extinction, they will naturally fight more desperately than before, determined the more dearly to sell their lives, and the more effectively to stamp on the imagination of the Irish nation, both now and for time to come, the deep sincerity of their conviction that they are saving Ireland's soul.

My own opinion—gathered from the atmosphere—is that there will be a peace settlement within three months, a settlement which will not be a conquest by the Government, but by which, nevertheless, the Republicans will consent to quit the field for the time being.

However, if, contrary to my belief, there be no settlement, the end of the fight by extinction of the Republican forces is far off—this notwithstanding the fact that the body of Republican fighters is not large. It is to be remembered that, during the Anglo-Irish War, a much smaller force defied, fought, paralyzed, practically defeated, the might and power of Britain, a large and splendidly equipped army with all Great Britain's resources behind it.

The obvious comment on my statement is, Oh, but then the Irish fighters had the whole Irish population behind them, while in the present instance the case is reversed. This comment is only partially correct. Of the inhabitants aged sixteen and over of the twenty-six counties in which the fight goes forward, certainly three-fourths—possibly more—support the Provisional Government. Certainly not more than one in four, and possibly less, favor the Republican fight. But this seemingly insuperable handicap of the Republicans is much modified by two factors. One is that of the thinking, working and fighting portion of the population—that portion which always leads in activities—nearly one-half actively or tacitly support the Republican fight. The second factor lies in one of those Irish charac-

teristics which neither Englishmen nor Americans can understand. It is the inherent sympathy with the hunted that has always been potent in Ireland. For long ages the hunter in Ireland connoted foreign tyranny, and the hunted deathless love of Ireland. These connotations were, during fearful centuries, stamped so vividly on the Irish imagination that it will take generations, if not centuries, to erase them. Consequently, there are tens of thousands of Treaty-ites, ardent government supporters, who are subconsciously with the indomitable band of Republican fighters—with those who are eagerly willing to give up their lives rather than their principle—those who in their own words are “willing to die that Ireland may live.”

Here, I am not theorizing, but speaking from practical experience. In the mountains of my own home in Donegal was a commando of hunted Republicans, flotsam and jetsam cast together from various quarters of Ireland, whence they were wrenched by the political storm. In this commando were all sorts and conditions of young men, landed and landless, laborer, lawyer, doctor. They were frequently hatless, shoeless, shirtless—often breakfastless and supperless. The only things that no one of them lacked were his gun, his filled bandolier, and his love of Ireland's liberty as he saw it. They were drifting to and fro in a locality which in terms of partisanship might be described as “Free State” territory. That is to say, the vast majority of the population in that district were active supporters of the Provisional Government in the acceptance of the Treaty. Yet, though bands of Government troops encircled the district that was the refuge of that handful of Republican fighters, and again and again tried to capture them, without loss of life, by descents at night, these Republicans, hiding in supposedly hostile territory, persistently eluded and laughed at their pursuers, did so because there was no one of the Government supporters in the district who would betray them. On the contrary, many Government supporters gave housing and hiding and food galore to the

refugees—gave them eggs and chickens and geese, which they could not afford for their own families; gave to them information of the approaching troops, and gave misinformation to the latter. To every householder each of these boys was suffering for his ardent love for Ireland—whether his method of showing that love was right or wrong. To every mother in the district each hunted boy of them was some poor mother's hunted son—just as, maybe, her own son was hunted by the foreigner a few years before. And to every young man and young woman in the district these boys, bravely suffering and undauntedly maintaining their own, were idolized heroes.

Since this was the attitude of many Treatyites toward the Republican fighting force before the government took the drastic step of passing its court-martial-and-death act, one can easily imagine the increased sympathy won for them since the issue has practically been made death or surrender. Hence one can see that the insurgents are not handicapped as much as might be expected by a hostile population—and that the very great preponderance of Treatyites will not so seriously shorten the life of the Republican Army.

Whether the settlement of the internecine strife come by compromise or by Republican extinction, many readers will anxiously ask, What, in either case, happens to the Treaty? What will be the future relations between Ireland and England? What attitude will Ireland, in the near future, adopt toward the British Empire? What national policy will she pursue? To the foregoing questions I shall give the answers that I found for myself after intimate intercourse and discussion with our people of all classes, and all shades of national thinking.

Whether the settlement of the present dispute in Ireland be effected by pen or by sword, the Treaty will be upheld by the party in power—a party which has the force of the country behind it. And the Treaty will be upheld and observed by succeeding parties and their steadily diminishing section of the population for at least the next decade.

At any opportune time after that it will be ready to go the road of all Treaties—to the scrap heap. To understand why one can so confidently predict this, it is necessary to consider four things; namely, the conditions under which the Treaty was signed; the pronouncements of the two men who made the bulk of the people Treatyites; the defects of the Treaty; the temperament of the Irish people.

Most of the Treatyites whom you meet will candidly tell you that the Treaty was signed with a Lewis gun pointed at the head of the Irish plenipotentiaries. Lloyd George had from public platform threatened upon an exhausted and prostrate Ireland war more terrible than she had yet known, should his terms be rejected. The Irish signatories, say almost all the Irish people, were coerced into signing. "We accepted because, our Republican army having exhausted its supply of arms and ammunition, we were at the mercy of the powerful one." That is consideration number one.

Arthur Griffith, fiercely fighting for Ireland's approval of the Treaty, proclaimed to Ireland, England and the world—so that later he could not be accused of deception—"This is no more a final settlement of the Irish question than is this the final generation of Irishmen." And Michael Collins in the Dáil said, "This Treaty does not give us freedom, but it gives us liberty to achieve freedom."

In the third place, one self-sufficient reason why the Irish people would not even entertain the idea of the Treaty being final is not merely because England insists upon holding military and naval privileges in Ireland—and too many Crown privileges (including especially the oath of allegiance)—but, above all, because one-fifth of Ireland—its northeastern corner—is double-clamped to England, and the Irish portion of its population handed over to the rule of a British-blooded section which is more reactionary, and more jingoistic, than the "die-hards" of Britain itself. No more than America after her War of Independence would have consented to have, say, one of her thirteen states left

under the rule of England's King and Parliament, and in possession of the most reactionary of those hated Tories who bitterly opposed the American revolution, will Ireland ever be content to leave half of Ulster in the like predicament. I could hardly find man, woman or child of the Nationalist population who did not vehemently object to their country being mutilated to satisfy British power and Belfast bias.

Finally, anyone who knows the Celtic nature from the inside is well aware of the fact that even if the aforementioned material defects were not in the present arrangement, the idealism of our people is so accentuated, so demanding, that even, it might be said, silken cords would chafe their limbs; even a formal, nominal acquiescence to foreign authority would leave them in a state of perpetual unrest.

All of the foregoing four reasons would be quickly illuminated to anyone who, knowing our people, could get them to express their minds in a heart-to-heart talk. After debating the subject, not alone with professed Republicans, but with Treatyites in many parts of the country, and in many walks of life, I found that, outside the trading class, and a portion of the elder people of the comfortable farmer folk—two sections who are rather disregarded and who in emergency are herded one way or the other, as desired—the great majority of the Treatyites are really Republican. The two classes which I have excepted want peace on any terms, good or bad, and will accept anything that will end fighting and consequent injury to trade. The great majority of the Treatyites want peace now on the basis of the Treaty, because they hold that they are not now in position to do better; that if the Anglo-Irish fight had continued, or was now renewed, Ireland would come off second best. They believe that if Ireland is now allowed to get her breath and recoup herself, the leverage which the Treaty secures to them will enable them a little later to demand, and gradually get—probably without fighting—still more and more of Ireland's natural fights, until finally, they say, in the

course of a generation, the Republic, which is their ideal, will be achieved.

Consequently the only real difference between the official Republican party and the bulk of the official Treaty party is as to the how and when of achieving the Republic. It is well worth noting that the majority of the military leaders who dared all and suffered much during the Anglo-Irish fight are officially Treatyites. Be certain, these men, in pursuing their present course, right or wrong, have not consciously forsaken or yielded the principles for which under the Terror they had foregone all worldly advantages and offered daily their lives. They have not consciously changed their goal, only followed what they believe to be a new light leading them to that goal.

Many truly sympathetic ones will say that Ireland for her own material gain should willingly accept a place in the British Empire. Treatyites and Republicans, alike, give the obvious answer to this: "What doth it profit a nation to gain the whole world if it lose its own soul?" And without assuming either superiority or inferiority to the British race—either in Britain or in its Dominions—they will tell you that the works, the thoughts, the ideals of the two races are so wide apart that little would be gained for either, but probably much lost by both, in an endeavor to make the British mind and Irish mind conform each to the other. If you yoke the finest draft horse and finest race horse together to do the same work, the result will be disastrous. Britain, under the favorable circumstances of centuries, has well developed herself along her own natural lines. Ireland is now about to develop herself—and can only do so along *her* own natural lines. Their ways and their thoughts are so different that they would ceaselessly antagonize each other and minimize their achievements by perpetual clash. Ireland, for centuries held against her will by Britain, has been, not an advantage to her conqueror, but a wearisome drag. If Ireland and England try to go together in the future they will continually hamper each other.

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But for the present and for some time to come Ireland remains, is held, within the British Empire. The Treaty will be maintained for a decade at least. The overwhelming majority in the country cries Peace! Peace! After the fearful nightmare of the Anglo-Irish War they hungered for a peace which would give them time to breathe, to think, to consider whither they were going, and how to go there. Half of that majority are peace-at-any-price people. The men who form the government are centerists as between the peace-at-any-price and the freedom-at-any-price people. They will assure the establishment of the Treaty—easily. They are determined on that, and they have overwhelming backing. And a pro-Treaty government will be assured of power for ten or twelve years to come.

The men who now form the Provisional Government, and who will mainly form its more permanent successor, will succeed in establishing the peace that the pro-Treatyites want, but they cannot give the prostrate nation the uplift and onward impetus that the soul of the country cries for. For this purpose (speaking, of course, from the point of view of the pro-Treatyites) the Griffith-Collins combination was ideal. Griffith was a genius of vision, Collins a genius of action. Such a combination is given to a country maybe once in a century. From the pro-Treatyite point of view the *personnel* of the present government measures up to a fair average. The Cabinet is a good common-sense collection, unmarred by any sprinkling of genius. The members' untiring earnestness makes unnecessary brilliant ability; and their dogged tenacity is a pretty good substitute for forcefulness. President Cosgrove is a fine man who surprised even his opponents by an initiative and ability which his quiet personality was not in the habit of proclaiming. Mulcahy, too, is an admirable man both from the political and military point of view—one who, like Cosgrove, cloaked true ability and much force under a quiet and unassuming demeanor. Eoin MacNeill, a very fitting Minister of Education, would have made an exceptionally

good head of the government—probably the nearest true successor to Griffith that the pro-Treaty party could produce—but for an unfortunate accident on the eve of the Rising of 1916. This accident, for which many of the best hold him blameless, withholds from him that popular acclaim necessary to the successful head of a government during an emotional crisis. MacNeill, though he is entirely lacking in the scintillating quality of genius which catches the popular fancy, is in himself an exceptional combination of vision and action. He is a practical thinker of a high order and a persistent and determined worker, who, no matter how laborious the task, would move aside every obstacle that bars his way to a fixed goal.

The lack, then, of an outstanding, popular leader, who, either by his arts or genius, can command the confidence and enthusiasm of his following, is a heavy handicap to the Government and to the whole Treaty party. From out of the unknown the occasion may call forth the man—but no one has yet glimpsed his face in the crowd.

Within a year, the Republicans, having ceased their physical fight, will be waging a powerful moral one. They will, of course, adopt the same uncompromising attitude toward the official Dublin Dáil that the old Sinn Féin party did toward the London Parliament. Their fight will be waged throughout the country. It will not be led by De Valera, who, though he is still their figurehead for public purpose, has lost his grip on the imagination of the Republican party. A genius to lead them will spring from the ranks—an easy matter, inasmuch as the Republican party is possessed of a wealth of genius. When the Republicans, emerged from the caves and from the night-places of the mountains, begin to exhort the people of Ireland from the hill-tops, they will dazzle with their brilliance. In their new role they will enchain the imagination of the nation again, and unrestrainably sweep the country with them to republicanism. From my knowledge of Ireland and the Irish people, I am as easily confident of that as I am of the coming of tomorrow.

RUSSIA'S TENTH INTERNATIONALE

By ABRAHAM EPSTEIN

SOVIET Russia's "Parliament"—the all-Russian Congress of Soviets—is to convene again in December. It will be known as the Tenth Congress. This assembly is Russia's supreme authority. It is entrusted with the formulation of all policies and general principles. Theoretically, it may be compared to the parliaments in European lands. Actually, it is more like a convention of a political party or labor federation, where delegates meet for a short time to listen to reports and to act upon the recommendations of their leaders. The Tenth Congress is of interest aside from its numerical significance. Its decisions will mark a definite turning point in Russian history. The new economic policy has now been given a full trial. The actions of the Congress in regard to this question will indicate whether Russia's tendencies are toward, or away from, Communism.

I was present at some of the sessions of the Ninth Congress last December. It was held in Moscow in the beautiful Imperial Opera House—devoted throughout the year to fine opera and the best ballet. The theatre was ablaze with its hundreds of sparkling electric lights. The red draped boxes with their glittering gold decorations recalled Russia's former days. Facing the stage was the Czar's enormous box with its heavy curtains and gilded rails. Only the emblem in front of it was removed. The multi-colored chandeliers radiated a brilliance as if in preparation for a royal feast.

But this was no holiday for blue-bloods! There were no lustrous uniforms, gold lace, nor beautiful opera cloaks.

There were no lines of gorgeously dressed flunkeys and butlers. Instead, the large theatre was crowded with plain workmen, peasants and soldiers—delegates to the Ninth Congress of all Russia's Soviets. Here were assembled the Soviet leaders from all parts of that revolutionary republic and its federated states. Here were Caucasians and Tartars in their long cloaks, and there were Ukrainians, Georgians, Chuvashians, Kirgizians, in their tall fur hats, while in another corner sat men who came from Mongolia, Turk-
estan, Dagestan and Azerbedjan, and the score of other federated republics. The theatre was not very warm. The delegates sat in their overcoats holding their portfolios and papers in gloved hands. Some even had their hats on. Their garb, like their manners, were simple. Most of them were dressed in short sheepskin coats, and many were wearing the leather suits generally identified with Soviet officials and clerks.

The meeting was opened by Kalinin, chairman of both the All-Russian Central Executive Committee and the Congress—a short and gray-bearded man whose peasant simplicity and modesty remained unaffected by the many years spent in the Czar's prisons. A few brief speeches were made. Resolutions were introduced and adopted. The Communists introduced their list of nominees for the Central Executive Committee, the supreme governing body between Congresses. The 300-odd names were read off by the husky, red-headed Tartar secretary of the "C. E. C.," Enukidze, and was accepted solemnly without either debate or discussion. "Wonderful politicians, the Russians! I couldn't resist reflecting how much they have improved upon the genius of their colleagues in this country! And how quietly and smoothly they put things over."

The Russian "Parliament" was so unlike any other legislative body. There was a total absence of the usual heavy atmosphere, the stuffy air, the smoke, and the general inadvertence to which one is accustomed at such gatherings. There were no men lying lazily in their soft chairs, reading

their newspapers, while one of their colleagues was speaking. The aisles and corridors were not filled with law-makers engaged in telling anecdotes. On the contrary, there prevailed an unusual solemnity. There was almost a religious concentration on the faces of the men and women as they listened to the speakers. There were no worn-out looking old gentlemen to be seen. Youth, enthusiasm and faith—qualities so rare in parliamentary assemblies—were in abundance here. The majority of the delegates were in their early middle ages, with a good sprinkling of young students and soldiers among them. They were not a boisterous nor jubilant lot, however. For, in spite of their years, they were experienced veterans. They came to the capital to seek a solution to the most perilous problems a nation ever faced—famine, cold, disease and starvation. But they displayed a childish enthusiasm when the possibilities of a few tractors were revealed on moving-picture slides. Their countenances lit up at the accomplishments of the agricultural machines. It was in this that Russia's hopes lay, they believed. "If we only get more of these," they whispered, as their eyes became more hopeful, their heads raised a bit, and their faces unfolded a strengthened faith.

But it is not only externally that the All-Russian Congress differs from the general run of parliamentary bodies. It has a distinct genesis historically. Unlike most parliamentary organizations, it is not the child-creature of some pre-conceived theoretical or political program. It is not the fruit of a profound concept of the rule of the people formulated by any political party. On the contrary, it may be said to have "just growed up" like Topsy. It sprang out of the peculiar Russian conditions which then prevailed.

The Soviet "Parliament" was the spontaneous creation of the Revolution and was not guided by either constitutional or parliamentary proceedings. Of the nine Congresses held so far, five did not even have a constitutional basis for their existence. Unprecedentedly it assumed the supreme governmental authority of the land, and just as oddly it permitted

laws and regulations to be adopted over its head without protest. Unlike other parliaments, the All-Russian Congress of Soviets has so far, even after the adoption of the constitution, displayed no jealousy of its power and authority and has continuously permitted the Council of People's Commissars, headed by Lenin, to enact laws and to issue decrees of a fundamental nature without these having been previously authorized by it. A most glaring example of this is revealed in the inauguration of the new economic policy, which so completely changed Russia's direction from an attempt at Communism to the present state of private enterprise. When the Eighth Congress met, in December of 1920, it was not asked to decide on this most important question. It would have perhaps refused to take such a step at that time. In March, 1921, the Council of People's Commissars issued the startling decree and when the Ninth Congress met, eight months after its inauguration, it fully endorsed the new tactics without criticism or discussion.

Neither was Russia's "Parliament" handicapped by the usual parliamentary formalities, such as the necessity of a quorum, a well-defined time and place of meeting, regularly established constituencies, a definite number of delegates, a well worked-out system of credentials, and a previously arranged term of sessions. These provisions have, so far, been either lacking entirely in the Russian Congresses, or have varied so greatly that they cannot be generalized. During the first five Congresses, delegates were elected by variegated methods. Credential regulations were different for each assembly. There were no established precedents or other rules of order to follow. During the early years especially, delegates rarely arrived in time for the meeting. They continued to arrive throughout the time the Congress was in session, and many came after it had already adjourned. All attempts to establish regular intervals between Congresses failed. Thus, the periods between Congresses vary from two to fifteen months. And for more than two years, although the constitution provided for the

convening of the Congress twice a year, it was not convened oftener than once a year. The Ninth Congress finally amended the constitution to meet with the actual practice. Neither could the length of sessions be determined in advance. Sessions continued only for such time as the work they were called for to do necessitated and the political conditions permitted. They lasted from two to eight days.

While the Russian "Parliament" is still in a state of formulation and flux, there are certain features about it that stand out glaringly. Chief among these is its opportunism and utter disregard of purely idealistic, theoretical and doctrinaire pronouncements, such as may be found in our Declaration of Independence, the English Bill of Rights, or the French Revolution. This is ever more remarkable in view of the natural temptation, in times of social change, to give parliamentary discussions a certain halo of idealism and humanitarianism. The liberal world has paid dearly for the inability of men to withstand this temptation. For this often meant the losing sight of the practical issues. Thus, the Jacobians in 1793 spent their time in creating the Great Constitution of that year, and lost the revolution entirely. In 1848 also, while the German revolutionaries set in Frankfort A. M. writing the last points of the Declaration of Rights of the German people, the thunder of Prussian guns informed them that the revolution was at an end.

The Russians knew history. The Soviet Congresses were not to be swayed by mere sentimental or idealistic phraseology. Their professed Communist goal was not going to detract them from the important practical problems. They were not going to exchange the revolution for beautiful pronouncements. Their mission was practical. Perhaps they were spared the European fate by their proletarian realism. As workers they were not concerned in the creation of the ideal structure and were content to play the less important role of strengthening and safeguarding the new political and social facts which have already come to the

front. "Constitutions," they said, "can wait, while revolutions will not." Thus, in the very critical moment of Kerensky's fall, when the power was transferred to the Bolsheviks, the workers', soldiers' and peasants' delegates to the Second Congress did not sit down to formulate a new constitution and laws. Nor did they begin preparing the plans for the ideal social commonwealth. Instead, they promptly went to the front and let the adoption of a constitution wait till the Fifth Congress—nine months following the securing of power. Similar opportunistic tendencies have characterized all Congresses.

No parliamentary representatives have as fundamental a tie and as close a relationship to the actual power and administration of their country as have Russia's Congressional representatives. The delegates to these assemblies are not made up of people especially selected for the purpose of law-making, who live in the capitol and do little else. The great majority of Soviet delegates are recruited from the people who are actively engaged in the administrative and executive work of the government throughout the country. They are made up of men who are law-makers in the capitol and active administrators or officials at home. They are called together in these conventions, not only for the purposes of "holding council," but also in order to deliberate upon the best methods of enforcing the adopted measures in their different localities. This fact was of benefit to Russia. For when the delegates adopted some new measure, the government would immediately turn to them and demand that these laws be executed fully, without delay. The extent of this representation is shown by the attendance at the Eighth Congress, where nearly 55 per cent. of the delegates were administrative officials.

Another interesting fact about the Soviet "Parliaments" is that only the last two Congresses have been able to devote any attention to the problems of reconstruction and to the general economic policies. The first seven conventions were largely concerned with the problems of the civil wars,

allied blockade, and the defense of the revolution. The Eighth Congress held at the end of 1920 marks a turning point in the development of these gatherings. Their power and prestige became more or less definite from this date. With the 1920 Convention, the attention of the Congress began to be centered upon the economic front. And the Congresses now are devoting their energies to the actual organization of the Soviet economic society.

A number of additional features distinguish the Russian Congresses from European Parliaments, or from that of our own Congress. The Russian system of election is entirely different from that used in other countries, being based upon industrial rather than geographic representation. Delegates are elected by shops and factories, instead of by wards or districts. The Russian Congresses, furthermore, are not debating or law-making bodies. These are left to the Central Executive Committee and the Council of People's Commissars which each Congress elects. So far, their main work has consisted in listening to reports and propositions made by the heads of the government. There is generally little debate on the floor of the Congresses. Delegates may send up questions in writing to the various speakers, and answers are given at the end of each session. Because these Congresses are overwhelmingly Communist, every report and policy of the government is generally adopted without much discussion. While officially the other political parties have usually been accorded an opportunity to express their views at every Congress, opposition orators have generally not met with the same amount of tolerance.

The Russian "Parliament" has no standing or permanent committees. Upon assembling, it divides itself into sections according to the different problems confronting it at the time, such as food, fuel, railroads, famine, health, etc. Delegates may register and attend such meetings as are of interest to them. Questions are debated thoroughly at these section meetings, and resolutions are then introduced to the main

body. Of course, each party holds caucus meetings and decides in advance upon its actions. The Communists being in the majority have naturally thus far succeeded in carrying through all their policies with little difficulty. The caucus principle has been perfected by the Bolsheviks.

While these Congresses have not functioned regularly, especially during the first three years, it may, nevertheless, be said that on the whole they did represent a sort of plebiscite of the Russian masses, upon most of the important steps taken in Russia. Russia's leading questions during the early days, such as the conclusion of the war, the signing of the Brest-Litowsk Treaty, the removal of the capitol to Moscow, the foreign policy, as well as the main problems of reconstruction, were decided upon by the various Congresses of workers', soldiers' and peasants' representatives. As far as Russia may be said to have had a free public opinion, it found expression in these novel parliaments.

No description of the Russian Congresses would be complete without a full appreciation of the supremacy held over it by Russia's all-powerful person—that of Nicholas Lenin. Lenin's influence over these gatherings cannot be exaggerated. From the Second Congress—which met at the time of the Bolshevik Revolution—to the present day, they have listened to his counsels and followed his guidance in every point. Lenin's skill has been revealed best at these conventions. The speech which he, as head of the government, delivers before these Congresses is always the center of attraction and the chief point of discussion. He is at home at these conventions. Although he never reads his speeches, he is brilliant, subtle and lucid at the same time. He is not afraid to repeat an important idea when it is needed for effect. He crushes his enemies by a biting sarcasm. Lenin's speeches before the Congresses reveal a most ingenious advertising mind. His program is always concrete before every Congress, and in order to give it popular impetus he epitomizes it in a concrete slogan which promptly becomes the motto of the country. For example, when the Seventh

Congress met, Russia was in danger of being destroyed by disease, especially by the ravages of typhus. Extra measures had to be adopted. Lenin aroused his followers to action by declaring that this was a question whether "the lice will conquer Socialism, or Socialism will conquer the lice." During the Eighth Congress, when the internal reconstruction of the country was the main issue, Lenin summed up the Soviet plan of electrifying all of Russia by declaring that "Communism means the Soviet Government plus electrification." Similarly, at the Ninth Congress, when the new economic policy was already in full swing, and it was a question whether the government or the speculators were going to win the race of government vs. private ownership, Lenin repeated that, "A good Communist is one that knows best how to trade" and urged his followers to study business methods from the best speculators. It will be largely what Lenin will urge at the approaching Tenth Congress that will be Russia's policy for the coming year. For no ruler or Prime Minister was ever more certain of his counsels being accepted by his followers as Lenin is of Soviet Russia's "Parliament."

MALAISE

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

A lighted window in the night, a clear
Panel of sky above some narrow street;
Voices across calm water that we hear
As music only, indistinct and sweet;
Marsh lands at evening when the Phoenix-wings
Of sunset have gone beating down the west. . .
These are secure: the ancient, simple things
No absence can assail, no tears molest.

And yet we follow them with all our needs,
Breathe sorrow into solitude, until
It seems another heart of pity bleeds
Far down the slope of some sea-facing hill,
Unbuilt upon, unbroken by the plow. . .
World, will you not be weary of us now?

SIR HENRY WORTH THORNTON

By FRANCIS A. CARMAN

SIR HENRY WORTH THORNTON, the new president of the Canadian National Railways, has tackled a man's job. His appointment coincides with the consolidation of all the government lines in the Dominion, twenty-two thousand miles in extent, under a single control, and the system is entering on its corporate life burdened with a heavy operating deficit, to say nothing of immense fixed charges.

The new president, however, American born and Briton naturalized, is used to tackling big jobs and seeing them through. An Indianian by birth, a Pennsylvanian by education, physically a son of Anak, his thirteen years on the Pennsylvania railroad were lucky both for him and for the company; and the end of that period found him with the title of general superintendent at the head of the Long Island section of the big system. At this point in his career England reached out and took him for the general manager's chair on a railway with the heaviest passenger traffic in the world, the Great Eastern, which also controls shipping on the North Sea. Here the war descended and before it was over this American in his middle forties had so won his way into British confidence that he was placed in charge of the transportation of British troops on the continent. Now he comes out to a wider field and a bigger task, to endeavor to lift the Canadian Government railways out of the slough of deficits; and with massive and determined head upon powerful shoulders, he looks the type of man to whom the joy of the struggle would be more than the higher emoluments which his new post carries.

The slough of deficits in which President Thornton finds the Canadian National Railways is deep enough to satisfy the most bitter opponent of government railways. The sum which the people of Canada had to go down in their pockets for to even up on the operations of last year was a little over \$73,000,000. Of this approximately sixty millions were for fixed charges and the balance a loss on operations.

The situation is not, however, without its brighter side. The deficits on operation have been steadily decreasing for the last year or two. The operating loss in 1920 on the roads now included in the Canadian National Railways—which then were practically under government control and government financial responsibility—was nearly twenty-seven millions. For 1921 it was only a little over twelve millions. Further, up to the end of July—the latest period for which figures are available—there has been an improvement as for this year over last of about eleven millions of dollars. And moreover, of the “fixed charges” \$37,600,000 only are due to the public, the balance being made up of interest on the deficits of the past.

It may be enlightening to put Sir Henry Thornton's problem in another way. The fixed charges which he has to meet—making provision for the payment of interest on past deficits, which, of course, has to be met out of railway revenues or from taxes—total, as already indicated, about \$60,000,000. Putting together the fixed charges of the Canadian Pacific and its stock dividends—now paid so long and so regularly as to be regarded almost in the light of “fixed” charges—the sum which President Beatty must find is \$37,337,000. That is a handicap which might well deter the bravest railwayman from entering the lists. But it is perhaps worth noting that on the basis of charges due to the public—“fixed” and “semi-fixed”—the two presidents start about even.

This problem, with its still big deficits and its burdensome interest charges, with which the new president of the National Railways has elected to grapple, has arisen out of

the failure of two great railway corporations to stand the strain put upon them by the war. There were other contributing causes in both cases, but it was the rising prices and financial stringency of the war that brought on the final collapse. It was the failure of these two companies that has put government ownership of railways into the forefront of Canadian politics. The Canadian people did not go into the wholesale purchase of railways on doctrinaire grounds. It was a condition, and not a theory, that confronted them. There have long been advocates of government ownership in the Dominion, but probably none of them would have been so rash as to advocate the taking over of twenty thousand miles of line within less than five years. But the private owners of the two big systems found themselves unable to carry on; they applied to the government for help and were given it; but still they could not stand alone and came back for more help from the public treasury. Then it was that the government decided that if it must pay the bills, it might better own the roads; and so the present system of government-owned roads came into being.

The great contributing cause of the downfall of the two big railway corporations was transcontinental madness. Canada had one road stretching from ocean to ocean, the C. P. R. There was probably room for a second. But there were two railway "crowds" who wanted to control that second; neither would give way, nor would they pool their interests. The old Grand Trunk, the pioneer railway of central Canada, had a rich system of feeders in Ontario and Quebec. The Canadian Northern, projected and built by Sir William Mackenzie and Sir Daniel Mann, had a promising system on the prairies. If these two "crowds" had been willing to unite forces, the chances are that today the Dominion would have had two transcontinentals in sound financial condition. But they insisted on fighting, so both have gone to the wall. The Grand Trunk started its transcontinental line first and has talked of bad faith on the

part of the government in allowing a third competitor into the field. "On the contrary," as is stated by one of those who presided over the latest stage of this fatal contest, the Grand Trunk arbitration, "the evidence clearly shows that the Grand Trunk enterprise was launched into territory in the prairie provinces already occupied and in process of occupation by the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern systems, and that before the Grand Trunk enterprise was entered upon, express notice in writing had been given to the Grand Trunk by the Canadian Northern Railway Company that it possessed the necessary charter powers and intended to extend its system easterly through Ontario and Quebec and westerly to the Pacific Ocean."

The Canadian Government system of railroads, which has now come under one management as the Canadian National Railways—though that title has been in use for a few years as an informal description of part of the system—has grown up out of a line built as part of the pact of confederation to join the maritime provinces with Quebec and Ontario. This road with all its branches contributes only a little more than twenty-two hundred miles to the big system, or one-tenth of the total mileage. The Intercolonial was never a financial success. It had an operating surplus at times, but it never paid interest on the cost of construction. This was counterbalanced by low rates and by a better service than the finances warranted. It was partially explained by the parallel fact that the C. P. R. did not find its lines east of Montreal a money-maker; indeed, in some years they have showed an operating deficit. But the Intercolonial never imposed a burden on the country that was regarded as a problem; the annual amount involved was small and it was looked upon as part of the price of confederation.

The first of the private railway corporations to come under government ownership was the Canadian Northern. This system, which included a through line from the Pacific to Montreal and Quebec, with feeders on the prairies and

in Ontario and Quebec and a scattered line or two in Nova Scotia, was built mainly out of bonds guaranteed by the provinces and the Dominion. The company had obtained a Dominion guarantee for bonds to link up its prairie system with Ontario just before the Liberals went out of power in 1911; and three years later came back for further guarantees, when the Conservative government of the day took over 40 per cent. of the common stock as security. This created a strong community of interest between the company and the government; and two years later the Mackenzie and Mann interests were back for more aid. They got that, too, but even that was not sufficient. The Dominion government found itself in the position of being the guarantor of over one hundred millions of junior securities; and it became necessary to take over the system or lose all that had been loaned and guaranteed. The act which made the Canadian Northern a government road was passed in 1917, and the system came under government control at the end of the next year.

The history of the collapse of the Grand Trunk has some special features of its own. The parent company has been in operation since the middle of last century. Its financial career was troubled and it received a moderate amount of public subvention, but in the early years of this century it was getting pretty well on its feet. Then it was that it was smitten with the madness for a transcontinental system. The G. T. R. got in ahead of the Canadian Northern with its cross-continent line, but its project was extended for political reasons and fell of its own weight. The original proposal of the company was for a line to connect its Ontario roads with a system of feeders in the West and an extension to the Pacific, but the company could not build without financial help from the government; and government help was by political pressure made conditional upon building across northern Quebec and down into the maritime provinces. This trunk line across virgin territory was constructed so solidly and with such low grades that the

estimates of cost were more than doubled and the company refused to operate it. This section, known as the National Transcontinental and consisting of two thousand miles of line from Moncton to Winnipeg, then lapsed to the government and was added to the Intercolonial. Meanwhile, the burden of the Grand Trunk Pacific, as the western section from Winnipeg to the coast was called, proved so heavy that the parent company had to become a suppliant for government aid again and again, and in the spring of 1919 it notified the government that it could no longer operate its western lines. As the parent company was a heavy guarantor of the bonds of these lines, as well as the owner, this would in the ordinary course of events have meant insolvency for it. The only alternative was continued government aid; and the government again, to protect its loans and guarantees and the general credit of the Dominion, was forced to step in and take over the whole Grand Trunk system.

At the time when the Canadian Northern was taken over, it was done on the basis of assuming the fixed charges, and leaving to arbitration the price to be paid for the common stock not already held by the government. This amounted to six hundred thousand shares and as a result of the arbitration the government paid \$10,000,000 for them. When it came to deal with the Grand Trunk, a more complex arrangement was necessary. The government agreed to guarantee the interest on the debenture stock (\$155,000,000) and on the guaranteed stock (\$60,000,000) of the company; and the price to be paid for the preference and common stocks (\$180,000,000) was left to arbitration. The arbitrators consisted in this case of Sir Walter Cassels, of the Exchequer Court of Canada, chairman; Hon. William H. Taft, representing the company, and Sir Thomas White, former Minister of Finance, representing the government. The majority of the arbitrators, Mr. Taft dissenting, found that, owing to the heavy liabilities involved, the preference and common stocks, which were junior securities, had no

value. The unfortunate Grand Trunk shareholders appealed to the Privy Council in England, which upheld the award of the arbitrators. It is now probable that a petition will be made for an equitable allowance for these shareholders in their misfortune, but no indication has been given as to what answer the government will return.

So the Dominion Government today finds itself owner of something more than twenty-two thousand miles of railway, for which it has assumed fixed charges of sixty millions yearly. Why, it may well be asked, was this course taken? The answer is to be seen in a glance at the other choices which were open. It would have been possible, it is true, to allow these roads to go through the hands of a receiver. But the Dominion and the provinces had tied up in these two railways nearly \$700,000,000 in loans and guarantees, most of the government securities were junior in rank, and liquidation spelled total loss, while the risk to the credit of the country was regarded by both political parties as too great to be run. Another solution, which has been advocated by so eminent a man as Lord Shaughnessy, was to hand over to the C. P. R. all the government roads except the Grand Trunk (which was to be set on its feet again), but this involved guarantees of existing C. P. R. dividends and further—which was more objectionable to the public at large—a practical railway monopoly of the Dominion. The Liberal party in Parliament contains some warm supporters of the Shaughnessy plan, but it would be vigorously opposed by both Conservatives and Progressives—and by many Liberals as well. The Mackenzie-King administration is pledged to give government ownership a fair trial, and the appointment of Sir Henry Thornton is an earnest that the Premier is taking his pledge seriously.

There is no disguising the fact that the financing of the national railways is a heavy burden for a people of less than nine millions. But no Canadian doubts the ability of the country to carry it through. "The abundant resources of the country and the character of the people," as Sir

Joseph Flavelle summed up the matter in his report to the late Prime Minister, Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen, "will enable the country to meet every obligation. There will be periods of readjustment when anxiety and concern will be present, but these will always pass. When the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway was proposed there were leaders in Parliament who sincerely thought the enterprise was doomed to failure. Within thirty years men whose opinion upon financial matters was considered authoritative predicted that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company would pay no more dividends. We will have an uncomfortable time for years with this public-owned railway property, but we need not give way to fear if we retain patience and balance, and afford a public-owned property, developed before its time but with unlimited credit, an administration operating under conditions reasonably corresponding to those present in successfully operated private properties."

TO —

By JOSHUA KOPOLOV

Your voice is full of little trembling things
 As a tree's throat is full of many a quivering bird;
 The silence silvers your hair, and darkness sings
 In you, immortal harmonies unheard.

You have moved reverently among ancient fountains
 And known the golden horns of long, hushed times
 Blowing through visions in you of old mountains
 Lifting their grandeured brows to sundown climes.

But I must crawl through ugliness, and run
 Haggardly down the stark, lone waste of night
 Crying forever in vain for beauty's lips. . . .

Only where earth, rain-sparred and glittering, dips
 Its keel into the black waters of oblivion
 There may be a phosphorescence and a light. . . .

HOLBERG AND THE DANISH STAGE

By JULIUS MORITZEN

DRAMATIC art within a given country probably offers no greater contrasts than the realistic plays of Henrik Ibsen and the droll comedies of Ludvig Holberg. What would seem still more to the point, so far as Scandinavia is concerned, with all that the Ibsen drama means to the exposition of social conditions and however much realism will be able to make its appeal it is a safe venture that the name of Holberg will continue for generations to be synonymous with all that is fundamentally sound in theatrics. That the Royal Danish Theatre has lent itself so excellently to presentation of Ibsen plays as well as the comedies of Holberg is but a further evidence what this institution means to the people of the Scandinavian North.

The reason is not far to seek why the two-hundredth anniversary of the performance of the first play by Ludvig Holberg is considered by Danes and Norwegians an event of considerable importance. The dramatic season of 1922-23, as it applies to Copenhagen, very naturally witnesses a revival of Holberg at the Royal Danish Theatre which focuses the attention on the relationship that exists between the Danish Molière, as he is so frequently called, and this notable institution in the capital of Denmark.

Ludvig Holberg was born at Bergen, Norway, December 3, 1684. At that time Norway was under the crown of Denmark, and since a century ago the city of Bergen took the initiative in celebrating a Holberg centennial, it has been a frequently disputed point whether the great playwright is a Dane or Norwegian by birth. However, this question of nationality does not enter at all into the common

acceptance of Ludvig Holberg as a Scandinavian asset of the highest artistic value.

In drawing aside the curtain and turning the light on the playwright and the stage of which Ludvig Holberg is a founder, his resemblance to Molière, and in what way the two differ, furnishes an opportunity for estimating Holberg at his full value. As a matter of fact, to call Holberg the Danish Molière is a misnomer. It is true that both wrote plays that searched out human motives and made satire and humor their vehicles in bringing home the lesson. The audiences of both had their risibilities aroused at the portraying of foibles and idiosyncrasies that were their own stage reflections. But Holberg's quality of humor was all his own. Born nine years after the death of Jean Baptiste Poquelin there is no doubt that Holberg owed much to the French dramatist on the score of technique. On the other hand, the influence of England on the entire productivity of the Danish author is unquestioned.

Much as his comedies did toward establishing his fame they by no means encompass Holberg's genius. As scholar and philosopher he took rank equal with some of the foremost of his time in other lands beside his own. England became the cradle of his literary aspirations and he said himself that Oxford gave him the inspiration to launch forth on the sea of authorship. It is quite regrettable that due to the limitation of the Danish language not a great deal has been said in the past as to Holberg and English readers. Neither France or Germany have been so neglectful in making an acquaintance with his productions. Like Voltaire twenty years before, Holberg came to England to study and to learn. But there is this difference to be noted that when Voltaire came upon British soil he was a man of thirty, coming as an exile from France after an active life in the literary circles of Paris, while Ludvig Holberg was only twenty-two years of age. Impressionable to a degree and familiar as he was with English, the Norwegian visitor had the advantage that he could at once begin to benefit from the literary atmosphere around him.

Preliminary to his stay in England Holberg had seen something of Continental Europe. At the age of twenty he had taken his university degree as a theologian, when shortly after he sailed from Bergen for Amsterdam. His native Norway, a political appendage to Denmark appeared to offer him no opportunity for his ambition, as the church and the schools were not to his liking. Following the example of his father, young Holberg went abroad to learn the military profession, but unlike his parent he did not succeed in entering upon this career. Returning to Norway, Ludvig Holberg then went to Oxford.

Regarding Holberg's experience at the great university he called the three years he spent in England the happiest in his life. Making many friends he earned some money as a teacher of languages and doing literary work for others. He studied the shifting of political alliances, the final phases of the sway held by the Paris autocratic rulers over the rest of Continental Europe. Those were also the days of the decline of Holland as a European factor, while the sudden rise of England, its increase as a sea-power and the extension of the colonial empire, all combined to enlist Holberg's interest which long after his stay in Oxford were of a political rather than literary nature.

Here, then, was the future writer of comedies absorbing the very qualities that subsequently found expression in such scholarly works as "An Introduction to International Law," "Description of the Prinsipal Nations of Europe," "Epistles," "The History of Denmark," etc. In "Niels Klim's Subterranean Journey," Holberg strikes a different note. In order to avoid the Danish censor it was written in Latin and published in Leipzig. This account of a series of visits paid by Niels Klim to certain strange nations within the hollow of the earth, by its pointed satire on the customs of contemporary society is written somewhat in the strain of Robinson Crusoe. Soon after its publication it was translated into most other European languages and is one of the very few among Holberg's works rendered into English.

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It is not as the scholar that he was that Holberg is best remembered by the generations succeeding the period in which he lived and worked. Rather it is as the founder of a native dramatic school that his memory is kept green among Scandinavians. It has been said of him that he "seized with avidity the opportunity to write comedy, not from a desire to display his own versatility, or from an absorbing devotion to the drama as a form of art, but because he believed that through his plays he could fulfill most completely what he conceived to be his intellectual mission."

As early as the seventeenth century the Danish Court maintained a playhouse, but as the performers were either French or German this erstwhile effort at dramatic presentation is of interest chiefly because it spurred native talent into action. It was not until 1720, however, that the Danish public got the chance to attend the theatre. Two years later the Danish language was used for the first time on the Northern stage. And while the first performance in the vernacular was a translation of Molière's "L'Avare," the next production was Holberg's "The Political Tinker." The premiere took place on September 22, 1722, and it is this event that centers the interest in the two-hundredth anniversary celebration.

The Danes are fond of calling the Royal Danish Theatre the "House of Holberg." It was in 1721 that a small number of citizens in Copenhagen believed the time ripe for the establishment of native drama in Denmark. A company, with a French actor by the name of Montaignu as director, was formed and after royal permission had been obtained to bring out plays in Danish, Holberg was approached for the purpose of furnishing material. Although his university duties kept him fully occupied with the composition of scholarly treatises and moral essays he responded to the request with avidity.

Writing with almost incredible swiftness, by the time the theatre was opened, on August 23, 1722, Holberg had finished five of his best plays, including the three famous com-

edies, "Jeppe of the Hill," "The Political Tinker," and "Erasmus Montanus." In all he wrote and produced twenty-six comedies. Playwright, actor and impresario rolled into one, he became the center and circumference of all that concerned Danish scenic art in those early days when his genius shone resplendantly. But a storm and stress period set in that even his indefatigable efforts were unable to stand up against. Finally, in 1748, a healthier condition took hold, but the debts with which the theatre had been burdened since its inception were not paid off until 1770 when the King of Denmark assumed all obligations. For the next three quarters of a century the Danish stage remained an adjunct of the Royal Court. In 1849, however, the nation took over the affairs of theatre since which time the endowed national playhouse as an educational and cultural institution has been a strong factor in the development of Denmark and the Danes.

In order to understand the fundamentals of the endowed Royal Danish Theatre as it is today it is essential to turn back to the first six years that marked the work of Ludvig Holberg and the direction of the theatre under Montaigu. The company led a most precarious existence. The public did not support the enterprise properly. When King Frederick VI granted a royal subvention of \$2,500 a year and the company began to play under the proud title of Royal Actors some improvement set in. But the devastating fire that swept Copenhagen about that time put a temporary stop to all forms of amusements, the clergy declaring that the conflagration was the scourge of Providence for the wickedness of the city, the most impudent form of which, they asserted, was the drama. The crown prince was a devout adherent to this doctrine. Before conditions in the city were enough improved to warrant the resumption of the subsidy to the actors the king died, on October 12, 1730. Under the reign of his successor, Christian VI, from 1730 to 1746, no dramatic performances of any sort were sanctioned. The theatre building was disposed of by auction,

the company dissolved and Holberg ceased for the time being to write any more plays.

At the death of Christian VI, the character of the Court immediately changed. One of the first forms of amusement to be restored was the theatre. Although Holberg had no official connection with the company, he agreed to advise the actors about their repertoire and soon his association with the stage revived his interest in dramatic composition. He wrote six new plays during 1751 and 1752. But not one of these was up to his former standard.

The latter part of Holberg's life was spent in peace and affluence; he devoted himself especially to the improvement of his large estates and the betterment of the peasants. He was elevated to the rank of baron in 1747, after bequeathing to the crown his estates for the purpose of endowing the famous old Academy at Soro. He died on January 28, 1754, and was buried in the abbey of the Church of Soro, beside the great Bishop Absalon.

III.

Whether Holberg's nationality is to be considered to be Danish or Norwegian, there is no disputing the fact that Norway has had no small part in making the Royal Danish Theatre known beyond the boundaries of Denmark because of what the plays of Henrik Ibsen have done in that direction. The first of his social dramas to be performed at Copenhagen was his "League of Youth." This was in 1870, and it is quite true that another famous Norwegian, Bjornstjerne Bjornson, preceded Ibsen on that stage by some years with "The Newly Married." But it is the series of society plays that established the fame of Henrik Ibsen throughout the world which have directed attention to the "House of Holberg." Interesting it is to know further that some of the most noted players of Denmark have been equally versatile in Holberg and Ibsen roles.

It was at the Royal Danish Theatre that Henrik Ibsen scored his first big success with "A Doll's House," and part of this success certainly was due to the admirable work of

Betty Hennings, whose long connection with the stage terminated quite recently with the actress attaining her three-score and ten. That she has been seen to great advantage in a number of Holberg roles as well testifies to the exceptional versatility of this Danish actress. It would require recounting the most important incidents in the history of the Danish stage during more than half a century to give Betty Hennings her just dues as a scenic artist. She is by no means alone in being a theatrical star on the Northern firmament, but she is representative of the best that the Danish stage has produced.

Chosen by Ibsen himself to enact Nora in "A Doll's House," Betty Hennings has had many imitators, but perhaps few equals in that exacting part. The story of her life reads like a romance. When not quite eight years old the then Betty Schnell was admitted to the dancing school of the Royal Danish Theatre, where M. Bounonville, the instructor of the corps de ballet, saw in his new pupil the great promise that led her gradually from the dance to such emotional parts as Silvia in D'Annuncio's "Gioconda." She has run the entire gamut of the Ibsen plays, terminating with the Irene in "When We Dead Awaken." The variety of her art is shown when contrasting a part like Beatrice in "Dante" with the Princess in Holger Drachmann's "Once Upon a Time. . . ."

Reverting to Holberg, it suffices to mention what the brothers Emil and Olaf Paulsen have accomplished in portraying the great characters that are once more brought to life during the two hundredth anniversary celebration. Rabelais said that the distinctive quality that elevates man above the rest of creation is his capacity for laughter. No disciple of Holberg ever stuck closer to the Rabelain rule than Olaf Paulsen, for instance, in such roles as Jeppe, in "Jeppe of the Hill"; Herman von Bremen, in "The Political Tinker," or Jacob Berg, in "Erasmus Montanus."

Holberg and Molière found human avarice, selfishness and pomposity most fertile soil for stage representation.

In that respect there is little doubt that the French and Scandinavian playwright are of a kind. Seeing the famous characters in the plays of either given their modern setting, it is revealed how little the world has changed in two hundred years and more and with mastery the foibles of mankind can be shown through comedy or drama.

However brief an account of the Royal Danish Theatre, its growth and influence on Danish culture, it is essential to mention what the art of the drama owes to the late Dr. Karl Mantzius, whose "The Art of the Theatre in the Nineteenth Century" is an achievement that stands alone. Mantzius, himself an actor of pronounced talent, comes of a theatrical family that has shed glory on the Danish scene.

Standing before the entrance to the Royal Danish Theatre in the King's New Market, Copenhagen, the statues of Oehlenslæger and Holberg symbolize to what an extent a small country like Denmark can contribute to the enlightenment and culture of its people. Romanticist and realist in their particular periods, the names of these Scandinavian writers blend into a harmonious whole, and for generations to come undoubtedly will be as loadstars in a domain that, no matter where the lines divert, has become a necessity to the progress of the nations.

BAALBEK

By **BLANCHE COATES MATTHIAS**

White clouds on the sky,
White blossoms on the trees;
White feathers on the ground—
Something killed last night!
Killed!—
Something killed last night—
White feathers on the ground—
Blossoms on the trees—clouds!

PLAYS, PLEASANT AND UNPLEASANT

By MARY CASS CANFIELD

THE Greenwich Village Follies are, as their name implies, "artistic" follies. This does not mean that they are dull, that the manner of them swamps their matter. Only that they represent elimination rather than mass, taste rather than opulence. We do not get in them Mr. Ziegfeld's golden armies of girls tramping a bit too triumphantly before the footlights. All suspicion of Hippodrome magnificence, of size sensation is scrupulously avoided. The chorus of this recondite review seems composed of people who are taking histrionics more or less seriously; they do not appear to be exclusively engaged in "glorifying the American girl." Instead they are busy getting into the pictures which the brains of various artists have devised for them.

These Follies are for the most part an Epicurean feast to the eye. The Chauve Souris has made an excellent mark on this show and has probably initiated a new type of entertainment in our theatre. From the Russian vaudeville our quickly imitative producers have lifted several useful notions. Surprising color, emphasis on the grotesque as more significant than the pretty, the aliveness of irresponsible nonsense as opposed to logical, pasteboard plot, presentation of fable or folk song as simplified drama, these are all Balieff treasures which we now find glittering on the fingers of Broadway impressarios. And so much the better. Mr. Balieff in his second Chauve Souris took an old French song: "The King Orders the Drums to be Beaten" and built a miniature tragedy with it; Mr. John Murray Anderson has chosen Oscar Wilde's story: "The Nightingale and the Rose" and staged it. In the process he has made it, to its loss, more

of a ballet than a tale; a particularly false note in the middle of it is the series of pseudo-Pavlova gyrations by Miss Ula Sharon, who has more temperature than temperament. Somewhere a cog has slipped; the artistic rightness of the Russians is not here either in the ground plan of the act or in its interpretation, which is more business-like than inspired. And yet the evocation has charm, poetry, visual beauty. The pastry palace, somehow recalling the Soldiers and Sailors Monument which saddens Riverside Drive, could surely have been improved upon as a *mise en scène*; but lyrical grace has been attained by Mr. James Reynolds in his costume designs for this number. These are keyed to a fairy tale, not to the faintly flat episode presented us. They are glorious arabesques, Aubrey Beardsley colored by Bakst, absurd elegances, mincing subtleties as heartless and exquisite as Oscar Wilde's own conception of crystal-line aristocracy.

An antidote to "The Nightingale and the Rose," mustard after caviar, is Mr. Bert Savoy, who with his side partner, Mr. Brennan, happily punctuates the show in three or four scenes. Mr. Savoy, a Gainsborough hatted "vamp" is amazingly chic; he has diverted himself by trying to reproduce the lines of a fashion plate and has gorgeously succeeded. As for his humor it is, as ever, good natured, brilliantly ridiculous and above all infectious. No other music hall comedian has just his horse power, his immensely gregarious wit. Mr. Savoy has substituted for "You don't know the half of it, dearie," and "I'm glad you asked me," "You should have been with us," which phrase will probably tour the United States. Later in the evening, Mr. Balieff is duly and, thanks to his idiosyncrasies, very satisfactorily, taken off. Mr. Carl Randall provides the most American feature of a rather cosmopolitan performance by his eccentric and effortless rhythmic dancing. One is tempted to declare him the best of our male dancers in the jazz department; he has a precision of technique not often approached, a taking sincerity in his impersonations,

and with it all a careless and charming ease of manner. A Spanish solo shows him effective in a "genre" differing from his usual efforts; here he undulates with a highly magnetic sobriety very Andalusian against a successful back drop, a yellow plaster house of Seville or Madrid, as incandescently simplified as a Sorolla. The other pleasant numbers on the program include two acrobats, Fortunello and Cirilino, who stage a grotesque number "Happy Hooligans" in which they accomplish the incredible with intriguing, clockwork quiet; John E. Hazzard, who sings amusingly a teary and beery melody, which appears to date from about the eighties, entitled "Good-by to dear old Alaska" and an interesting importation, a new luminary, Mademoiselle Yvonne George.

Mlle. George has been for some seasons an attraction at the cabaret "chez Fisher" in Paris, where she sings the melancholy and caustic gutter ballads of Montmartre. She is a not very young woman, square of figure, with a vividly youthful face, a face that will refuse to grow old, a face with a sort of tragic twinkle. As she came on to the stage of the Shubert Theatre, dressed in plain black velvet, a perfect Manet, relying for her effect not on jewels and gilt, but on her own subtle merit, the profundity, lightness and poise of her self, she was a distinct shock. She is of the school of Yvette Guilbert, what the French in order to underline simplicity of delivery call "a sayeur," her finger close on the pulse of the people as her interpretation of two songs "J'ai pas de veine" and "Mon homme" amply proved; however, it is Guilbert with fewer strings. Mlle. George is not a great dramatic volcano, a disconcerting genius, but a discerning and expressive spirit, with a portion of Guilbert's feeling for humble tragedy and revolt, for essential emotions. The audience appreciated Mlle. George in spite of the fact that she sang in French. Her truth to type transcended language; something of the ironic common sense, the awkward pathos, the unashamed intensity of the two derelicts she represented pierced through the estrang-

ing veil of a foreign tongue. As the curtain fell on the final, necessary harlequinade, one's eye strayed involuntarily from the peacock splendor of the dancers, from Mr. Savoy's flamboyant frame, to a calm figure in black who stood with folded hands and a smile charmingly urbane, keeping her own perspicacious and untouched counsel. Clever Mr. John Murray Anderson so to mix drinks, so to wear his rue with a difference!

In order to fully appreciate "The Greenwich Village Follies" one should go to the much heralded, new "Music Box Revue," a cruelly boring entertainment, staged without a hint of the colorful fantasy of Mr. Anderson's show, and possessing only a few minutes of respite from a sort of noisy vacuum, a blank succession of scenes with no bumps of character. There is a fairly diverting act from a melodrama "The Lady in Red" which presents the ludicrous terrors of stage business which does not happen, thanks to an absent-minded property man; this has been already better done in "The Torch Bearers." The only fun, besides this, in the evening is offered by Charlotte Greenwood who laughs at herself with a certain congenial drollery. The most difficult moments were the many which featured a rather complacent comedian by name, Bobby Clark; Mr. Clark works as hard and as deafeningly as a Ford going up hill, but all his gear shifts do not produce the effect which would be made on us by a flip of the wrist from some artist possessing that care-free undulating, indirect quality which is the comic genius. The "Music Box Revue" dates from say eight years ago; it is brisk and incredibly obvious, and it has a uniform tinsel aspect which seems symbolized by the huge curtains of cloth of gold and silver which appeared, through one's haze of ennui, to drape most of the scenes. It seems a straggler down the ages from before the time when producers of revues had discovered that fancy is born elsewhere than within the walls of Broadway costume emporiums, that a comedian is not a blacksmith but a phenomenon as kind as sunlight or as elusive as moonlight;

and that precision and intensity are hall-marks of quality, not only in the followers of the grander arts but in the heel and toe dancer, the acrobat, and the cabaret singer.

Undisturbed by imitation or echoes of his theatre, Mr. Balieff has produced a third bill of the "Chauve Souris." Solidly vivacious as is Mr. Balieff in his role of announcer, ardent or fantastic or superbly ridiculous as are the members of his company, one is inclined to proclaim Mr. Remisoff and Mr. Soudeikine the arch-artists of the troupe. Their settings and costumes "make" the performance whether Mr. Remisoff gives us a concentrated, nostalgic slice of Versailles and the epoch of Marie Antoinette in a clever pocket arrangement of hedges and colonnades and shining satins, whether he makes us laugh with his crazy roofs and mewing cats and luridly flirtatious couple as in "The Night Idyl," or designs an eliminated and beautiful costume and lacquer setting for a Japanese dancer; whether Mr. Soudeikine invents great card-board machines to ridicule for us the doleful folk sentiment of "Malbrough s'en va-t-en Guerre." One may disagree with them; "Malbrough," associated with the pleasantly calamitous reveries of childhood, seemed somehow desecrated, although entertainingly so, by Mr. Soudeikine's grotesque silhouettes, the drinking chorus of monks with ribald Mr. Balieff, a brown robe over his dress suit, commenting it from the side, and the interpolation of farcical verses at the end. Rather would one have seen it done à la Boutet de Monvel, dressed up, although with a tragic shadow over it, like the charming "Joli Tambour" of this same program, in brave and pretty red and white, flowery, gallant and just humorously pompous enough to measure exactly with the naivete of popular fancy:

"Monsieur Malbrough est mort,
Est mort et enterré."

But novelty is the heart and brains of art and the critic is wise to swallow his disapproving shock of surprise, when his pet traditions are dynamited. So let it here be open-

handedly stated that "Malbrough" is one of the striking numbers of a program which also provides an esthetic treat in Mr. Kotchetovsky's Samurai dance, delicious broad caricature in "The Night Idyl," some plaintively melodious singing by pale, black-clad women and dispirited Hussars, a gay and droll peasant scene of songs and dances called "Trepak," the already famous dilapidated chorus of the Zaitzeff Brothers, and an eventful and finely joyful uniting of Katinka to the commander of the Wooden Soldiers, entitled "Katinka's Unexpected Romance."

Out of a company as unselfish and as excellent as Mr. Balieff's one hesitates to pick out an individual for especial commendation; but one cannot help gasping an instant at Madame Deykarhanova's fire and versatility in the three so varying parts taken by her—Zarema (in the Tartar episode, which, after similar scenes presented by Diaghilev's ballet on a much grander scale, did not quite "come off"), the old Louis XV lady of "The Minuet" and an apple-munching peasant woman in "Trepak." Such ability in make-up could easily be used to cover a lack of psychic changeability; Madame Deykarhanova might well rest on her grease paint. But instead she becomes first an ominous denizen of a harem and then a tremulous, faded ivory and then a laughably coarse-grained villager. But the others are not far behind her in self-transformation; Mr. Balieff has players who are liberally and glowingly willing to leave themselves out of the question and become abstractions. We are a little surprised that, struck by their impersonality and our wide-eyed delight, he does not at the end of the performance survey us meditatively and say good-by to us as Thackeray did in "Vanity Fair": "Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out."

Long ago, with "Strife" and "Justice" Mr. Galsworthy established himself as not only an able dramatist, but a serious, impartial and yet merciful student of modern social problems. He has, in his latest play, "Loyalties," the outstanding success of last spring's London season and now

produced in New York at the Gaiety Theatre, demonstrated that he is still able and still most uncommonly serious. One resents the solemnity of his approach in "Loyalties" because his subject matter is not the labor problem with its attendant miseries, or the unsolved question of crime and punishment. He is discussing divergence in social codes, loyalties not to religions or principles, but to conventions, almost to points of etiquette. So slight is this theme that one may be forgiven for drawing the conclusion that Mr. Galsworthy has abandoned his investigator's attitude and merely taken this study of varying ideas of good form as a pretext for writing a good story. But, it seems, one is mistaken, since there is little savor in what can hardly be called his romancing. Over the proceedings there is no Barriesque flashlight of mischief and pity, no nostalgic glow that never was on land or sea; there is no boldly magnificent hobby riding, nor jumping over conventional moons, nor tilting at the stars as by Mr. Chesterton; there is no fantasy and no philosophy, only unbiased reporting, notes written on the cuff by a conscientious and correctly sane observer.

The solicitor's clerk, the police inspector, the footman, all are exact; not one is a prince, or an elf, or even—and here Mr. Galsworthy's realism is shown to be only wax work—a human soul. If a drama is neither a sermon, nor a tale touched by fancy and personal comment, it must, if it is to be treated as a work of art, be a human document, an analysis of individual character and motive. Mr. Galsworthy, however, has created no personalities; he has merely stiffly furnished us with types. It is fair to say that as a study of racial and clan characteristics, as a revelation of types, the play lives up to Mr. Galsworthy's own tradition of well selected objectivity. But the dramatic skill with which the author builds up his scenes, his accurate photography of atmosphere, whether of country-house, club or solicitor's office, the psychological interest he manages to introduce in the conflict between a rich Jew and "officers and gentlemen" should not blind us to the fact that the

theme and manner of this play are unimportantly sensational—are near Henri Bernstein. To the conflict of various loyalties, the sticking together of the Anglo-Saxons, the fierce individualism of the Jew (his truth to himself) the adherence of the lawyer to the ethics of his profession, it is probable that Mr. Galsworthy would point as the solid and worth-while nail on which he hangs the fabric of his story. True, it is a nail, but it does not somehow stand three longish acts of hammering. The whole thing, thanks to Mr. Galsworthy's deadly intentness, produces the effect of being too much ado about not enough, a Wagnerian tempest in an English teapot; when comes the last scene, introducing a tearful wife, the police with a warrant, and a pistol shot, the hectic artificiality of the interest becomes blushingly apparent. In this play Mr. Galsworthy's sympathy has, thanks to a weak and watery theme, diluted into a sentimentality which is always his danger; it may be noted in passing that softness alarmingly dogs him in all his recent work.

In "To Love," now running at the Bijou Theatre, M. Paul Géraudy, the French playwright, who wrote "The Nest," has boldly drawn the strictest of triangles. There are only three characters in the piece. Henri, his wife, Hélène, and their neighbor in the country, Challenge. Géraudy is noted for his sentimentally charming, often humorous and sometimes poignant naturalism, his light but intent grasp of the conflicting moods and instincts which make life a checker-board pattern and not the safe road-map of conventional moralists.

"To Love" is a study of the woman of thirty, ten years married to a man she chose out of love, whom she respects and who has always adored her. Into the quiet happiness of their country life, which has only been shadowed by the death of their one child some years previous to the opening of the action, steps Challenge, an impulsive, engaging and adventurous person who is at once drawn to Hélène and lets her feel it. Against his advances, her husband gently accuses Hélène of making no adequate defense. With a

skill born of great fineness of observation G raldy traces the development of the mutual attraction, the battle within Hel ne between emotion for the newcomer and loyalty to her husband, a conflict of passion and affection. The suffering of all three characters, their gradual understanding of each other, is movingly presented; Mr. G raldy has a peculiar talent for lines apparently simple, but full of human truth—cries from the heart as the French call them. There is something at once respectful, pitiful and a little whimsical about M. G raldy's attitude toward his personages, as if he saw humanity noble and tortured and a little foolish. At no moment does he make sensational capital out of emotions; the play is never conventional triangular drama; it ends with neither murder, suicide, nor even the threatened elopement, but with Hel ne's decision to stay with the man she fundamentally loves, in what she discovers is the real sense of "to love," who has shared her hopes and sorrows and is her greatest friend.

Miss Grace George's interpretation of Hel ne, like her translation of the play, shows much intelligence and sense of proportion; she is restrained, she has that spiritual tact which is good taste. She was particularly happy, thanks to this delicate control of hers, in the emotional climaxes. In the more equable moments Miss George's acting was just a little hampered by what one might call footlight consciousness, which is the opposite of embarrassment—rather the assured alertness toward the audience of a stage favorite; in other words, a neglect of the childlike intensity for make-believe which every player of genius has always possessed, that visible throwing away of self which is always a beautiful and curiously touching thing.

Mr. Robert Warwick has this capacity for self-dedication; there is something free and happy and soaring in his playing, something easy and generous which expresses itself in his response to the other people on the stage; he is the best of listeners. He hits Challenge exactly and renders him with simplicity, with very direct emotional force and

a touch of lightness in deportment which admirably suggests a Latin personality. Mr. Norman Trevor, as the husband, is on the whole convincing and always earnest, but his conception is a bit four-square and rigid; he simplifies, he "Galsworthies" Géraldy; he does not, like Mr. Warwick, follow all the fluctuations of the stream. He never seems to realize that a Frenchman, no matter how dignified, prides himself on possessing a pliable vivacity of manner as a necessary stop on his social organ, a really compulsory grace.

But these are minor faults in a performance which is, on the whole, both smooth and highly charged, a credit to the American stage, as is also the choice for presentation of a play as acute and uncompromising and untheatrical as M. Géraldy's.



MARY, THE ODALISQUE

By EVELYN SCOTT

With the odor of perfumes and metals burning,
The flames rise in a hiss of silence.
Cymbals clash.
Repellantly beautiful,
The body unseen
Already sickens with its voluptuousness.

When the smoke clears,
The dancer,
The child—
Shameless eyes,
Trembling mouth,
Body of fourteen—
Offers,
With the habitual gesture of sensuality,
Her singed spray of eglantine.

THE FLOWER OF ISLAM

By CLARENCE K. STREIT

“**A** LREADY the Turkish poets have begun to celebrate Mustapha Kemal Pasha as the ‘Flower of Islam.’ ”

Through the words of the newspaper report of Smyrna's reception to Mustapha Kemal Pasha, I see the little Turkish town of Tchorum in the heart of Anatolia. It was there, in the days when the Pasha was leading what seemed a forlorn hope, that I first became acquainted with these poets.

Troubadours, I would call them. For Tchorum they were even more. They were, they are the story-tellers, the newspapers, the movies of the ancient East.

I had gone that night through the silent town to the old coffee house on the market square. Mine was the only head not covered by a fez, a kalpak or a turban. Cross-legged on the narrow platform which ran around the large room sat grave patriarchs. Officers, soldiers, young men sat on little chairs at the tables in the center. A boy bearing a cup of thick aromatic coffee and a glass of water threaded his way to me. Through the air wan with the smoke of cigarettes and *narghiles*, the water pipes whose gurgling rose and fell mournfully, curious eyes gazed at me, then turned to the far end of the room.

There on the platform sat a swarthy one-eyed man who had just struck the wires of the queer mandolin on his knees. Beside him a fair-faced lad jingled a tambourine. The instruments became silent and in the falsetto voice of the Turkish singer, the troubadour began the inevitable invocation in praise of Allah, “the Compassionate, the Merciful,” and of his Prophet. Another interlude of music and he launched into his story, the tale which we read in the Bible

as the sacrifice of Isaac but which the Moslem learns as the sacrifice of Ishmael.

With his eyes half-closed, rocking slightly to and fro, and beginning each stanza with a long-piercing cry, "Aaaaaah—aye!" the troubadour would sing a few moments with considerable expression, then suddenly stop and play a few appropriate chords. Thus the story went on, and on, every detail from Sara's raiment to Ishmael's beauty and love for his mother receiving its stanza or two. With rapt attention his audience listened. As the tragedy developed his voice alone ran tremors down my spinal column. And when "Ibrahim went into his tent and got a knife and all alone wept bitter tears" I saw those tears in the eyes of old men about me. . . .

Some enterprising man, I was told, had once opened a moving-picture show in Tchorum. The first few nights the coffee house was deserted. Then the old men and the young men returned to the troubadour. The moving-picture man, who evidently had more enterprise than films, departed. Some said he had been run out of town. "His pictures told the same old lies every night." . . .

I can see Tchorum now, and many another of the remote towns and villages of Anatolia. I can see the story of the latest and undoubtedly one of the greatest of Turkish heroes as it starts down the channels which have poured so much of the history of the East into the shimmering Sea of Legend.

What an epic for the troubadours, this story of the man who has converted Turkey's ruin into the most glorious victory of Turkish arms since the days when Suleiman the Magnificent, as Europe named him, or the Lawgiver, as the Turks call him, ruled the Mediterranean and challenged the West at the gates of Vienna!

From the obscure family in which he was born they will take Mustapha through the Turkish common and military schools into the army. They will tell of the tyrant Abdul Hamid who imprisoned him for his political opinions. They will accompany him in exile to Damascus. There they

will dream with him the dream of a Turkey, free from tyrants and safe from foreign intrigues. And the tambourines will clash as they bring him back to Istamboul, chief of staff of the troops which dethroned the Red Sultan. Ah, but the young men will feel their muscles tauten and the old men will remember Mustapha's words, "Islam holds even the Successor of the Prophet responsible!"

Then it will be the story of war, war, war—war in which Turkey has been plunged ever since she tried to bring her own house to order. In the mournful dirge of disaster there will be one throb of exultation. "And as he stood at Gallipoli guarding Istamboul, there came orders from the Germans to retire. Where are ye now, O Germans! The Flower of Islam stood firm and the foe was thrown back with great slaughter and Istamboul was saved!"

But, ah, the melancholy days that follow. Confiding in the fair promises of the conqueror we sign the armistice. The great guns are spiked, the armies disbanded, and under the windows of the Sultan the Allied warships cast anchor. Now do the fragments of the Empire's shattered sword mirror the victor's perfidy. Smyrna he hands to the Greeks who redden her azure waters with the blood of our helpless brothers and sisters. Yea, he marches his troops into Istamboul and dares to make the Shadow of God a prisoner! . . . And the tambourine will hang mute and hate for the foe who broke his word will struggle for mastery of men's souls with sorrow for the loved ones killed, the sacred places desecrated. . . .

But Great is Allah, the Compassionate, the Merciful! Night though the day was, ye were wrong to lose faith, O Sons of Osman, to believe with the Infidel that the Crescent was eclipsed! Lo! in the East of Anatolia the Sun rises on the Day of Deliverance! There hath the Flower of Islam taken root in the cinders! See, he raises the flag of revolt, he eludes traps set for his arrest, he calls the representatives of the people together at Erzeroum. There they make a pact among themselves never again to lay down the sword

until the nation is freed from the last vestige of foreign dominion.

Now doth an abject Sultan condemn Mustapha to be hanged as a rebel. Now doth the Shiekh ul Islam launch against him and his companions the anathema of the Prophet. Woe unto the craven, the false! There are Osmanli so blind as to fight against the Deliverer. Civil war saddens the land. But lo, the Sultan's minions are crushed. No longer do his *firman*s run in Anatolia. The land is purged of the bandits who infest it. Order rises from chaos. Once more the caravans of camels may traverse the lonely roads in safety.

Now Mustapha calls upon the people to elect deputies to a Great National Assembly. There at the foot of Angora's craggy rock where seven centuries ago we crushed the might of Ghenghis Khan and became the masters of Anatolia, the chosen of the people meet. To Mustapha they offer the powers of the *Padishahs* of old, but lo, he refuses. Enough of Sultans. The time has come for the people to control their own destinies, to make their own laws and to execute them, though the Greeks be but two hundred miles away. Does not the Koran say, "Solve your problems by meeting together and discussing them." Over the speaker's chair they write the words of the Prophet in letters of silver. And the all-powerful Assembly decrees that for one year Mustapha shall be its President and shall command its army.

Its army! It has no army. There are only bands of volunteers. But let the Greeks deride their rags. For now from the distant villages of Anatolia the snowy roads pour men into Angora. There they are clothed, and given arms. With scraps of steel Osmanli genius repairs the cannon spiked by the conqueror. An army goes forth to defend the Nation encircled by foes!

In the East the Armenians are driven back and once more our brothers of Kars and Ardahan, siezed by the Tsar for a Sultan's debt fifty years ago, live under the Crescent flag.

Cilicia's noble sons, unaided and unorganized, force the French to quit their land and make their peace with the Assembly. From Adalia sail the troops of Italy. Alone remain the Greeks, and England.

Ah, the months, the dreary years of battle. Into the hands of the foe fall Afioun-Karahissar, Eski-Shehr. Triumphant he advances within a few miles of Angora. Hear the boasters: "In your Great National Assembly will we stable our horses!" But on the banks of the Sakhara they meet the Flower of Islam. Not this night nor yet another night, O Greeks, shall the capital of Turkey reborn provide mosques for your torch and women for your lust!

The exuberant tambourine sinks into silence. Thus a year of waiting passes with the fairest valleys of the land in the power of the enemy. But he advances no farther. Ah, the weary months, the weary months. The faint of heart look hungrily at the crumbs of peace which England offers. Not so the Flower of Islam. Is it for crumbs that we have poured out our blood? Our plight is bad but that of the enemy is worse, and his cause is not just. See, he weakens even now, he retreats, slowly, but he retreats.

Ah, ye may bombard our undefended ports, O Greeks. Your wrath is impotent. Yea, ye may threaten to seize Istamboul. Ye know in your hearts that the end is nigh.

Yet, once again will we offer you, O England and Greece, the choice of withdrawing in peace from our soil or of being driven into the sea. What! ye laugh at us? From your door ye spurn our ambassador? Ye say the Osmanli cannot drive the invader from his land?

Up from thy ashes, O Afioun, Black Tower of the Poppy Fields, from thy ruins, O Eski-Shehr, Old City that thou art, rise and say it is a lie! But the Flower of Islam stays not for your welcome, nor for thine, O lovely Brusa, ancient capital of Osman. Before his whirlwind sword, the proud enemy flees, burning the villages, destroying the crops, massacring the women and children. Ere the crescent moon is full the last of his mighty host are prisoners or refugees.

Ah, Smyrna, Smyrna of our dreams. Thou Pearl of Anatolia! As Afioun's fields in springtime, thy streets blossom overnight with the scarlet flag of Murad. Well mayst thou acclaim the Flower of Islam! The days of evil are ended!

Ah, Smyrna, Smyrna, must thou suffer yet once more the fury of the Greek? Must thou too feel the torch which has made desolate thy valleys? Thou art a heap of cinders but the price is not too great. Thou art freed of the Greek! Thy very scars shall defend thee from him forevermore.

Now doth fear slink through the arrogant capitals of the Entente. Haughty Austria begs at your table, mighty Germany writhes at your feet, proud Bulgaria timidly reminds you of the promises ye have not kept. From the grave in which ye buried him, lo! the Osmanli has arisen triumphant! With him whom ye despised beyond all others ye now hasten to treat as with an equal!

Well may ye rejoice, O Osmanli! Your homeland is free. Well may ye exult, O Moslems in bondage from Morocco to India! After the barren centuries, Islam has flowered!

* * * * *

Such is the song upon which the obscure Homers of Islam will lavish their wealth of color and imagery. Such is the story which with the speed of the Arabian horse will traverse the far reaches of Asia and Africa. Where the telegraph and the newspaper are unknown, in hidden mountain fastness, in uncharted oases of the Sahara, even now it fires the hearts of the followers of the Prophet. It is an epic which has within it the power to change the face of half the world.

Already the giant which is Islam stirs in his long sleep. There are those who dread his awakening. They talk of the Crescent against the Cross, of the East against the West. Those who know the Orient will not be deceived. It is the Cross which has enchained the Crescent, the West which

has invaded and exploited the East. Islam looks not toward conquest, it yearns but to live its own life. In the world there is place, there is need for the Crescent as well as the Cross, for the East as well as the West. Islam, which preserved for us one civilization and created for us another, Islam reborn will yet enrich the life of man.

The Crescent of Mustapha Kemal is no more the Crescent of yesterday than our Cross is the Cross of the Crusades. That "faraway look" in his eyes dwells on a Turkey that I did not see, that no man has seen. It was not in the cause of bigotry that he fought, this victorious general who, clad in modest civilian clothes, entered Smyrna in an automobile. Nor was it simply to defend the hovels of sun-baked mud which the Anatolian peasant calls home. It was to bring those peasants modern farm implements, railways, hospitals, to rescue them from ignorance, to wipe their hovels from the rich soil of Anatolia. I found the Turkish Nationalists at Valley Forge—giving Hamlet in the National Theatre they had opened, building a model kindergarten at Eski-Shehr, sending their educated men from the trenches to teach in the village schools, establishing the "People's University" at Angora. No, this Moslem soldier-statesman who could tell me, "We have women in Turkey who are as capable as men of occupying such high posts as that of ambassador to Washington," was not fighting for the land of the fathers, but for the land of the children.

* * * * *

Some day I hope to return to the "sweet waters," which, said Mehmed, the hotel bellboy, "pull men to Tchorum." "You will," he gravely assured me, "if it is so written in your destiny." I wish to go to the old coffee house, to sit down among grave bearded men, to sip my coffee while the *narghiles* gurgle. I want to hear the swarthy, one-eyed troubadour chanting the glory of the Flower of Islam. For I was there in the evil days, when the God of free men

demanded sacrifices from every patriarch and there was no angel to stay the knife, no ram to replace the son.

I think it is written in my destiny that I shall return. But may Kismet soon reach that page. Else I shall not find the old troubadour, save, perhaps, twanging a mute mandolin in the moving pictures across the square.



SYMPHONIA DOMESTICA

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

That child of missalliance that the owl
Bore to a thoughtless cricket, night-faced clock,
Berates me with its quirk and from its jowl
Drips down its weighty stare that fills its crock;
The mirror, a reflective puddle, sips
Too quietly the steps of everything;
The feline gaslight purs and licks its lips;
The drains, three frogs, are clearing throats to sing.

Outside the windows the implacable brow
Of night grows heavier, the shadows pair
Like combed-out strands of heavy hair.
The incensed wind mutters its casual vow.
My walls, drab red, affect a sunset now.
And this day ends with evening in a chair.

ISAAK WALTON

By LLEWELYN POWYS



IT would seem that gently flowing waters in some strange way lend themselves to thoughts of a meditative and religious complexion. It is reported of Confucius that whenever he sat by the side of a river he would cry, so deeply would his mind be disturbed by philosophic contemplations engendered by the sight of a gliding stream. And there is about the writing of Isaak Walton just this quality of reflective piety. As has been well said by Professor Sainstbury, there hangs over the pages of the "Complete Angler" a "singular and golden simplicity."

The book carries with it the very sights and sounds and scents of sweet river-side pastures, the very glimpses of their wide silver reaches, the very cries of their half-hidden water fowl—of moor hens, coots and dabchicks, the very aromatic smells of the over-grown water flowers that cluster about their damp margins. The "complete angler," Charles Lamb declared, "would sweeten a man's temper at any time to read it," and indeed its "smooth writing" has had a most consoling influence upon generations of human beings who, less wise or less fortunate than its author, have had for their life's occupation not the "disporte of fysshying," but "the diligence of trades and noiseful gain."

A certain similarity has been observed between "The Complete Angler" and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and truly it would seem, as one remembers the two books, that something of the same lovely sunlight that lit up the green slopes of the delectable mountains falls also upon those glorified meadows of the Thames which used to seem to the old angler "too pleasant to be looked upon but on holy days." It is extraordinary how Isaak Walton has managed to convey to his readers the intense relish and enjoyment

that he was wont to experience on the occasions when he was able to leave his little shop in Fleet Street and go a'fishing. Never has the peaceful radiance of green fields under a May-day sun been more surely described. From each artless sentence, from the very words he uses there is evoked the actual look of the gleaming spring-grass, the actual smell of the cowslip-grown meadow-sod under the soft influence of a "smoking shower."

All day long in our fancy those enchanted meads seem to be echoing with "the curious ditties of the little nimble musicians of the air," while at night time "when the very laborers sleep" the nightingale holds them spellbound with the ecstasy that she pours out from her "instrumental throat." All day long between the cool shadows and cheerful sunshine of those verdant fields it would seem that boys and girls are out gathering lady-smocks and culverkeys.

And it is not only the green fields, but the whole countryside of that far-off time that is brought before our eyes, that opulent homely countryside of England that even today has scarcely changed its familiar aspect from when Chaucer's Frankleyn enjoyed the largesse of its acres.

"Ful many a fat patrich hadde he in mewe
And many a breem and many a luce in stew"

We ourselves actually see the grey park walls, the gnarled oak trees, the graceful beaches; we ourselves actually walk along the King's highway to Tottenham Cross under the cool shadow of a high honeysuckle hedge, with the golden discs of dandelions wide open in the ditch grass, and our boots floury white with the first thin dust of early spring. We ourselves enter that "honest ale-house" and see with our own eyes the sweet marjoram, the springs of rosemary, the green aromatic parsley on the cleanly kitchen table, delicious friendly simples, awaiting the dressing of that trout whose belly when taken "was part yellow as a marigold and part white as a lily." We ourselves sit in the raftered guest room and read one or other of the twenty ballads that are stuck about its walls and later when darkness has fallen and over the thatched roof and over the

dreaming shire the stars of eternal space shine down, take our rest between those sheets that "smell of lavender" and are as white as the milk drawn by modest Maudlin from the udder of her red dairy cow.

There is in the writing of Isaak Walton a quality so devout, so charged with a simple unadorned beauty that it can only be described as "apostolic" and indeed one might almost fancy that certain of its more inspired passages were taken directly from the Scripture, might have actually been written by one of the evangelists had chance led his holy steps to the flowering primrose banks of a river in England. "We anglers," Walton writes, "seldom take the name of God into our mouth, but it is either to praise him or to pray to him," and again "Let the blessing of St. Peter be upon all that are lovers of virtue and dare trust in providence and be quiet and go a'fishing."

What a winning insight we get into the good old man's temperament and disposition as we read his book. Like George Herbert and like Sir Thomas Browne, he represents in his character that unassuming devoutness, that humane sanctity, liberal but at the same time catholic, that has appeared from time to time amongst the sons of the Church of England. And what a rooted affection he cherished for that decorous island religion! In his will, written on his ninetieth birthday, he boldly declares his attitude, "I take it at least to be convenient to declare my belief to be, in all parts of faith as the Church of England now professeth . . . I give to Dr. Hawkins, Dr. Donne's sermons which I have heard preacht and read with such content." Again he refers to Dr. Nowel Dean of St. Paul's as the man who "made that good, plain, unperplexed catechism which is printed with our good old service book."

Always a stout Royalist, he had no love for Puritans or doctrinal controversialists and constantly deplores the fact "that the common people in this nation think they are not wise unless they busy themselves about what they understand not, and especially about religion." He himself put his own theological erudition to the good purpose of justify-

ing his favorite pastime, pointing out with considerable pertinence "that God is said to have spoken to a fish, but never to a beast." In his more secular researches his inquiring and observing wit made record of some extremely curious facts, facts that even he confesses would appear to be as incredible as the "resurrection of an atheist," but which, for all that, he declares have their place, "he whose name is Wonderful only knows how" in the obscure ordering of the laws of nature. There is, he asserts, "a certain river that turns sheep's wool to vermilion color if they drink of it" and he also tells us "that the stones of otters are good against the falling sickness," that "fish can smell an hundred yards away," that "hares change sexes every year," that "carp come to the surface at the ringing of bells," that "smelts smell like violets," and that eels "are bred of a particular dew falling in the month of May or June on the banks of some particular ponds or rivers apted by nature for that end." Of the means by which pike are brought into this world he is less certain, at first declaring with significant reticence "that some are bred by generation and some not" and then later suggesting that they, in some mysterious way, derive their life from picker-el weed. However, this initial uncertainty about the life's history of these "tyrants of the water," as he calls them, by no means deters him from further investigations. His "nice curiosity" even explores the emotional prejudices of this particular fresh-water fish, for he does not hesitate to assure us that "there has always existed between pike and certain frogs a great antipathy." Frogs, he declares, will make hard shift to overreach pond pike "beyond common belief." And he is at no loss to give evidential support to his contention, for he records how Bishop Thurzo, as he walked by one of his ponds, observed a frog, whose swollen cheeks expressed either malice or anger, to leap onto the head of a pike that was at hover near the surface of the water. They both sank together and the good prelate, being inquisitive to discover the upshot of the strange incident, called his gardener and had the pond dragged. The pike when

recovered was founded to be dead and with both its eyes clawed out. The Bishop expressed no little surprise at such an issue, but the gardener, who doubtless had had more opportunity of studying the hidden ways of nature, exhorted the reverend dignitary to "forebare wondering," saying that *"he was certain that pikes were often served so."*

Isaak Walton also affirms that he was told "by a person of honor now long in Worcester" that so cunning is the strategy of these irascible roguish frogs "that collars of tadpoles are often to be found hung like chains about the necks of pike to kill them." In this case, however, even Isaak Walton is unsure as to the immediate motive prompting the subtle and deadly proceeding. For he concludes his narration by saying, *"whether it be done for meat or malice must be to me a question."*

If frogs had the best of it in their relations with pike, it was a far different matter when they fell into the hands of the old fisherman himself. In his directions for using frogs as bait he writes, "Put your hook—I mean the awning wire—through his mouth and out of his gills and with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the awning wire of your hook—and in so doing, use him as though you loved him; that is, harm him as little as you may possibly that he may live the longer."

After reading such a passage, one can hardly wonder that Lord Byron was provoked to write:

"And angling too, that solitary vice
Whatever Isaak Walton sings or says
The quaint old coxcombe, in his gullet
Should have a hook and a small trout to pull it"

But Byron was not Isaak Walton's only critic. Richard Franck, a Cromwellian trooper, tells us that once at Stafford he faced the old man with his own writings, "urging his own argument upon him that pickerel weed of itself breeds pickerel (pike) and with such directness that the good honest man went huffed away."

What glimpses, with the very stamp of authenticity upon them, we get of the old angler from time to time. How

well we can see him under "yonder sycamore" saying his grace before partaking of his radishes and powdered beef and bread! And what engaging thoughts doubtless he revolved in his sober mind as with fingers, silver-scaly from cleaning the weeds and grass from the gills and throat of a newly caught logger-headed chub he sat there in the pleasant coolness munching at his brave breakfast! Now he would perhaps be weighing the possible advantage to be derived from his friend Oliver Henly's guarded secret for making the contents of his bait box the more palatable by anointing it with one or two drops of the oil of ivy berries, now musing over the country saying that "perch will not bite till the mulberry tree buds," now recalling that eels in a hard winter will unbed themselves and seek warmth in haystacks, and now brooding over the fact that tench are the physicians of fishes and carry in them a natural balsam.

The last piece of instruction he believed to have come through the Jews, a race of people who, he says, have carried down from past ages a vast amount of useful knowledge and yet so he declares, and surely in this case his vehemence cannot have been altogether dispassionate: "It is thought that they, or some spirit worse than they, first told us that lice swallowed alive were a certain cure for the yellow jaundice!"

The old man passed away at Winchester on December 15, 1683, when all England lay under the iron grip of a severe and pinching frost. And as he lay a'dying under the shadow of that ancient and monumental edifice that holds beneath its cold flagstones the bones of William Rufus and a hundred other Englishmen of the old time, we are justified surely in believing that during "that last hour of his last day as his body melted and vaped into spirit" his innocent and guileless soul was supremely conscious of the blessed assurance that it was about to enter, without dispute or hindrance, into the presence of that gentle Savior of the world whose last taste of food on earth had been, as Isaak Walton himself reminds us, a fish.

HISTORY AS IT IS TAUGHT

By M. MUNSTERBERG

AGNES REPPLIER, recently declared that "of all the direct products of education (of education as an end in itself, and not as an approach to something else), a knowledge of history is most essential." Who can disagree with this? And yet, though the possession of historic knowledge is undoubtedly not only desirable but a source of unlimited inner satisfaction, one cannot help wondering why the acquirement of such knowledge is often in school and even in college such a dreary task. The most human of studies becomes in the classroom so inhuman, arid and abstract. Leigh Hunt, I believe, uttered the sentiment that in tales and romances he found the serious records of life, whereas the histories were frivolous and futile. This judgment may not be as paradoxical as it seems, if by frivolous is meant superficial, and by superficial, abstract.

Every abstraction is, in a sense, a superficial view; for there can be no depth without plasticity, and no plasticity without the full presence of the whole. If history, the history that the student eager for humanistic education desires, is the story of man in the successive ages, then we must have man—the man of Pericles' time, the man of the Renaissance, the man of Queen Anne's day—presented to us not in his arbitrarily chosen role as political unit, but in the fulness of life. Do the text-books in history written for school use and the docile teachers who follow them line for line present the historic man as a plastic complete human being? The heroes, the kings, the mother of the Gracchi and Mary Stuart may no doubt be presented most plastically, with no picturesque possibility left unused. But is this true of the Athenian, the Roman, the Elizabethan? The individual teacher of unusual gifts and enthusiasm may, of course,

succeed in doing anything, and no doubt efforts are made more and more in this direction. But the programs mapped out by text-books for school and elementary college study still fall short of this ideal.

Professor Haskins of Harvard has defined perfectly the aim of teaching history as the acquirement of historic-mindedness. If you have historic-mindedness, you feel at home in any century that you may study. You will meet Greek as Greek; you will walk on the banks of the Arno in beatific visions; you will make your courtly bow in the garden of Versailles. Supreme instances of historic-mindedness are Pater's "Marius the Epicurean," Anatole France's "Sur la Pierre Blanche" and Santayana's "Three Philosophical Poets." Can ever a start in the direction of such full and inward understanding be gained from history as it is taught in the schools? Can you feel at home in the house of a man of whom you know nothing but that he is voting a Republican or a Democratic ticket?

It comes to this: History, as it is taught in the schools, is still chiefly political history. The old-fashioned history of wars, dynasties and presidents may be expanded to include constitutional history, possibly even economic history. Yet do the politics and trade of a nation represent the whole of its life? And, more important still, does the political setting in which he moves determine the whole life of a man? If the study of history is the study of man as a willing, hoping, achieving, suffering, resigned or triumphant human being—then the study of politics can give no better account of him than a study of the laws of a club can give an account even of its average members. That the biological and sociological view of history cannot possibly produce historic-mindedness goes without saying. Man as a biological unit is remoter from reality than man as a political unit. As yet, however, the routine teaching of school history has not been seriously affected by the inroad of sociology. The usual teaching of chronological events in the sphere of international diplomacy, warfare and legis-

lation, fitted into a system of "underlying" and "immediate" causes is enough of an abstracting process to make historic-mindedness difficult to attain.

For the understanding of life in its fullness any abstraction is dangerous. In all our daily affairs we may observe the thinning effect on life of a strict separation—say, of business and private relations, of "shop" and "society." "Shop" is an efficient, a technical abstraction from which the spark of warm real life must be fended off; "society" is a superficial abstraction from which the fruits of education and thought must be kept hidden like an indiscretion. As a result, "shop-talk" is dull and "society" frivolous. It is only in the intercourse of great natures that there is no nice separation of functions, no deliberate splitting off into double or treble personalities, no dam against the onrushing fulness of life. In the correspondence of Emerson and Carlyle, in the conversations of Goethe and Eckermann—where does "shop" end and social intercourse begin? "Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also." Real life is the focus of all human interests in the human soul.

What is true for the individual is true also for the nation. But in order to attain historic-mindedness we must understand not only the life of a nation as a whole, but the whole life of a nation. And this understanding cannot well be obtained through the traditional mode of presenting history. If we glance at an average history text-book we will find at the end of a chapter on the political history of a period an appendix in fine print covering the literary, artistic and generally intellectual history of that time. Inversely, a text-book for the use of English courses gives a survey of a century's political events in fine print at the end of a chapter of literary history. But this is no affair of the history teacher. The student of history may, if he or she be in college or finishing school, also takes courses on history of art, history of literature, history of economics, more rarely history of language, of science, of philosophy, of religion. But in our responsibility of teaching history in such a way

as to implant historic-mindedness, we cannot rely on specialized accompaniments. The most elementary history teaching cannot afford to deprive the historic man of the fulness of life. The history—say, of the thirteenth century—is the history of religion, of art, of literature, of scholastic philosophy, of industry, as well as of ecclesiastic and secular politics; and the same is more or less true of every other century. There is no reason whatever why politics should be given chief emphasis, even when the other features of national life are mentioned or supplied in an appendix. A course has been offered at Harvard on “The Intellectual History of Europe.” Such a course should be given in every school, not only on European, but also on American history.

“One word is too often profaned for me to profane it.” A history of culture might be recommended, one which would include the history of customs and traditions—what the French call “*mœurs*”—and which would give to political history no greater emphasis than to the history of any other phase of national life. In this way no pupil could fail to catch some note sounded in ages past which would strike some response in his nature, however dull; and the student with an accurate imagination would no longer have to rely on anecdotes and isolated episodes to make history alive. To such a student the historic man would appear in the whole fulness of life. At each successive period that he studied, he would exclaim like Humboldt: “Oh, century, what a delight to live in thee!” And in his earliest school-years would be planted the seed for an ever growing historic-mindedness.

THE NEXT PRESIDENT

By X. M. C.

FUTURE historians will mark the election of 1922 as a beginning of the breaking up of the old political lines. This does not mean that the old political parties are passing, but it does mean the passing of the Tory element in the Republican party and the passing of the League of Nations issue.

As a result of the defeat of many conspicuous—and un conspicuous Republican leaders, the advantage lies, of course, with the Democratic party. If it had able leadership, which it has not; if it had cohesive principles, which it has not; if it had a real aggressive minority group in the Senate and the House, which it has not—there would be no question that the next President of the United States elected in 1924 would be a Democrat. Whether in the year and a half of preparation for the campaign of 1924 it could evolve these three, remains to be seen.

In any case the situation of the Republican party as a party is extremely dangerous. It may be possible that the Republican party will go on for the next twenty years shilly shallying back and forth under the occasional domination of an aggressive Tory here and there following a hit and miss program as regards principles, catching at a weakness of its opponent, but eventually becoming a party very similar to the Democratic party after the Civil War. On the other hand it is possible, though highly improbable, that the progressive group of the Republican party, those who sympathize with, even if they do not literarily follow Roosevelt, may be able in the next two or six years, to gain the supremacy and carry on a program that would attract elements in the country that looked to Roosevelt for leadership.

Nowhere have I seen any competent analysis of the elections. It is wrong to say that it was an anti-Republican election. It is wrong to say it was an anti-administration triumph. In California, the Republican Senator, Hiram Johnson, was elected by a majority of over 300,000. Surely there was nothing anti-Republican in that. The Republican candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, Mr. Gifford Pinchot, was elected by a majority of 250,000 and he earnestly stood for the administration in his campaign. Surely there was nothing anti-Republican or anti-administration in that State. In New York State, Mr. Nathan L. Miller, who was a receptive candidate for the Presidency up to the last week of the campaign, as against the administration, was defeated by over 400,000, although he had specifically denied that he was running on a National Republican platform, insisting in many speeches that the State issue must decide the election and not the National.

Surely there was nothing anti-administration in that fight, although it was unquestionably anti-Republican.

If in other states, friends of the administration like Mr. Frelinghuysen of New Jersey were defeated, there were sufficient Progressive victories like that of Mr. Howell in Nebraska to show that the Tory element of the party, what Roosevelt called the "bourbon" element, was the main objective of the election drive rather than President Harding.

In other words, I would say that President Harding's position with regard to the control of his party has not been changed by the election. For if the election has shown that the progressive element is in the ascendant it has done so only to those who are blind to what has been going on in the country for over a year. President Harding can make himself the leader of the progressive element in the country, and if he wishes to force his own nomination for the Presidency in 1924 he can do so successfully. Those who know him, however, believe that he is too indifferent to the honors of leadership to enter into a battle that might jeopardize the

Republican success that year. What he will do, however, without any question, is to put the forces of the administration back of a candidate who will at least be a sympathetic representative of his administration. I do not believe that he can force the nomination of any man who will be disagreeable to the progressive forces, but he will be in a position—if he should decide not to run himself—to say that only a progressive who has been fair and friendly to the administration shall be nominated. The result of this condition, I believe, is that those progressive leaders of the party who have presidential aspirations will try and work with President Harding and that there will be a demand from many sections of the country for Secretary Hughes goes without question. His defeat in 1916 has more than been forgotten by the work that he has done as Secretary of State. He will have the advantage over many of the other aspirants in the fact that he is thoroughly indifferent to the nomination. There is no doubt that Mr. Hughes was a very keenly disappointed man in 1916 and a sadly disillusioned one, but while most of the politicians in the Republican party refuse to believe it, he has reached the time of life where he looks on his own political future with absolute philosophical calm.

As I said in *THE FORUM* of November, he is one of the few men connected with the Harding Cabinet whose loyalty is not spoiled by his own personal desires. If there were anything that might bring Secretary Hughes into active politics it would probably be such activities as those that generally mark the New York politicians, who, in very hatred of him, suggest such names for candidates as Governor Miller.

After Secretary Hughes, the most prominent candidate for the Presidency will be Senator Johnson of California. Despite all the talk of a third party in connection with his name, Senator Johnson is probably of all Progressives the one least interested in that movement. He had his share of revolution in 1912 and if he has any secret ambition it prob-

ably is to even up the score within the party lines. He knows too that the large following that he has in the East, as was shown by his primary fight in 1920, would not leave the party with him but will follow him and stick to him as long as he is a Republican leader.

Gifford Pinchot is another man who will have to be reckoned with but a year from now will be a better time to discuss the strength of Pinchot than at the present moment. If he can go into the conventions with the Pennsylvania delegation he will be one of the strongest contenders for the nomination.

Sometime in January, Leonard Wood is expected back from the Philippines. He has not lost his ambition but there are few who believe that he could again create the furor that he did previous to 1920.

"What is to become of Hoover?" someone asks. It is a curious thing that with all of Hoover's unquestioned cleverness and with all his popularity with certain elements, there is not a Republican politician in Washington who takes Hoover as a Presidential candidate with any seriousness. Unless by some strange turn of the wheel, the administration itself should take him up, his showing in the next convention will be little more impressive than was his showing in the last one.

To what man will the Democrats turn? Unquestionably the man who could have swept the country, mainly because of his record as a vote getter, were it not for his religion, is Governor Smith of New York. With victory almost in sight it is doubtful if the Democratic party will show a desire in 1924 to risk the injection of the dreaded religious issue. The advocates of William G. McAdoo, those who for four years have believed in the logical candidate for President, are today for some reason or another weakening in their allegiance, although he is the one figure that looms large today with every possibility of his being nominated unless there should arise other and more aggressive candidates.

The defeat of Senator Pomerene in Ohio was a distinct loss to the Democratic party. A loss in many ways but especially in the fact that it increases the political stature of Governor Cox and gives that statesman an additional claim to being heard despite the monumental disaster that centered about him in 1920.

It is frequently said that the country having selected one Senator in President Harding would not again go to the Senate for a candidate. As a matter of fact the country cares very little about where the candidate comes from, and with the talent in the House of Representatives at such a low ebb, it will be in the Senate that the important man of both parties will develop. Both Democrats and Republicans are looking for leaders and the Senate in the next year will be an acrid training ground.

BAZIL DEAD-WIND, THE BEGGAR

By LEW SARETT

He squatted in the mud, with hand outstretched—
Beetled of forehead, bulbous and scarlet of nose,
Pocked by mysterious illness; but with the stream
Of silver jingling in his birchen bucket,
His muddy scars waxed somehow crimson-clean—
Much as a warty toadstool flushes to life
Beneath the benediction of cool sweet rain.

FRUITION

By GUSTAVE DAVIDSON

I have even such leaden skies in my soul,
And trees, like these,
Sobering autumnally in my brain.

Some day, in summer,
When the sun, like a loosely-bodiced woman,
Squats vulgarly in the sky,
I shall remember them
Imperishably.

WALTER HINES PAGE*

WALTER HINES PAGE was born in Cary, North Carolina, in August, 1855, and died in Pinehurst, North Carolina, in December, 1918. He taught school, served on various newspapers, and in 1897 became the editor of this Review, which under his enthusiastic and energetic hand became one of the leading reviews of the English-speaking world. After eight years of this service he left THE FORUM, and in 1895 became the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. He then took the editorship of *Harpers Weekly* and finally of *The World's Work*, becoming, at the same time, the chief associate of Mr. Doubleday in the new company which carried his name—Doubleday, Page & Co. In 1913 President Wilson appointed him Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and in October, 1918, he came home to die—in Mr. Hendrick's words, "As much a casualty of the war as was his nephew, Allison Page, who lost his life with his face to the German machine guns in Belleau Wood."

That is the story.

Now comes Mr. Hendrick's two volumes of Page's Letters so well and wisely edited that the selection made from his prodigious correspondence has been turned into an illuminating picture of the man, all told by himself, except for the delicate string prepared by the editor which makes these jewels into a charming necklace.

It would be a pleasant task to discuss these Letters from various points of view; from the standpoint of the man as a letter writer, which will alone keep the book alive for many years to come to prove that, in spite of the typewriter, letter writing is not yet a lost art; from the standpoint of

the picture the Letters give of a man of ideals so honest and so high that they become a lesson to us, the daily grinders in the old mill whose noses are slowly being worn away by the grindstone; from the standpoint of the Letters as evidence that their author was so much more of a man and citizen than any but his closest friends would ever have known him to be had it not been for the war and his high place in it; from half a dozen other viewpoints, which for want of space must here be passed by.

The great historical value of the Letters seems to be in the picture they give of the practical working of modern diplomats during a period such as has never existed in the world before. It is only necessary to recall the like records of a Machiavelli, a Metternich, a Thiers, Talleyrand, Adams, Disraeli, and a Bismarck, to realize the interesting fact that we are coming at last, if we can find the men, to the point where the destinies of millions of people shall no longer be settled by the secret agreements of a few international traders in political merchandise. Page, as he conceived his job, had no axes to grind, nothing to do but be honest to both sides; and his fine sense of humor and straight dealing won the approval of the men he came in contact with even in the most critical periods of those critical months and years.

The book is full of so many references to his belief that the personal acquaintance of individual Americans and Englishmen is necessary, that courtesy goes so much further than any other one thing in settling doubtful points, that it shows this policy to have been a creed with him. It might well become a creed with diplomats everywhere. Someone has said somewhere that if from time to time a million young Americans could spend a year in England and a million Englishmen a year in America, there would never be any serious misunderstanding between the two nations. Page did not pretend to ask this, but he did plead again and again with President Wilson that he himself and members of his Cabinet should come to England. There was only one

exception—William J. Bryan. He looked with humorous dismay upon the possibility of a visit from this particular Secretary of State. He pled to better purpose with the English, for they did send their best, and the results of their visits are well known.

The Letters, therefore, become a kind of code for a new diplomacy, for a new basis of international relations in the future. Not an open-covenants-openly-arrived-at conception. Far from it. There is no hint in all the nine hundred pages of these volumes that delicate questions between nations should be discussed in the newspapers. In fact he cries out against the Bryan brand of statecraft that constantly published his confidential dispatches. The new diplomacy, as he saw it, was to be conducted by the heads of the different departments of the Governments in question, frequently by actual meetings, always with courtesy—ordinary politeness—such as two friends would naturally use toward one another; without assertiveness; with a realization of one another's position, and with a marked absence of irritating attitudes.

He felt that such a diplomacy was possible only between the officers, or agents, of representative democracies; and as a corollary he saw no place in the world for autocracies or monarchies. He was not a trained diplomat. He never went to a school of diplomacy. His training was that of a man of letters. He brought to bear upon his work as Ambassador no previous knowledge of the diplomat's arts. He had no art at all. He merely went about his work in the British Foreign Office with Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Balfour, and at dinners and social meetings of all kinds, with a straight-forward frankness and a genial personality that won for him not only many a disputed point, but the lasting friendship of the men whom other days and other diplomats would have looked upon as enemies to be beaten in the international game. There was nothing of the game or contest in Page's plan. Nobody was trying to beat anybody. Both sides were trying to find a way out together.

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Insofar as the letters that are published go, there is no hint of the necessity for any contest whatever. Yet he never failed in his stout Americanism.

This unconscious record of straight dealing, followed later by Secretary Hughes' proposal at the opening of the Disarmament Conference, make two examples of a school of international procedure that is as new and refreshing to the tired old world as are the first daffodils of the spring to the tired old winter. James Bryce, the wisest student of political science the world has known for a long time, became Page's personal friend; and the books of the one and the letters of the other are convincing witnesses to prove why this friendship grew and prospered.

The grief and consternation Page feels at President Wilson's too-proud-to-fight and peace-without-victory Notes would be humorous, if they were not so serious. Perhaps in his own mind the very seriousness of these colossal errors gave them a certain humor in his joyous and humorous mind. Even some of the rest of us can now see a little of that grim humor.

In his mind the diplomat's work was to advance the power and the interests of his own land by furthering the interests of other lands and bringing them by frankness, courtesy and good-will to see how much greater benefit might come to both, if they worked thus together, than if they worked separately and at cross purposes. Before the war, when he first began to write from England, he looked with dread upon the political situation in Europe; and these first letters make an illuminating record of Col. House's visit to Germany in that vain endeavor to start some disarmament program. It is all the expression of Democracy pushing its ideals upward through centuries of the work of personal ministers of the Crown.

It may be that Europe is worse off today than at any time in the last thousand years; but no cheerful soul, such as Walter Page, could believe it. He might, in his happy way, tell a story of some Negro to illustrate the fact that the opera-

tion had been severe and that the patient had nearly died, but he would come back with a hopeful view that it was better to get the cancer of royalty out of the body politic, no matter how deep the cut had to be; and he would go on asserting that because of it better times were ahead for the great body of mankind. That is a cheerful outlook, and not at all an unattainable one. It is better to hope than to growl; the doughnut always has a better taste than the hole.

If the change brought by the war, if the message of a man such as this simple North Carolina gentleman can help to bring Governments to some realization of the modern fact that they cannot stand alone, that they can accomplish anything by working together, then there will be little need of cut-and-dried Leagues of Nations, whose very articles will almost immediately become fetters to prevent free action.

Democracies do not tend toward conquests. Democracies have no desire to fight for the sake of fighting. But it was proved in the years 1917-1918 that democracies can fight, if they have to, with a vigor that comes from the united effort of millions of individuals, and that far surpasses the power of an army directed by a King. There is little danger of war between real democracies. One cannot conceive of Switzerland advancing into Austria or Italy for the purpose of acquiring territory or treasure. Yet Switzerland was ready in this great war, if any one had presumed to overstep her frontier. Canada and the United States have no fortifications along their common boundary line. No monarchy on earth has ever conquered a Cuba and given it back to its inhabitants when the latter gave evidence of a power to govern themselves. We may some day invade Mexico; but if we do, it will only be to repeat the Cuban episode, if the Mexicans show that they can likewise fill the bill. We may some day fight Japan; but only if Japan is imperialistic. The British Crown has had its day of conquest; but the British themselves are today the first to say that they are through with that step in the development of civilization.

It is a pleasant glimpse into a possible future of international relations that Walter Page gives in these letters to his sons and relatives, to his President, and to the minister without portfolio—Col. House. And somehow as you read the whole of the two volumes at a sitting you catch the fine spirit of the author and begin to believe that it may at least in part come true as a result of the war and of the work of such as he.

He gave the best that was in him for the good of his country. He gave his life, in fact. Whether his death was caused entirely by overwork and the strain of his duties during these strenuous years, may be perhaps questioned. From the Letters it would appear that the strain which most told upon him came during the years when the United States was neutral, or was supposed to be so; and when he was losing faith in President Wilson, who had been his idol for years.

Page had known Wilson from the time when as young men they lived near by in the South. All along through the succeeding years they kept in touch with one another, more or less, and when Wilson entered political life and began his series of remarkable speeches, their tenor, their high level of idealism found a responsive chord in Page.

The Letters show again and again during Wilson's presidential campaign how Page looked to him to help the cause of the people, of democracy, and of the best that the Democratic party stood for in his mind. When, later on, Wilson sent him to England he accepted gladly in spite of financial doubts not only because he liked the job, but because he felt he might accomplish something for those ideals which the two men held in common, since Wilson would be his Chief.

This attitude prevails in all these remarkable letters, day after day, until sometime after 1914. Then there creeps into them more and more as time goes on a spectre; then a doubt; then a grief at the loss of a friend who has somehow disappeared. Finally there comes the acknowledgment

of Wilson's egotism and absence of any capacity to grasp the real crisis of the war and the real course of events.

It should be borne in mind that these particular letters were written over a period of four years, that when one was dispatched there was no hint of what was to come the next day, or in the next letter. This is no carefully prepared volume of reminiscences direct from Page's hand; it is only the grouping together of some of his letters which he wrote from day to day. Yet no experienced novelist could sit in his quiet study and develop a character in one of his stories as Walter Page, sitting in the midst of a terrific war, has drawn the development of Woodrow Wilson's character in this correspondence.

It is an arraignment. Like most of the books so far written by men closely associated with Wilson, it tells the story of a change from faith to loss of faith, from interest to distrust, from confidence to bewilderment. The pathetic pleasure with which he praises some particular note or speech of Wilson's that was definite and vigorous, as in the case of his speech before Congress at the time of our declaration of war, makes only greater the contrast in the letters that wonder what is happening to his Chief.

Added to the strain of the times and to his none too vigorous physique the depression caused by the destruction of an idol had much to do with aggravating his last illness. It took away at least one of the props which helped a fine spirit maintain an overtaxed body.

If space were only available it would be interesting to study a little the talent which Page shows in the construction of these letters. They were written almost in their entirety in his own hand between midnight and two o'clock in the morning as he sat in dressing gown and slippers in his bedroom. They are unstudied and uncorrected—just as they came out of his mind at the moment. Yet each has its own bit of fun or humor; each has its well-pointed story to illustrate what he was at the moment speaking of; each has its serious consideration of current events and some of

the high conceptions of his active mind. They make up in the whole a very remarkable correspondence to have been conducted in the twentieth century by a citizen of a nation which is supposed to waste little time on such trivial matters as letters to the family. They hold their own with Walpole and the other great letter writers of history.

*"The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page," by Burton J. Hendrick. 2 Vols. Doubleday Page & Co.

THE SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAIN SEES THE SPRING

By KATHRYN WHITE RYAN

Unto the valley, Spring! But to me, hush.
I see my blue-eyed daughters, slim sweet streams,
Fling off the ice like brides their maiden dreams;
There comes no crimsoning to my high snows . . .
I see the little orchards wake and flush;
Boys drip from pools like pink buds growing wild.
But I stand here with blanched uplifted face,
Sometimes the sunset pities me and throws
Upon my brow the petals of a rose . . .
I am the sentinel, alone, apart,
Watching with piercing calm the young Spring start;
Holding white sorrow, hushed, within my heart.

AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE

THOSE who have studied, with any degree of care, the situation as it unfolds itself day by day in the Near East, have experienced and are still experiencing a great deal of uneasiness. Up to the present time actual war between Turkey and England has only been averted by the cool-headedness and saneness of Lord Curzon and his colleagues in the British Cabinet. Twenty years ago the arrogance and intemperance shown by the Turkish leaders would not for an instance have been tolerated. But the growing demands of Kemal cannot always be accepted, and if continued there will undoubtedly come a time when one too many will have been made and the two countries will be at one another's throats.

The seriousness of such an event cannot be overestimated. It is already certain that war would not be confined to the two countries. All the fanaticism of which the Mohammedan religion is capable of producing will be aroused and the flames will extend throughout the East. Russia will see her opportunity of attacking a moribund Poland and Germany and so in brief instant the unspeakable horrors of another world war will be unloosed upon mankind.

But there is another side to the question about which little has been written and concerning which there has been little discussion—the attitude to be taken in this country. It is already known that great pressure has

been brought to bear upon the President and Mr. Hughes in the cause of the Armenians and other Christian minorities. The power of the Church, backed by no small following is insistent in the belief that Christianity must be defended against the horrors of Mohammedan extermination.

Should, and it is quite within the grounds of probability that it may, a massacre of half a hundred thousand Christians suddenly occur in Constantinople, a fever pitch of excitement will arise throughout the land. Hasty decisions are frequently made under stress of such an event as this, that cannot easily be undone. Therefore, every man and woman in the United States should give this question their most serious consideration while there is yet time so that they may know their minds on the issues involved if they are called upon to make the great decision.

Of all the election contests this year none was more interesting or important than the one in New York State which resulted in the defeat of Governor Miller by Ex-Gov. Smith. So many issues were involved that it is possible for almost any cause to regard itself as vindicated in this particular outcome. As for ourselves we prefer to believe that the main cause of Gov. Miller's downfall was his failure to understand popular government. Hundreds of thousands of Republicans have come to regard the direct primary as an advance in the cause of Democratic government. When, therefore, Gov. Miller ruthlessly repealed the most important sections of this Act, he offended a large body of Republican partisans who felt that he was undoing all the work that had been done by Theodore Roosevelt and Charles Evans Hughes. Unfortunately too, it was evident that Gov. Miller understood little of the currents of thought of the time, and had little appreciation of the fact that while the Republican party is a conservative party the vast majority of its members are far from reactionary and while they apparently tolerate reactionary leadership they still resent it.

Thousands of people are asking what has become of the Roosevelt influ-

ence in the Republican party, what has become of the intelligent understanding of the principles of our Government that marked the opposition to Thomas C. Platt in his strongest days and that unseated leader after leader when their leadership was shown to be nothing but a selfish grasp for power. As we have pointed out time and again there is a stupid minority in New York, mainly in New York City that is continuously asserting its right to leadership, although its ignorance of American history and American Government would make of it a poor following rather than the standard bearers of a great party in democracy. This minority still believes in a Federalist party, this minority does not hesitate in private conversation to assert that the country would be better off if we had the return to property qualification for voting. We have even heard members of this enlightened group question the wisdom of popular education, and as we have recorded before we have heard one distinguished member of it declare his belief in it in a limited monarchy.

Could banality, could dullness go any further? Of course all of these masterful intellects assume that they are fooling the people and that the plan to take away power from the people is a scheme that no one but themselves understands or knows of. As a matter of fact, however, the people have their own way of sensing out the treachery of those who seek public office with a smile on their faces and a glib expression of confidence on their tongues, but with a secret purpose to hamstring popular government.

DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

*RADIO**

THE trite blurb "filling a long-felt want" may in all truth be applied to this book. The book is exactly what it purports to be—a complete simple explanation of radio reception and transmission, including the outstanding features of radio service to the public by private and government agencies. The wide-spread public interest in radio which may well be said to have been acutely developed within the last twelve months has brought upon the market a veritable flood of literature upon the subject, much of it out of date, some part of it of value, but most of it uninteresting and inaccurate, and of not much use to the novice or amateur.

Mr. Taussig's "The Book of Radio" now published by the Appletons is a splendid contribution. Typographically the book leaves nothing to be desired, and the profuse and detailed illustrations visualize the subject matter with great clarity, not only for the novice and the amateur, but for the scientific student as well. Mr. Taussig has written the work in a very happy vein; he tells his story clearly and concisely, omitting nothing of importance and in no way exaggerating the unimportant nor embellishing the obvious.

The foreword, written by Mr. James C. Edgerton, now Superintendent of Radio of the Post-Office Department, and who served with distinction in the Radio Aeroplane Service during the war, delightfully introduces the subject. Mr. Taussig is one of the pioneer radio amateurs of the country and, as pointed out by Mr. Edgerton, "the information he presents is authentic and up to the minute." As an indication of Mr. Taussig's treatment of the subject, mention is made of a few of the chapter headings: "Listening In"; "Electricity As Applied to Radio"; "Receiving Set for \$2.00"; "How to Purchase and Assemble Vacuum-Tube Receiving Sets";

*"The Book of Radio," Charles William Taussig. D. Appleton & Company.

"Reducing Interference from Static"; "What Can I Hear On the Radio?" The chapters upon the development of the radio service of the War and Navy Departments, Post-Office Department, Department of Agriculture and the Department of Commerce, radio in European countries, and the greatest wireless station are historically accurate and of peculiar interest to the amateur seeking further fields for development in this most interesting subject.

Mr. Taussig's chapter entitled "Learn the Code" brings the novice up with a sharp turn, and shows how much can be accomplished if the subject matter is really understood. The Radio Dictionary, giving the words most frequently used in radio, with their meanings, is useful and important.

All in all, this is a most readable and helpful book and it is commended to novice, amateur and professional alike.

—S. M. STROOCK.

CHARLES DICKENS AND THE DRAMA*

THERE is something pathetic in the spectacle of Charles Dickens, the great Victorian author, always aspiring to dramatic fame and ever failing to achieve it. His facility, as a novelist, in delineating popular characters led him to anticipate equal triumphs as a playwright—alas! the stage figures that he fashioned were as wooden as the boards on which they moved. Others dramatized his books with signal success, and pirated renditions of the works of Boz were played in the theatres of three continents. But when Boz himself attempted a drama, not even the brilliant talents of his friend Macready could raise it above the commonplace.

Despite Dickens' fame as a novelist, he was avid of a more visible applause. At one time, he contemplated becoming an actor. The "assumption" (as he called it) of a costume seems to have had for him a peculiar charm. He wished, somehow, to fill the public eye. His caustic criticism of American customs and manners, upon his first American tour, was tempered by the satisfaction he derived from finding himself the observed of all observers. In vain, his friends discouraged his decision to give public lectures. The knowledge that his reading had power to make women laugh and weep was very unction to his soul.

For years, however, he dreamed of a wider audience, of an audience which would be reached by the dramatic masterpiece he felt himself capable of writing. This dream never came true, and the novelist who had a Midas touch for his other literary ventures did not profit from box-office receipts.

Though Dickens was no playwright, he was an inveterate theatre-goer; at one period, he tells us, he went to the theatre every night, with few

*"Mr. Dickens Goes to the Play," by Alexander Woolcott. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

exceptions, for at least three years. Nor was his interest in the drama tinged with provincialism. When he journeyed in foreign lands, he invariably attended the play, even if it was produced in a language that he could not understand.

Mr. Woolcott's book is interesting throughout. It is a valuable contribution to Dickensia, and is, in addition, a well arranged and readable volume.

—DAVID K. ESTA BRUCE.

THE NEST OF DEATH



T is fitting to place at the head of a review of Professor Ossendowski's volume of adventures* the title of one of its chapters, for he reveals to us from Krasnoyarsk in Siberian Russia to the border of Manchuria there exists a vast land of lawlessness that probably has had no equal in the world's history—unequaled because it is inhabited by peoples whose civilization has crumbled, whereas the lawlessness of our own pioneer West and similar lands was the raw beginning of civilization which was to follow.

Were it not for the fact that Professor Ossendowski was a reputable scientist, famed beyond the borders of his native Poland before the Great War, and an officer of the French Academy, one might suspect that this record of adventure were the product of a Twentieth Century Defoe, for his story from the time he took to the woods on the shores of the Yenisei River, in order to escape from a band of Bolshevik soldiers, until he rode into Peking in a modern railway car, is so replete with murder, mystery, exotic description and revelations concerned with Buddhism as to make them seem to be the products of imagination.

Professor Ossendowski stepped into the Siberian wilderness equipped only with warm clothing and a rifle. It was his intention to make his way into Mongolia and to work his way down into India and thence to Western Europe. Into Mongolia he did get, picking up some civilian refugees and some "white" Russian officers and becoming the leader of quite a band. Beset by danger first from Red bands, this party made its way as far south as Tibet, where they were stopped and shot up by bandits.

With what was left of his party, Professor Ossendowski made his way back to Urga, in Mongolia—Urga, the city of the Living God of the Buddhists. Here he saved the city from a *pogrom* by Chinese hooligans, studied the Buddhist oligarchy as very few westerners have been able to do, and finally, again risking death at the hands of the Reds, escaped from it to the Trans-Siberian Railway.

*"Beasts, Men and Gods," by Professor Ferdinand Ossendowski. E. P. Dutton and Company.

During this journey he and his companions were unprotected by anything but their own bravery and skill with firearms. The reader, who in earlier years enjoyed the tales of the James Boys, or those of Slade and the Vigilantes farther west, will find these adventures of a scientist much more thrilling and infinitely more truthful. Besides having produced a volume of adventure, Professor Ossendowski incorporated in it calm and search observations of the mysteries of Buddhism. Merely the interviews with a Living God of Buddhism would have been sufficient material for a book, but in this marvelous work this is only one of many of its claims to such an adjective.

—G. S. YORKE.

BLOOD*

LOTHROP STODDARD'S latest book, "The Revolt Against Civilization," surely drives one to think. It is quite impossible to read it and adjudge yourself to be the same person, in mind, as you were before reading the work. The author foresees a great crisis in which the world will be a battleground of struggle between the constructive forces of society and the under man. Civilization depends absolutely upon quality, while quality, in turn, depends upon inheritance. With the appallingly rapid increase of degenerates and defectives staring the thinking world in the face, scientists and savants must turn to a medium of relief from the swift propagation of inferiors. It is in eugenics, aided by birth control, that Stoddard finds promise of a palliative. Segregation of defectives, appreciation of racial principles, wise marriage selection: these are the main items in the programme of race purification.

It is not likely that Mr. Stoddard found inspiration if we may call it that, in the depressing results of the Army psychological tests for determining mental capacity, used on 1,700,000 men during the World War. These proved that the average mental age of Americans is only about fourteen; that forty-five millions, or nearly one-half of the whole population, will never develop mental capacity beyond the stage represented by a normal twelve-year child; that only thirteen and one-half millions will ever show superior intelligence, and that only four and one-half millions can be considered "talented." If we may accept these findings, in toto, (bearing in mind the disquieting thought that examinations, as a whole, were conducted very hastily, of necessity) then we may well believe that intelligence is today being steadily "bred out" of the American population. Coupled with this startling revelation is the evidence that the highly intelligent stocks in America are barely reproducing themselves, while the other elements are increasing at rates proportionate to their decreasing intellectual capacity.

*"The Revolt Against Civilization, by Lothrop Stoddard. Scribner's.

Bolshevism, the elaboration of a revolutionary philosophy which has fired and welded the rebellious as never before, is at bottom a mere "rationalizing" of the emotions of the unadaptable, inferior and degenerate elements, which threaten to sweep away the institutions of civilization and progress, all music, literature, the arts and sciences.

"In the name of our Tomorrow we will burn Rafael,
Destroy museums, crush the flowers of art . . ."

Unfortunately, the flight seems to lead backward toward the jungle past.

Modern art, with its shapeless Futurism, Vorticism, Expressionism, is a fierce revolt against things as they exist, according to Mr. Stoddard, and almost as extravagant is the "new" poetry, in its defy hurled at structure, grammar, metre, rhyme. But an upset art and a garish poetry do not portend the greatest problem to the seers of the future. Far more terrifying is the undermining of the pillars of civilization and the blasphemy of an orderly society, with the under man, our present menace, the grim giant of the future who will bring about the chaotic retrogression to the primitive.

Edwards vs. Jukes, two families of widely dissimilar blood strains, are cited by the author to show the responsibility of society to the race question. The Jukes clan, of feeble-minded origin, in seven generations cost the State of New York over \$1,250,000 because of its call upon public corrective institutions. Paupers, degenerates, thieves and murderers were traced. The family of Jonathan Edwards, in which the old Puritan strain ran high, produced a long line of men eminent in professions, in industry, in finance. Almost every department of social progress and of the public weal has felt the impulse of this healthy and long-lived family. What a contrast!

Utopia! A dream of scientific circles for a century, the evolutionary process, stimulated by the application of eugenics must, however gradual, produce changes almost beyond our present beliefs.

It is not to be expected that every reader of "The Revolt Against Civilization" will bound from his chair to carry on the cause of Neo-Aristocracy. But to have read the book will have been "lifting one's eyes to the stars." And one thing is certain. The volume will undoubtedly add fire to the hoary discussion between environmentalists and the protagonists of the heredity theory.

—OSBORN F. HEVENER.

RELIGION AND CIVILIZATION*

STATESMEN are telling us in increasing numbers that Religion is of supreme importance in the world, that without Religion civilization would go to pieces. Religion then is a sort of spiritual cement holding the body politic together, the self preserving society from decay. That is, without religion civilization gets "rotten."

*"In Many Pulpits" with Dr. C. I. Scofield. Oxford University Press.

From this point of view since thoughtlessness about high ideals is so universal, and irreligion so prevalent, there is ample explanation why modern society, as evidenced by the daily press, is "rotten."

Books on Religion are important, since Religion is such a supreme necessity. Books of sermons may therefore properly come under the notice of the reviewer in a magazine of such tolerance and breadth of view as "The Forum." A typical and noteworthy book of sermons is that of Dr. C. I. Scofield "In Many Pulpits." The writer is the famous editor of the Scofield Reference Bible who gave up his pastorate to complete that monumental work. Preacher, lawyer, soldier, he found occasion to deliver addresses "In Many Pulpits" which gathered together, twenty-seven in number, in a volume of the same name form the present volume. They cover a wide range of topics, from the first one "The Best of All Good Resolutions," "Is Life Worth Living?" "Busy About the Wrong Thing," to the very end. Brief, brilliant, practical, stimulating, they aid powerfully the cause of religion, and constitute therefore their full weight in maintaining the permanence of the body politic. The present volume as well as the spoken word is the author's personal testimony to the intrinsic worth as well as the infinite preciousness of Religion to the human spirit.

—(Rev.) DEWITT L. PELTON.

THE RISING TEMPER OF THE EAST*

SYMPATHY for the under-dogs of the world in their common desire for liberty, for better food and homes, for education into the nobler things of life, is the dominant note sounded by Frazier Hunt in "The Rising Temper of the East."

Bullets and bayonets do not beget love. Love comes with friendly helpfulness and cooperation. Because force has been largely used by Britain in Egypt and India; by Japan in China, Korea, and Siberia; by France in Indo-China and Madagascar, the author finds everywhere a growing discontent, an increasing hatred for the foreigner. This is being expressed in riots and revolutions, strikes and outbreaks of various kinds, all having the joint purpose of expelling the hated invader. All are actuated by the same desire for land and liberty. And he finds this restlessness not only in the Far East, but nearer home in Mexico, in Haiti, in Santo Domingo.

He admits that we of America are perhaps less guilty than the others, but says our hands are not stainless by any means. He points out that "the history of the white man's civilization is not a pretty one. It has been mostly one of conquest and gain and loot." And he finds that "these men with bayonets and these men dreaming of profits have differed

*"The Rising Temper of the East," by Frazier Hunt. Bobbs Merrill Co. 

very little, regardless of the time or of the flag under which they conquered and looted." He adds naively that "none has been a conqueror or an imperialist in his own eyes, but each in turn has pointed the finger of scorn at the other fellow and accused him of bad faith in dealing with weaker, far-away peoples."

After painting vividly, interestingly, in true reportorial style, local conditions under Zaghlul in Egypt, Gandhi in India, Kagawa in Japan, the author takes us around the globe by way of Australia and the Philippines, showing everywhere this rising temper among the backward people of the earth. He finds it expressed most strongly among the almost countless millions of yellow, black, and brown men in the East. He prophesies that eventually they will not only drive out the invader and gain their nationalism, but that "more rice, better homes, and all the precious things of real freedom" will surely follow.

This is a book of the hour. A perusal of it will help one toward a livelier understanding of the important news of the day.

—ARTHUR A. CROSBY.

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THE RETURN OF CASANOVA*

THERE is a lightness of touch and charm about Arthur Snitzler's "The Return of Casanova" that is closely reminiscent to his earlier "Anatol." It is difficult to portray the love affairs of a fat old man of 60—even if he has the reputation of Casanova or even of Don Juan himself for that matter, as anything more than rather sickening. Snitzler, however, has attempted and succeeded in that difficult task and the result is a combination of real wit and infinite charm.

Snitzler has taken as the theme of his story a part of the life of Casanova that have failed to obtain notice in his voluminous memoirs—his return to Venice, the town of his birth, to die after many years of weary exile.

While awaiting the decree at Padua he happens by chance on an old friend who insists on taking him to his home. Casanova though old is still irresistible to the ladies and the wife of his friend is most anxious to resume the place in Casanova's fleeting affections that she once occupied. He has gazed upon the lovely face of her young niece however and has sworn that she shall be his. The young lady is disdainful of him and for once in his life he begins to realize that old age is upon him. He refuses however to give her up and by a clever subterfuge manages to obtain his end. It leaves him with a sorry realization of himself and he creeps into Venice almost wishing he could die.

—RONALD TREE.

*"The Return of Casanova," by Arthur Snitzler. Thomas Seltzer.

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complete book department
in New York City

VENUS EVERPOINTED

THE cherished personal pencil is the Venus Everpointed—made in various styles, plain, chased, engine-turned and hand engraved; silver-filled, gold-filled, sterling silver and solid gold; large and small.

\$1.00 to \$50.00

Gold-filled—Engine-turned	-	\$5.00
Plain	-	3.00
Silver-filled—Chased	-	1.75
Plain	-	1.50

All Venus Everpointed Pencils contain the famous **VENUS** Thin Lead, made in 25-B, 18-B, F, H, 2H, 4H degrees, 15c per box of 12 leads.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

American Lead Pencil Co.

